

Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

August

1932



In This Issue:

Special Holiday Fiction

from

Mazo de la Roche—Albert C. Trimble—Joseph Lister Rutledge—Arthur Crosby

*You would expect it
in the unmarried . . .*



... BUT EVEN MARRIED WOMEN DO NOT KNOW ...

CAN you blame a married woman if she grows a little resentful at the difficulty in getting the information which she wants . . . and really needs? With some women it is more than a difficulty. It seems to be an impossibility. No matter where they turn they are met with evasions or with statements that they cannot, they *will not* believe. They cannot believe all they hear because everyone says something different. They will not believe—because they cannot bear to believe—what some people say on the subject of feminine hygiene.

About caustics and poisons

It is unfortunate that a practice as important as feminine hygiene should be so misunderstood. It is not the fault of the doctor. He takes a very decided position from which he cannot be moved. He knows the necessity for surgical cleanliness and he is entirely in accord with the woman who will not be satisfied with any lower standard of hygiene.

However, your physician makes clear one fact. If you insist upon using caustic and poisonous antiseptics you are doing so against his

express advice and warning. Of course, there must be an antiseptic. And many women, even in this day and age, still believe that an antiseptic must be harsh and poisonous to be effective.

This is not true any longer, although it used to be true. For now you have Zonite, the modern antiseptic-germicide. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.* Yet Zonite is not caustic. It is not poisonous. It is really gentle and soothing in its action. Zonite is strong—but it can never do any damage! This combination of strength and safety makes Zonite the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene!

You need have no embarrassment in asking for Zonite because it is used everywhere for cuts, wounds; in gargle and spray; and on any occasion when an effective antiseptic-germicide is wanted. It comes in bottles at 30¢, 60¢, and \$1.00.

Get complete information

Here is an invitation to women who have difficulty in finding out what they want to know! Mail the coupon at right. You will receive a copy of "Facts for Women," a new booklet



Trained nurses . . . they know how women fear the unknown... There is enlightenment in truth.

filled with the latest information. In fact this book is just off the presses.

"Facts for Women" is as honest a piece of writing as you have ever read, and so frank that it might have been considered daring a few years ago. Women are showing a remarkable interest in this book. They are talking about it. Send for your copy. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

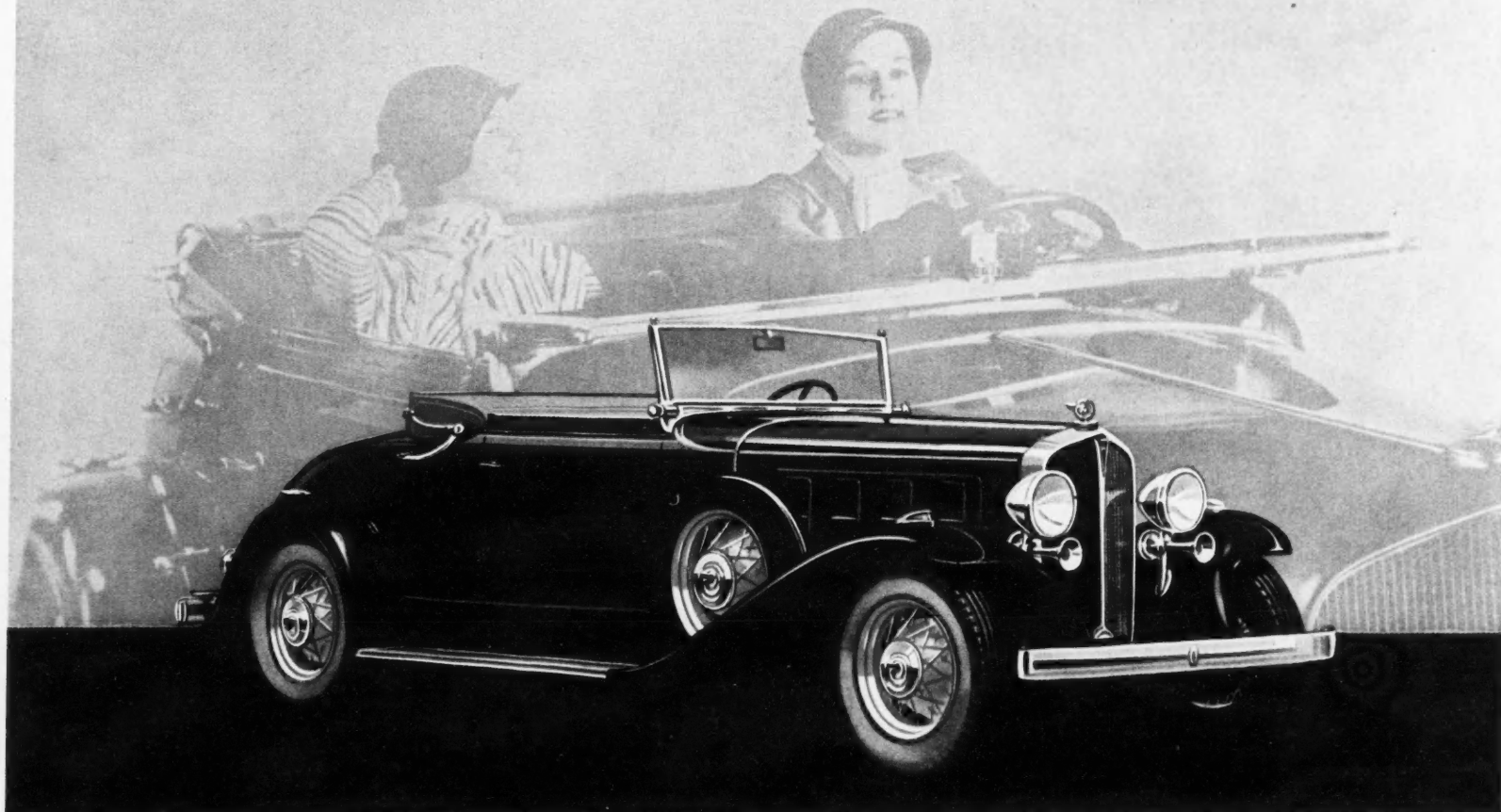
- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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(Please print name)

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CITY PROVINCE

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Sunny days ahead—new highways and byways to discover—new thoughts, new hopes . . .

For your own and your family's enjoyment, now is an ideal time to trade in your worn and travel-tired car on a smart, new, up-to-the-minute Pontiac.

Pontiac — you know — is the low price car that "has everything."

By that, we do not mean that it is the largest or most luxurious car you can buy. But we do say that it has the wheelbase, weight, roominess and luxury of finish to assure your entire comfort. We do not say it is "the fastest thing on wheels," but any Pontiac will deliver speed to match your most exhilarated mood, and thrill you with its performance all day. Its riding comfort is exceptional. Ride Control adjusts shock absorber action to every type of road and to any number of passengers. Then, there is a complete

PRODUCED



system of rubber cushioning, with live-rubber pads insulating the motor, springs, axles, frame and body — 47 points in all. Pontiac has this year's important engineering developments . . . Syncro-Mesh transmission with quiet second gear . . . Free Wheeling . . . greater power and speed, yet economy of fuel and oil . . . new, roomy Fisher bodies . . . inside locks on all doors . . . full pressure lubrication even to piston pins . . . and many other features — yet this big Six costs no more to own, and little more to buy, than cars built for economy alone.

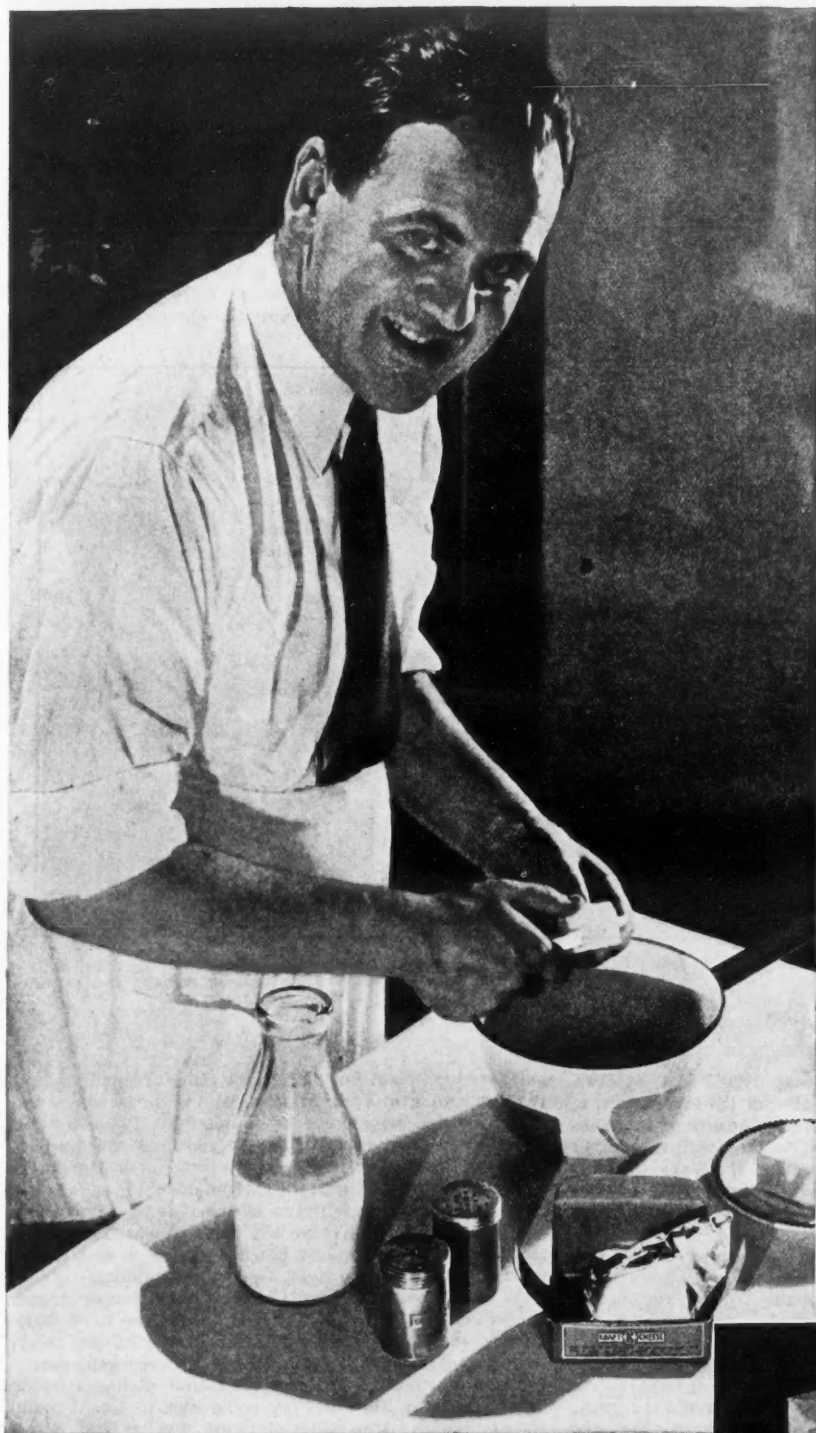
Look, then, to Pontiac for the motoring qualities you want. Check its low delivered prices with the dealer in your community. Compare it with the car you now own by driving Pontiac personally over any testing ground of your choosing. Then, and only then, can you truly appreciate the value that Pontiac offers in the low-price field.

IN CANADA

NEW PONTIAC 6

at last!... a cooking page

for men only!



Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

A WELSH RAREBIT —for a hungry gang of four

Melt a teaspoon of butter in a fairly large saucepan. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of flour or cornstarch and stir gradually into this mixture $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk until thick and smooth. Add to this the contents of a half pound package of Kraft Canadian Cheese sliced into small shavings. Stir the mixture until the cheese is melted and the mixture is free of lumps. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mustard and dashes of salt and pepper. Serve at once on crackers or toast—and watch the boys go to it!

"Show me," somebody has said, "the man who doesn't think he can sing—and cook!"

"Show us," we'll add to that, "the man who doesn't like cheese—and more of it!"

So here we are, turned loose on a page for men who have an inborn yearning for cheese and cooking.

We can't vouch for your vocal ability—but here's a dish we'll wager you can handle like a French chef. Try it the next time the boys come over for a little game. Or any evening when you're cheese hungry.

First get yourself a half-pound package of Kraft Canadian Cheese. Then rustle up some pots, pans and the necessary "whatnots." You're all set to make a rarebit. Not an ordinary rarebit, but the light, fluffy, mouth-watering kind you get only with Kraft Canadian.

We say Kraft Canadian because that's the cheese with the inimitable, exclusive "cave-cured" flavor

that men go for. Cheese so smooth, so uniformly fine in quality that it's the easiest cheese in the world to cook with.

Well, get out the Kraft Canadian. Tie on the boss' apron. You'll find the recipe to the left, below. And—good luck!

And by the way—does your wife know how much you crave good cheese now and then? Might be a good idea to drop a hint. They try hard to please us (bless 'em!) but they're not mind readers. And how they do appreciate a suggestion from the head of the house occasionally!

P. S. It might be the safest thing, after all, to ask "the little woman" to fix that rarebit for you! Of course, if she sees the recipe first and should surprise you with this luscious cheese treat, we know you'll properly appreciate her effort to please you.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited.
Cheese . Mayonnaise.



K R A F T . P H E N I X P R O D U C T S



The Editor's own Page



FOR centuries women have been told that they cannot fathom the mysterious workings of the male mind in running a country. But for centuries women have been wondering . . .

How, I wonder, would the women manage the finances of a country? Is not the principle of managing a household income of forty dollars a week based on the same logic as that which manages a country's millions? So many men are of the opinion that the magnificent

job is the handing over of the household money; the budgeting and cutting and planning and contriving to make that money stretch far enough to follow the demands of a growing family, are practically always left to the chatelaine of the house. Men love to comment on women's eagernesses for sales and bargains. They do not realize that it is the eagerness to watch those very sales which makes the pennies stretch.

For centuries women have been trained in the art of making money cover the household needs. Small wonder, then, that many of the arrangements and practices which go on in the running of any country by its male politicians leave the women marvelling. I wonder if any chatelaine, trained for years in household finances, however small, would not be able to give them some valuable pointers?

IN THIS connection it is interesting to note the reported planks of the delegates at a recent political convention. The men delegates, it is said, went with three planks—wet, moist and dry.

The women delegates also had three planks. One was economy in government, including the wise economy of continued protection of children; the prevention of needless maternal and infant deaths; and adequate provision for essential education.

The second was for a sane and constructive unemployment relief; and the third for a reduction of armaments.

Which sex, many people are asking, had the better view point? Which was the most practical?

SUCH valuable letters have come from *Chatelaine* readers commenting on the stories they like best in an issue! No better way could be found for helping to develop your magazine along the lines you like; and I do hope that after you have read this August issue—I hope it's in the lazy luxury of a summer holiday—that you will tell me which story you liked best, and which you found lacking in interest. Tell me, too, anything you liked particularly, or anything you didn't. Through all the routine of the morning's mail I search eagerly for these human little letters with your comments on the magazine.

This August number has been planned to bring with it an atmosphere of the golden days of midsummer. Thus the three young wives out for an afternoon's golf on the cover, painted by the popular *Chatelaine* artist, Jack Keay. Thus the summer sketching, the swimmers, and the young wife persuading a rather stolid husband

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H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director Byrne Hope Sanders, Editor George H. Tyndall, Business Manager

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Your House and Garden; The Chatelaine's Knitting and Crochet; Handicraft; Baby Welfare; The Domestic Workshop; The Pantry Shelf.

to come up for a trial flight, on this page. Thus the gay heroine of "High Tide" springing from a motor boat to a sunny dock or sitting rather sadly on yellow sands. Thus the midsummer letter from Paris, written by Mary Wyndham, who cleverly suggests ideas that will work into early fall costumes; and so through the pages to the frozen desserts from the *Chatelaine* Institute.

I shall be most interested in knowing which gets the most votes—"June Gale," by Alberta C. Trimble, which is another story of Rennie and Bill; or "You Can't Have Everything," by Joseph Lister Rutledge. It is not often that we can combine two such stories of universal experience in one issue, and it will be interesting to see which is more popular. Doris M. Hume's story "High Tide" is a dramatic one that will find many enthusiasts, but if my guess is right the other two will win more applause. Let's see.

BY THE WAY, did you know that new *Chatelaine* patterns now come with a complete making and sewing guide? Thousands upon thousands of women are finding *Chatelaine* patterns exceedingly practical and smart, and we are receiving most appreciative letters from dressmakers throughout the Dominion. The new sewing chart will make the putting together of the pattern much easier for beginners. Don't forget that our patterns are guaranteed, and that they are the only made-in-Canada patterns for a magazine and store service combined. If your favorite store does not carry them, write and tell us.

Many women have found the *Chatelaine* Pattern Book, issued quarterly, a great boon. Here are over a hundred styles of new *Chatelaine* patterns, all of them fifteen cents; all of them guaranteed. Our new service, which makes it possible for you to send your material—and tell us the pattern number and size, so that we can cut it out for you with professional skill, for a very nominal fee—is winning wide popularity. So are the charming little cut-ready-to-sew garments.

Chatelaine patterns, one of the services of your magazine, are working eagerly to give you every satisfaction. This work of serving the chatelaines of Canada through our magazine articles, our *Chatelaine* Institute, our pattern service and our departments is a mighty interesting one.

Byrne Hope Sanders.



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Dramatically 3 improvements came

to the largest-selling
bacon in the world!

Dramatic? Almost *magical*—the improvements that resulted when Swift's Premium was *Ovenized*.

An improvement in flavor . . . the mild, rich Premium flavor developed and brought out so that it has a new appetizing appeal.

An improvement in texture . . . an extra, delightful tenderness that you will notice with your first bite. Even the color was improved. The lean, after cooking, shows a redder, more brilliant brown.

Due to a new way of smoking

These remarkable improvements have been achieved solely through the *Ovenizing* method of smoking. There has been no change in the famous mild Premium

cure and none in the strict scientific control that for years has guarded Premium's uniformity.

Nor is there any change in the practice of long smoking over hardwood fires. But the method is different. The bacon is smoked in ovens—*Ovenized*—in a special way that results in these wonderful improvements.

When you're puzzling over the problem of hot-weather menus, remember Swift's Premium Bacon. Its new goodness is thrilling; a whiff of its fragrance can work a startling change in members of the "Too hot to eat" group. And—happy second thought—there's nothing easier to prepare than bacon! Just ask your dealer for Swift's Premium.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited—Purveyors of Fine Foods

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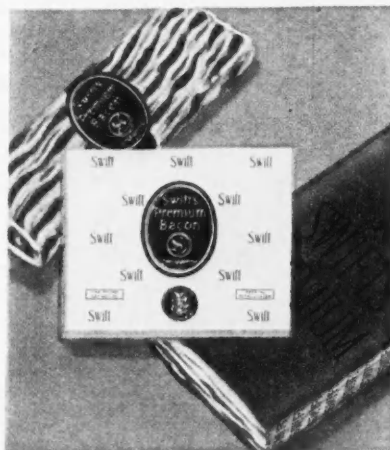
SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAMS

ARE ALL OVENIZED, TOO

Ovenized BACON



Swift's Premium Bacon and Corn on the Cob are a marvelous combination. Here's the way we prepare it: place parboiled corn in baking dish; cover with strips of Premium Bacon and bake in a hot oven until bacon is crisp (about 15 minutes).



The only Ovenized bacon is Swift's Premium. Every pound of Swift's Premium Bacon is Ovenized. Buy it ready-sliced in pound and half-pound packages or sliced from the slab. Both packages and slab are easy to identify. The packages are plainly marked Swift's Premium, and the slab bears the word SWIFT in tiny brown dots down the full length of the side.

1

HEAR "THE STEBBINS BOYS"

Every evening except Saturday and Sunday from WJZ and coast-to-coast N.B.C. networks.

At the MOVIES

News and notes, reviews and previews
of the movie world

by

ELIZABETH
HOPE

Norma Shearer has the coveted rôle of Nina Leeds in "Strange Interlude" the unwieldy O'Neill play which has been translated into the movies. With her is Clark Gable as the doctor.



"New Morals for Old" with Lewis Stone, Margaret Perry and Robert Young, is a story of new youth—and old morals.

IN SPITE of the fact that the summer is generally regarded as the doldrums for the movies, some of the biggest films of the year are being released these days. More and more the movies are adapting famous novels, plays, and even magazine serials and short stories. Thus if the traveller sees a play he likes in New York, he will probably see it as a road show a year later, and as a movie a few months after that.

In the great majority of cases, stories which have been designed and written for the special facilities and possibilities the movies offer, are more successful than those which have been adapted from novels or plays. A story which has been written for the restricted presentation of the stage, often loses much of its power when translated into the extravagances of the films.

Some one had a stroke of genius when they planned a film for Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, and called it "Prosperity." What crowds that picture will draw! For with Prosperity really round the corner at last, at the neighborhood theatre, who can possibly stay away?

proper amount of drama and suspense in the picture, and a great deal of delightful humor, beginning with the ridiculous situation in which John, the young husband, just dressed as Santa Claus, opens the door first to his mother, and then to his mother-in-law—both in Santa Claus costumes.

Marie Dressler is one of the most human comedienne in the films today, and deservedly one of the most popular. Polly Moran is a happy foil for her; this is their ninth picture together.

There's not much need to encourage you to take the family and see "Prosperity;" it will probably be one of the biggest box-office successes of the season.

"As You Desire Me," the famous Pirandello play makes a glamorous movie, although the film cannot possibly compete with the effect of the stage play. Greta Garbo as Zara, the unknown woman, has a rôle which suits her to perfection,



Greta Garbo and Eric Von Stroheim appearing together in "As You Desire Me" make one of the most striking combinations in personalities and acting that the screen has seen.



Ann Harding, the beautiful lady of the smooth coiffure is appearing in a thrilling story "Westward Passage."

"Prosperity" was written especially for the screen, and is a hilarious comedy of mothers-in-law, battling with each other to regulate the lives of their married children. The story has all the local color of the depression with a brand-new theory for its relief. Lizzie and Maggie, the two mothers-in-law have quarrelled over the engagement of their respective son and daughter; and repeated their arguments for a number of years afterward. One quarrel grows so intense that it sweeps the young husband and his wife into it, and they are divorced. There is the

and gives her opportunity for a wide range of emotionalism. Teamed with Eric Von Stroheim, who is the villain of the piece, Garbo is magnificent. I do not think I ever felt her genius more. For whether as the reckless, half-drunken woman of the cabarets in her black velvet—as the shy young girl in her white frock with the garland of wild flowers at her belt—or as the tragic, stricken woman driving home in her swinging cape and her "pillar-box" hat that was so ridiculous most of the women present laughed aloud—in each of the moving passages of the story, Garbo is enthralling.

As the husband, Mervyn Douglas, when compared with Garbo and Von Stroheim, who is one of the most satisfactory villains and finished actors of the screen, seems wooden and obvious. So does Hedda Hooper as the sister.

There is some of the most beautiful photography in "As You Desire Me" that one could wish to see. I found the scenes with Garbo in her white wig, and her black velvet dress that left her shoulders bare but covered her throat and neck supremely lovely. So is the misty early morning on the Adriatic, waiting for the sunrise.

As for what the movies have done to make blatant Pirandello's play—why go into that? Better regard it just as a movie; and of course the thousands of fans would rather leave with a happy ending, than the vague, question of the play. It is not a movie for the children. It is adult entertainment.

~ ~ ~

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are promising a particular thrill in their coming presentation of the three famous Barrymores in a picture tentatively called "Rasputin" and based on the life of that strange man of Russia. With Lionel as Rasputin, the Black Monk, John as the Grand Duke, and Ethel as the Empress, this picture will bring the three Barrymores to the screen together for the first time. Ethel has stalwartly refused the lure of Hollywood—but [Continued on page 41]

~ ~ ~



A moment later he had pulled her up beside him—a slim girl in a blue swim suit, golden hair flying in the wind

HIGH TIDE

A love story of the summer seacoast

by DORIS M. HUME

Illustrated by JACK KEAY

THE vibrant song of a motor shattered the morning stillness, and the bay's glassy surface was cleft by a swiftly approaching V, whose sides where white spume and whose centre resolved itself into the racing beauty of a grey motor boat. At the wheel sat a girl in a blue swim suit, golden hair flying in the wind.

With commendable skill she swung her skimming craft in a beautiful arc, checked her speed and glided with seal-like grace into the lee of the outjutting pier. The man waiting at its edge bent down from his bronzed six feet of height to catch the line she tossed him. A moment later he had pulled her up beside him.

"Denny!" Her voice was a-lilt with the thrill of the

moment, her blue eyes like stars. "Denny, she's grand—simply grand. It's like flying."

He grinned down at her happily. "Didn't I tell you, Phyll, didn't I? He looked down at the slim rocking craft. "She's got power, she's got looks, she's got everything." He gave Phyllis a hug. "And I've got a dent in the bankroll."

"Denny, did she cost a fortune?"

"Who cares for a fortune, sweet child? Makin' 'em is my specialty."

Heavy lashes swept up as she raised her eyes. "Denny, you're so—marvellous."

He laughed and then, at something in her tone, he suddenly bent his attention upon her, holding her off at arm's length. "Phyll, are you trying to act grown-up—your little kid, you?"

She pouted. "I am grown-up. I'm eighteen."

"Really? So ancient as that?"

"Denny," anxiously, "don't you like me this way?"

He rumbled her hair. "Of course, little playmate. Only—if you get any darn prettier I'll be coming back one of

these Junes and finding you gone. Somebody'll gobble you up." He frowned at her. "I don't know that I want anybody to gobble you up, Phyll."

"Oh, silly, who's going to? Come on, let's swim."

She turned quickly so he might not see the sweep of color into her cheeks.

The cottages of the bay's summer residents were scattered here and there among the trees, well back from the shore, dominated by a large pretentious white house that clung precariously to the cliff. The white house bore the official name of Cragview but to the little colony it was simply "Vesta Markham's place."

Vesta Markham had been Vesta Lee and had summered in her childhood in the cottage adjacent to that which Phyllis shared with her poet father, Freeman Corday. Eight years Phyllis's senior, the dark-haired Vesta had been the object of the younger child's adoration. Vesta showed early the promise of extraordinary beauty and had played havoc with the youthful hearts of bay residents while in her middle teens. In the ensuing ferment in which all families took sides, the Lees took haughty departure,

*"Just back
from my
honeymoon"*



**But I've learned
that Chipso soaks
clothes clean!**

You could have **KNOCKED**
Mother down with a **PIN**
this **MORNING** when
she found me **HANGING**
my **CHIPSO WASH** at 10!

* * *
She couldn't get **OVER**
my **WHITE CLOTHES!**

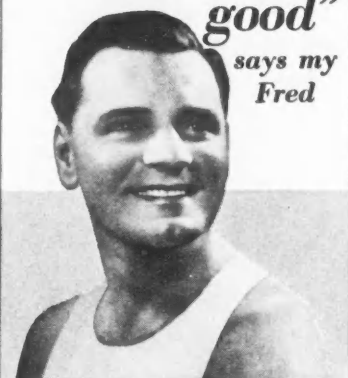
* * *
I'm **NOT** bragging
because the **CREDIT** goes
to the **NEW CHIPSO flakes**.
They make the **GRANDEST**
suds I've **EVER SEEN!**

* * *
Chipso goes after **DIRT**—
but it keeps **MY HANDS**
as **NICE** as when
I was a **SECRETARY!**

* * *
Take a tip—do **TRY**
NEW CHIPSO FLAKES
They dissolve like **MAGIC!**

*"Girl, you're
good"*

*says my
Fred*



**Because Chipso gets
underwear so white!**

My **FRED** comes home
from business trips
with **GRIMY** clothes.

* * *
I've **RUBBED** undershirts
'till I was
RED in the **FACE**.
My washing machine
just **COULDN'T** get
that **ROAD DIRT** out.
NOW I SOAK underwear
in **CHIPSO** suds first
for a few minutes,
THEN I turn
the **POWER** on
and my white things
COME OUT SNOWY.
It's **EASY**.

* * *
Do try **CHIPSO**
in your **MACHINE**.

*"Gray hair
and a
young heart"*



**So I'm fussy
as a girl
about my hands.**

Have **YOU** tried
Chipso **LATELY?**
If your hands
are **SENSITIVE**—
you'll find new Chipso
GENTLE as **RAIN**.

* * *
Or if you're like me
and wash **SILK UNDIES**
for a **FUSSY** daughter,
you'll love these
SAFE Chipso **SUDS**.

* * *
Or if you have
a **REAL** boy
who plays dirt
into his clothes—
Chipso will do
the **HARD WORK** fast.

* * *
Chipso is smoother—
sudsier, richer than ever.
Do try it **YOURSELF**.

Copyright, 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

**Better than ever
"Quick as lightning,
Gentle as rain"**

**MADE IN
CANADA**

Chipso





Vesta, with her dark, dangerous beauty that was a challenge to any man, managed somehow to suggest something brave, tragic, lonely.

"Phyll," Dennis told the newcomer eagerly, "I think she's been kidding me that she can't learn to swim. Why, she'll be a wow when I get through with her."

"That's the secret of it, that last," said Vesta. "You're teaching me." The dark eyes raised to his. "If I can just make you proud of me . . ."

Phyllis felt herself trembling. "Race you to the float," she told Dennis. His face had reddened beneath its tan. "You're on," he told her as if relieved at action, and went flying after her over the wet sand. They struck the water

together, churning it, arms flashing in swift, sure strokes. He beat her, as he always did, and leaping on to the float leaned down and pulled her up beside him, laughing, breathless. But he didn't kiss her on the tip of her nose or call her "Nuisance" in that heart-quickenning way of his. And after a moment he said, "Maybe we'd better be getting back. Sort of shabby streaking off and leaving Vesta by herself, like that. Kind of rubbing it in. Ten feet start and I'll beat you in."

The heavy weight tugging at her heart rendered the handicap worthless. He beat her badly.

Vesta smiled at them both. "Dennis, I'd never, never be afraid of drowning if you were near. The way you cut the water. How very strong you must be."

To Phyllis it was a nightmare sitting there, feeling tongue-tied, stupid, while Vesta's rich voice droned on and the man watched her with unreadable eyes. She must get away, think up some excuse. But Vesta was speaking directly to her now.

"I was telling Dennis, just before you came, that I want to do something to repay him for his kindness this morning. He had such utter patience with me. It's so hot. I want you to come up to the house and we shall have something cool on the north porch."

"And I said it was a grand idea—and we waited for you, Phyll." Dennis was already on his feet.

Vesta was watching her. There did not seem to be any excuse she could make that would not sound stilted, silly.

The Markham house, reached after climbing an interminable length of stair from the beach, was cool, beautiful; the porch chairs soft, luxurious.

"Please do make yourselves comfortable, won't you? My house, which is yours, as the Spanish say. Phyllis, sit down, darling. Dennis—it's hateful of me to have got you up here by false pretenses, but it's Taki's day off. I've ice, everything in the kitchen, but I'm so helpless about such things." She looked at him pleadingly.

"I'm the world's most willing mixer," he told her gaily and followed her obediently as a puppy. Phyllis felt her cheeks burn as Vesta flung back over her shoulder:

"There's a new Parisian magazine on that metal table, Phyll."

No use pretending she didn't care, no use trying to smile. She did care. A deep hurt grew and grew, tearing at her self-control. Faintly she could hear laughter coming from the direction in which Dennis and Vesta had gone.

"Hello," said a voice. She looked up to see Billie, a stuffed dog under his arm, his wide grave eyes fixed upon her.

"Hello, there." She felt absurdly grateful for anything that would break the loneliness of the moment. "Come over here and see Phyll," she invited.

He looked out under his lashes, then came to her with an eager little rush, arms reaching up to her neck. She put her own about his pitifully thin, small body and hugged him close.

"I'm afraid I'm leaving you alone dreadfully long." Vesta's voice sounded behind Phyllis. "But I simply had to get out of my suit. Sand irritates my skin so. I knew you'd forgive my taking a moment to change."

She drifted across the porch in rich ivory white pyjamas, black onyx at her wrist and throat. Black hair, black eyes, and for an accent that curling mouth of vivid, arresting red.

"Why, Billie . . ." She saw the child, pressed close to Phyllis and the smile vanished in straight-lipped disapproval. Her voice was cold, cutting. Phyllis felt the child stiffen.

"Oh, Dennis, here you are with what we need the very most," she cried gaily as he came through the doorway bearing a beaten tray with clinking frosted glasses.

Phyllis saw him stop and swallow at the sight of Vesta who dropped one hand to the child's shoulder.

"It's nap time; you must run to Nanna now, Billikins." Very beautiful she looked as she guided the boy to the door. Phyllis squirmed, miserably conscious of her suit and her sun-faded beach robe, of the sand in her slippers, and her wind-tossed hair. But Dennis was not looking at her anyway; his gaze was rivetted on Vesta.

She settled herself on a black chaise longue, stretching a hand for her drink. "I do hope you'll like this," she said. Dennis's voice as he made retort was a little hoarse, uncertain. The tray he presented was not quite steady.

Vesta lifted her glass and looked at the man across the frosted crystal rim. She seemed to have forgotten Phyllis. Dennis lifted his own. "Happy days," he said lightly.

"Happier ones," she told him and touched her glass to his.

Young, bewildered, Phyllis watched her weaving with light and delicate touch the web of her fascination. The weary look had gone from her eyes now; behind the curtaining lashes they were bright, shining.

At last Phyllis could bear it no longer. She had to get away where the slow mockery of Vesta's occasional glance could not reach her. She got up, dried sand under her feet rasping unpleasantly on the immaculate tiles. "I must go home. Dad will be expecting me."

It didn't matter that Vesta was sweetly gracious when she left, or that Denny obligingly walked home with her. She was conscious of nothing but the savage ache in her breast and a desperate resolve to keep her chin up and not let them know—not let any one know. But that night, sheltered by friendly darkness, she crept into bed and sobbed out her heart-break. She had lost Denny.

THE weeks that followed were separate and distinct torments to Phyllis, but no one would ever have guessed. She was very gay, very friendly. She won a puppy-like devotion from frail little Billie; she was charming to Vesta, neighborly to Dennis, and seemingly quite unaware of the increasingly long hours he spent at Cragview or of Vesta's hold upon him. She kept her head up. Nobody was going to know—Dennis last of all—that behind the mask of her gaiety she was one throbbing ache.

The month sped away, and with but four days of his vacation left Dennis received an imperative call to the city. He would have terminated it then and there, but Vesta was giving a party on the very last night. "My farewell party for you, Denny . . ." But beneath their lashes her eyes were very bright.

"I'll be back this very night," he told her.

He was gone before sunrise and Phyllis awakened to a day that held no Denny. Realization of what it would mean when he was gone for good swept over her. She was tired, so very tired of keeping on pretending she didn't care. All her precious dreams were shattered. She had lost Denny to Vesta—Vesta with her dark, dangerous beauty that was a challenge to a man.

The hours dragged miserably until luncheon. She wanted solitude, did Phyllis; some place where she could be alone, away from watching eyes. The wild loveliness of Fram's Cove beckoned to her troubled spirit. It was a three-mile walk and she needed action.

Fram's Cove had a beach only at low tide. Behind it rose towering honeycombed cliff walls where winter waves dashed high. A motor road led to Fram's Point, a long sloping point of rock. There it ended, but an easy path led at low tide to the Cove itself some six hundred feet away. It was sheltered and of deep crescent shape. Delicate anemones grew in wet hollows; starfish clung to the rocks. From no other spot could one gain a more fascinating view of the ocean into which the Bay opened than from that half circle of silvered sand and darkened cliff wall. But one must watch the hours. A rising tide slipped with dangerous innocence over the rocks and once the path back to Fram's Point was under water the steep cliff walls offered no escape. A strong swimmer could cover the six hundred feet to the Point and climb to safety there. Otherwise . . .

Phyllis found her favorite spot. A rising wind was whipping the waves into white-crested beauty beyond her shelter.

"Phyll, Phyll . . .!" An eager little voice broke across her reverie. She turned quickly to see Billie stumbling over the sand to her, his thin face all smiles. Behind him came Vesta with a cushion, a book; Vesta very lovely in a jade sports frock. Phyllis got up. She wanted to cry out: "This spot is mine. Go away and leave me alone."

"Why, Phyll, imagine finding you here. I didn't know any one ever came to Fram's Cove any more."

"I often come here," Phyllis said, unsmiling.

"It was the one spot of all the Bay I loved the most," said Vesta, "but I haven't been here in years. Today there seemed nothing to do. Billie's nurse left without notice and without reason this morning." Her voice hardened. "I've been saddled with him all day. I felt I needed a change before I screamed from sheer ennui."

Phyllis would have got away as soon as possible, in spite of Vesta's protests, had it not been for Billie. He clung to her with such pitiful eagerness, begging for sand castles.

"Oh, do be a good sport and amuse him for a while," Vesta said. "I can't do anything with him; all he does is whine and cry." Utter impatience was in her voice. "You've nothing to hurry back for, Phyll."

The girl stiffened.

"Please, Phyllie—just one—a big one."

So Phyllis forced a smile and gave herself up to the task of creating a masterpiece in sand. The child plodded about her with his rubber-shod feet, laughing happily. The moments sped.

"There, Billie, isn't that a grand one?"

"Who'll live in it, Phyll?"

"Oh—the prince and the princess. Happy ever after."

"What a child you are," Vesta said over her shoulder.

"Denny has sort of adopted you as a little sister, hasn't he?"

It was unfortunate, that [Continued on page 28]

but the summer of Phyllis's twelfth birthday was rocked with the news of Vesta's marriage to a millionaire nearly three times her age. Six months later he built for her the big house on the cliff, a gesture of disdain on Vesta's part, but a shining symbol of romance to Phyllis who had never seen Preston Markham.

The house remained closed for several seasons but bits of scandal about Vesta drifted back on the wind of rumor. Then, five years after her marriage, in the very middle of sensational divorce proceedings, Markham's death settled all questions and left her in possession of undisputed wealth.

The present summer had seen activity about Cragview and the news sped that Vesta Markham was home "for a quiet month or two of rest." She brought with her a four-year-old son, pitifully fragile offspring of her mismating.

But Vesta herself . . . After her first meeting Phyllis had carried news of her to her father.

"Priceless, you should see her; she's like something out of a picture. I can't tell you. You know how black her hair is, and she wears it parted exactly in the middle and drawn back—so." Phyllis's little hands smoothed her golden bob. "And her eyes have a sort of weary look, and her brows go sloping up, up like wings, and her mouth is very red and sort of curls as if she—well, didn't care." Phyllis sat in rapt silence, visualizing. "Oh," she sighed at last. "It must be soul-satisfying to be beautiful, don't you think?"

Freeman Corday smiled as he looked at the curving coral mouth below which her proud little chin rounded out before it sloped to the line of her sun-gold throat.

"Yes, my dear," he said. "It must."

But now in the thrill of Dennis Shreve's coming she had forgotten even Vesta. Phyllis had been thirteen the first summer Dennis and his father had taken the cottage formerly owned by the Lees. John Shreve and Freeman Corday had been friends for years and with big-brotherly tolerance the twenty-year-old Dennis had let the fly-away little girl tag along with him. She adored him then; she loved him now with all the shy ardor of awakened girlhood. He was to Phyllis her knight in shining armor. It was a dream, a hope, a little wordless prayer that some day Denny would love her.

And now he was back again, bronzed and big and reckless, teasing as ever; quite unconscious that two successful plays had made him something of a celebrity and assured his future.

"No work, Phyll, for one grand four weeks. Going to be bored with me, youngster?"

"Denny!"

"You ridiculous baby, don't look so horrified."

"I'm not a baby. I tell you."

He rumbled her hair. "You're a nuisance," he told her. "Go put on your suit and I'll let you try out the *Grey Gull*."

One brief glorious week had passed and once or twice Phyllis had seen the man looking at her, a slightly puzzled expression on his face as if there were something he did not quite understand.

In her heart something began to sing, hopefully, joyously. If just she loved Denny hard enough he'd have to see that she wasn't a child any more.

THUS ran her thoughts as, pleasantly weary after a swift swim, she sprawled on the sunlit sand with Denny early one afternoon.

A listless little boy, dragging a pail, trudged ahead of a prim-mouthed nurse. Phyllis, lying on her stomach, was shaping damp sand into intriguing mounds. The child stopped, smiling shyly as he recognized her.

"Hello there, Billie boy," she said. "Want to build sand castles?"

He nodded, edging closer. Though the day was warm he wore little shoes and rubbers. "It's Vesta Markham's little boy," Phyllis explained to Dennis. "Up in the big house."

The nurse had overtaken her charge. "Good day," she said stiffly. "Come, Billie, mother wants you to take a nice walk in the sun." She led the child away.

"Poor little codger," said Dennis. "What do they bundle him up like that for?"

"He's ill," said Phyllis. "Something awful the matter with his heart; I forget just what the word is. He can't even paddle on account of the shock of the cold water."

"Hello, Phyllis," spoke a softly husky voice, and the girl looked up to see Vesta in beach pyjamas, an enormous black shade hat pulled over her dark hair, lovely as a

magazine cover come to life. "I saw you being sweet to Billie. Poor baby, I'm so worried about him."

"Hello, Vesta."

Dennis had got to his feet, tall and young in his scant swim suit, tawny hair awry in the breeze. Phyllis saw Vesta's lazy sloping gaze turn toward him.

"Vesta, this is Dennis Shreve. Mrs. Markham, Denny." "Hello, Dennis." She extended a slim hand. "It's nice meeting you. I've watched you diving in the mornings; I hope you don't mind. Swimming is one of those marvellous accomplishments I admire—longingly."

"Why, it's not difficult really."

"It doesn't seem so, the way you do it," she told him, looking up from under the tilted brim of her hat, the scarlet "don't care" mouth curling ever so slightly at the corners. "It's just that I'm not brave, I guess."

"I don't believe that," he said gallantly.

"That's nice of you. Shall we say, then, that I just haven't found the person who could fill me with confidence. I'm afraid to trust; afraid that just when I need them most they'll let me go down, down. I suppose," she added, "maybe life has taught me that."

"Denny'd never let anybody go down," Phyllis said.

"I believe that," Vesta said softly. Then, looking at him; "You are the Dennis Shreve, aren't you? I saw 'The Barrier' in New York. There is a power, a beauty about it. I saw it twice, in fact; by myself the second time. I did not want to have its perfection spoiled by a companion."

"That's a wonderful compliment, Mrs. Markham."

gloom spreader. No, thank you. I can't sit down, Phyll; it's Billie's nap hour and he'll be wanting me." She smiled at Dennis. "I'm glad we're neighbors. If you see a very immovable blot on the porch railing tomorrow morning you'll know it is I, watching you dive."

"Come down and I'll teach you."

The dark eyes opened widely as if at something too good to be true.

"But you wouldn't? Oh, I'm afraid you'd regret your generosity and become very impatient with me. I'm not clever about sports like Phyllis. She's like another boy, isn't she?"

The smile looked suddenly artificial to Phyllis. She pressed herself deeper into the sand, feeling muscled, amazonish. Then her heart gave a queer little flutter. Denny was looking at Vesta Markham so oddly, looking at her as if, as if . . .

"I hope you'll come," he said.

That enigmatical smile was her only reply to that. "Good-by," she said. She moved off across the sand with a lithe grace, the wind molding the pyjamas to her long limbs, managing somehow by the back-fling of her head to suggest something brave, tragic, lonely.

A DOZEN necessary duties kept Phyllis from being early on the beach the next morning. Besides, a queer pride held her back. She wasn't going to fling herself at Denny as if she were afraid.

But she was afraid and that fear materialized when she



To Phyllis it was a nightmare sitting there, feeling tongue-tied, stupid, while Dennis watched Vesta with unreadable eyes. She longed to escape from the two of them, but any excuse would sound stilted, silly

"Please," she told him simply, "we are all neighbors and friends here at the shore, and my friends call me Vesta. Markham is the—scar of a tragic mistake. It still hurts. Do you mind if I ask you not to use it? For just these two swift beautiful months I want to forget everything."

Her eyes misted as if with memories; for just an instant the red mouth became drooping, piteous. Then she tossed her head with the gallant air of one who must not let the banner of her courage dip.

"Stupid of me," she murmured. "I didn't mean to be a

saw the gay and alien beach parasol. She recognized Denny's bronzed legs and she could guess the owner of the tiny feet thrust into barbaric red wooden sandals.

She would have turned back but Denny had seen her. He scrambled to his feet, holding out a friendly hand, but Vesta lay supine against a cushion. Her suit was scarlet as her mouth—backless, daring. Around her head was knotted carelessly a vivid gypsy scarf.

"Hello, Phyll dear, we've been waiting simply ages for you," was her greeting.

out of her eyes and looked down at the cradle: "Bill and I have a little nigger baby." But when she glanced in the mirror, she was a nigger mother. The only white spots anywhere were the deformed imprint of her body on the spread and the round dent in the pillow.

Her guest room? Knees trembling, she flew out and, barely opening the door, peeped in. Thank heaven, it had escaped.

But her charming living room! Were it not for the walls, she would hardly know she was in a house; might have fancied herself in a grotesque stage-setting. Sand eddied in at the front door. She went to close it, but could not for the sand piled against it. On the porch the drifts were as high as the snow the night Young Bill was born. Yet as she stood there the storm began to subside. Except for occasional flurries spiralling from the earth's black floor, the landscape was coming into view. Grotesque. Grotesque smells, too—dust, and the lady's slippers—a funereal smell. She removed the flowers from the vase and went to the kitchen.

With windows on both sides, the kitchen had received the full onslaught of the gale. The black-and-ivory tiled pattern of the linoleum was nowhere visible, the little heap of clothes on the table now a miniature mountain range with three peaks.

What price housecleaning, she thought hysterically, her feet tracking through the smooth undulations of sand on the floor. Clutching the flowers, she stood in the middle of the kitchen, staring at the mess, counting her footprints. This year, next year, sometime, never. This year, next year, some time, never.

"That's when I'll clean it up—never. It can stay like this till doomsday, for all of me." The storm had blown away not only her party, but her home. She tossed the lady's slippers into the sink. "This is when Young Bill and I go back to dad. Bill can wire me when the prairies have settled down again. Oh, how Mrs. Davey will give me the 'I told you so!'"

Fram, in his shirt sleeves, his face tragic, was at the door.

"Mrs. Alleyn," he panted, "may I phone the doctor? That mare must have got panicky and bolted home. Uno—I found him lying unconscious beside the stable door. And where's Bill?" "In town." Rennie dropped dizzily to the couch, her hand pressed to her lips—And I still have my Uno.

Fram lifted the receiver with his left hand, set it on the box, with the same hand jerkily rang the bell. His awkwardness exasperated her. Was his right hand paralyzed? Dazed, she listened as he got Dr. Myrtle Choate and told her what was wrong.

"If you can find Bill Alleyn, have him fetch you out." Rennie started up! "And Mrs. Hanson? Uno's mother?" "They'll fetch her," in an aside. "By the way, doctor, how about some sort of gadget to set an arm? I think mine's broken."



Bill went out and fetched something from the car. "Ren," he said sheepishly, "it was your new coat we used."

He turned from the phone, his gaze on the couch. "If Uno's still alive, may we fetch him here? My tent's gone, pegs and all."

Oh, he'd be alive! He'd have to be, she thought, his blithe young face rising suddenly before her. Of course they would bring him here, but not to the kitchen couch. And not, surveying it, to the kitchen bedroom. She shut the door, ashamed to have Fram see. To the guest room? She ran in and let up the blinds, opened the windows—the storm was quite over, the sun dimly shining through—and

could get such a giant as Uno on to the camp bed, let alone across to Alleynedale, was beyond her comprehension.

"Some one will come," Fram had assured her. "That fool mare's making enough noise to bring the carpenters from the depot."

Apparently *Lyra* was trying to kick the stable to pieces. She never let up for an instant. Panicky. Rennie recalled Bill's "brittle to hysterics." Well, what else could be expected, *Lyra* newly here from the coast, a prairie dust storm an experience without precedent? She had been panicky herself. And, in spite of so-called "horse sense," was not a human credited with more? Probably the high-strung creature's nervousness was aggravated by being shut in there. Equine claustrophobia, [Continued on page 30]

began stripping the taffeta coverlet from the bed. She was about to get out sheets when suddenly she realized how illogically she was acting—Uno still lying unconscious at the stable door—and ran out again, almost colliding with Fram who was seeking her.

"Where are the hired men? If we could get Uno over here—"

"They're haying. I'll phone Mrs. Davey; get some one from there. How'd you break your arm?"

"Couldn't see where I was going. Headlights on, too. Barely missed the school van crawling along the road full of kids. I went into the ditch. Bashed myself to match my car. Mrs. Neaves didn't even see me. As for hearing with that wind! By the way, has Bill a revolver?"

"A revolver! Whatever for?"

"To shoot that fool mare. I've locked the stable door on her, but she may have the whole building kicked down by now."

"Oh, no! Not *Lyra*!" she protested, giving the Daveys' three rings. No answer. She repeated it. Still no answer. "Mrs. Davey must have gone to town to see Daphne," she laughed mirthlessly. "Daphne phoned me at noon about Lola Kibler's new twins. I heard Mrs. Davey's canary when we were on the line."

Young Bill was still sleeping. Dare she leave him? If only she had not been so pig-headed about Martie. As Bill had insisted, no one could tell when an emergency might arise.

"I'll go with you," she decided.

JUNE GALE

*Here's life and death, swift disaster
and new visions—in the four walls
of a prairie home*

by

ALBERTA C. TRIMBLE



ENNIE, who had been busy cleaning house till that very noon with the awkward assistance of Martie Croane, took young Bill out to the front porch, hoping that he would go to sleep before he finished his lunch, though there was no sign of it in the blue eyes which he kept on her face.

It was hot for so early in June, not a breath stirring. She did not like the feel of the air. The sky was not the familiar blue of the past week; yet not grey or mustard or putty, but a mixture of all three. And no sun, though it was there, behind something. Perhaps it would rain. They needed rain after this six weeks dry spell, even the big slough across the road almost dried up, its bed alkaline, the little pool left in the deepest part of it ugly and green with frog spawn.

Martie on her broncho, her suitcase slung behind, was passing the poplar bluff, the young green leaves glistening with their own sap. Poor Martie! But it was a relief to have her out of the house, no more clumping up and down stairs in her heavy boots.

Men did not understand a woman's need of having her house to herself. Bill never said "the kind of pies my mother used to make," but he had said, and only this noon—merely because she would not keep Martie and have the kitchen bedroom renovated—that when his mother was mistress of Alleyndale no one had ever been turned away from the door. *Welcome Inn!* As if, except for Martie, she had done much turning away lately! There had been Gladys Davey for a fortnight when the other children had the measles; and for a week-end a college mate of Bill's who had not made enough taking magazine subscriptions to pay his railway fare home, and Bill had "advanced" him the fare. They had even had an Armenian pedlar one night.

Yes, any old hick could be put up, but people such as the Badham-Wares who had been so hospitable when Young Bill was christened in Langthorst. Because Gurney Fram, the "gentleman farmer" across the road, had stood proxy for Ford Neely, had that obliged his aunt to take the whole party home for lunch—themselves, the Duthies, and, Bill had insisted, Mrs. Davey? Mrs. Davey and her shocked comments on the women's cigarettes! "My grandmother smoked a pipe," she had said in a loud aside to Daphne, "but we kept her outa sight."

The air had an unearthly stillness in spite of numerous sounds—hens, hammering at the new depot, occasionally the blithe whistle of the young Swede, Uno Hanson, who worked for Fram.

Uno's mother, a remarkable woman, was coming to keep house for Fram when his Spanish-type bungalow was built. The Hansons had come to America two years ago. Misfortune had dogged them from their landing. The eldest son had been killed in a railroad wreck, the middle one in an automobile accident, and Hanson himself had died of pneumonia all within a year. Mrs. Hanson's hair, which had been as red as Uno's when she came, had suddenly turned silver; yet when some one had tried to condole with her, she had smiled as she said in her broken English, "God gave me many years of happiness with them, and I still have my Uno."

Rennie had often seen her in church. She was very devout, although when she gazed up at her handsome young giant of a son, it might have been him she had come to worship. Rennie quite saw why. She liked Uno herself. He often rode over on Fram's black mare, *Lyra*, and stayed to talk Swedish to Young Bill who, he claimed, understood.

The whistling grew louder. Riding *Lyra*, Uno came into view, a funny little round cap on his bright hair which, like the poplars, did not need the sun to make it gleam. Against the dingy sky his bright blue shirt gleamed, too.

Licking his moist lips, Young Bill drew away from his mother, and sat up trying to see whence the sound of whistling came. His eyes must have caught Uno's blue shirt against the bluff, for he struggled and waved his little hands in its direction.

"Do you want to be a jockey when you grow up, Young Bill?"

Young Bill gurgled. Uno's hand raised in prolonged salute. He stopped whistling. Rennie could imagine his

radiant smile. Then, taking up his tune with renewed vigor, he let his hand fall on the mare's rump. Like a rhythm in black satin, *Lyra* shot along the road.

Rennie was keen to ride. She had done a lot of it before her marriage. But Alleyndale lacked proper saddlehorses.

"If Fram ever comes over and gives me a chance to talk to him," she had told Bill, "I'll ask him if I mayn't ride *Lyra*. She and I are good friends. She eats from my hand; sugar, that is."

"Sugar it would be," said Bill. "I don't trust that mare." "Why?" in surprise. "Fram told Uno that in spite of a pedigree a yard long, she was as meek as a lamb; that if she possessed the least nervousness, it was admirably concealed."

"Too admirably. I know her sort, brittle to hysterics."

Uno was already past the Daveys'. Miles farther along the road were two dots. Mac and Sandy with their loads of hay? Hay would be high unless they got rain.

In a few minutes Fram tore past in his red roadster and waved casually. Casual farmer, too, not a square foot of his land under cultivation. June, his house not begun! He was waiting until the men had finished the elevator and depot. In the meantime he was living in a tent, when he was not at his aunt's, which was most of the time. Why had he bought their extra quarter-section, she wondered indignantly, if he was not going to work it?

Poor Bill! He did enough for two. He had worked overtime on the summer-fallow, seeding it with wheat he had raised himself; rustproof, he hoped, his heart set on the experiment. She looked around the bluff at the young crop spreading its tranquil green carpet over the northwest quarter. Fram was always stopping at the fence to discuss its progress with Bill, but he did not come near the house. Why? Did he think she was in Mrs. Davey's class?

Well, the housecleaning done, she would give him and the Badham-Wares a formally informal invitation to—Dinner? Tea? No, an English high tea. She would wear the yellow ruffly dress her father had sent from the city. Oh, had Bill noticed her new coat which she had left in the car last night—not a decent dry-cleaner for a hundred miles? For food, tomato juice cocktail, pressed chicken, halves of baked potatoes, spinach rings with pimento, her father's favorite Russian salad, Huldah's individual cherry tarts, coffee. Too bad the pussy willows and anemones were over; their furry grey and blue combined so artistically. But there was meadow rue in the bluff, and Pennsylvania anemones on their graceful stalks; for the tall jars, wild cranberry or the beauty of woods' fern. If only the land-scapes were done! She could visualize it—a shrubbery-enclosed lawn clear to the road; spruce at each side of the drive. Surely they could have the house painted this fall! Clemmie Neaves was right. Alleyndale would be the show-

place of the community; and, with the elevator and depot under way, houses for the section foreman and the elevator man, Fram's Spanish bungalow, quite a little community.

YOUNG BILL was asleep at last. Rennie tiptoed to the bedroom and put him in his cradle. He stirred, winked his eyes, then settled to definite slumber. With a sigh of relief she tiptoed out.

She brought the baby clothes in, sprinkled them, and, too tired to bother wrapping them in a towel or paper, arranged them in a neat little mound ready to be ironed after her nap.

Still, her fatigue had been rewarded. The kitchen stirred up a glow of pride. Everything shone. The windows were crystal; and open, though all the other housewives' winter-dingy panes were hermetically sealed. "You'll be sorry when you wake up some fine morning to a houseful of black sand," Mrs. Davey had said ominously. "A body with sense leaves her storm windows on till July anyway." But she had said that last year; and then, no dust storms appearing, had escaped censure by saying that it had been an unusually rainy season while this one bade fair to be unusually dry, "and everybody summer-fallowin' waitin' for a better price."

The living room aroused pride, too, though Martie's bouquet of lady's slippers filled it with their bitter smell. (Where had Martie got them? She had been nowhere for several days.) If the chesterfield materialized this fall she might move things around a bit; put the organ on the other side of the porch door—she propped the door open—and Alix Bayne's cathedral chair beside the grandfather's clock. It was a charming room, proving what could be done with ivory paint and gay chintz! Fram's aunt would appreciate it even if he did not.

Weary as she was, she had to have another "gloat" over the guest room. Martie's brawn had brought out the richness of the old mahogany; and her father's birthday cheque, ingeniously stretched, had provided taffeta—orchid, maize and green—for bedspread and bolster, dresser covers, side curtains and cushions. "Miles and miles of them little ruffles!" Martie had said in awed tones. "You'd never let a body sleep in here!"

"Not till Alix comes," Rennie thought with finality, her glance admiring the frilled sash-curtains which had the special crispness of brand new. "These storm windows—I may leave them till then." She hooked them, closed the inner ones, and, after a puzzled stare at the queerness of the sky, drew the blinds. With a lingering glance into the darkened room, she closed the door.

SHE awoke sitting up. The house was being lifted off its foundation by a thousand screeching, yelling demons. The room was in queer darkness, a queer dusty smell in her nostrils, a queer taste in her mouth. Was it night? No, for it was light, if light it could be called. Panicky, she ran to the window and let the blind up. Black sand whirling! She could not see the pump. Sand

puffed in then, blinding her, choking her. "Wait till we get to the prairies, honey," Bill had kept saying on their honeymoon. "There's where one can get a decent breath of air." Yes, filled with dust! She shook it



The house was being lifted off its foundations by a thousand screeching, yelling demons.

Please note that the newest skirts in the midsummer and early fall models showed fewer swathed hip lines. There was distinctly less emphasis on curves from waistline to knee for the simple reason that the waist has moved decidedly up in the world since the spring. In the most exaggerated examples it was right under the bust.

The line of the new skirts is a straight, flowing one, flaring out close to the hemline. Width is obtained by circular or diagonal cutting or by old-fashioned gores. Less pleats are shown, and those that were, were inverted ones placed centre front and back but never at the sides.

You can have your holiday skirt made just a speck shorter than that you've been wearing in the early spring.

Sleeves are still caps or little gored balloons, or close fitting and almost to the elbow.

Choose cool, loose-woven wools for your frocks rather than cotton or linen. The latter are smart this season but nobody is sure they are going to be next. You cannot wear them in the fall as you will be able to wear a wool frock. They simply cannot be made to do double-time duty. Personally I prefer to dye light summer clothes to make them do duty in the autumn rather than to hold them over from one summer to another. Invariably they have to be transformed and that costs more than dyeing.

Restrain yourself in the matter of scarves and belts. Do not stint yourself but do not go in for flocks of them. Taken separately they may not have cost much, but for the sum total of them you are likely to find you could have bought almost another frock or a gay-colored short coat. And do not try to match hats to them unless you can make the smart new knitted berets or twist silk into a becoming toque shape. A white hat or a beige hat is the wisest purchase and you can always change the hat bands to match scarf or belt.

As to colors: If pure white isn't becoming to you choose putty or beige or cream with accessories in such clear bright tones as suit you best.

You have bright orange and madder reds, vivid and navy blues and greens to choose from. Any color is good so long as it is lively.

If you can afford it, it would be gorgeous to have one of the new cotton evening frocks. Simple affairs they are, with long full skirts and skimpy bodices quite unadorned except for a trail of flowers over a shoulder.



One of Patou's predictions for early fall is still reminiscent of the popular tip-tilled turban which has been the most popular vogue of 1932.



Here's a simple hat—but what an air it attains when worn in just this way! Another Patou hat.

New evening frocks are simple affairs, with long full skirts, and skimpy bodices. This Mainbocher model is particularly attractive for taller women.

If you would like a new tailleur, here are two from Bruyère, one in navy blue jersey bordered with white and blue grosgrain, and the other in white wool with a green patent leather belt and a green and white scarf. Both are eminently Parisian but extremely conservative in line. Both could be worn under overcoats later on, the white version dyed deep prune brown or green or Venetian red or blue, colors that will be good for winter according to the advance autumn models.

If you would prefer a more dressy suit, let me recommend a tailleur that was shown in every mid-season showing. The jacket stopped just at the waist. So snugly was it fitted to the figure, buttoned or clipped, that it looked almost like a frock or an extremely tight-fitting long coat. The skirt in most cases was built on Empire lines, the blouse shrinking to mere guimpe proportions.

You can have any number of guimpes. Mainbocher versions were made with the corsage part in white or flesh-colored chiffon cut rather low, back and front. The Mainbocher coats and skirts were in satin. Not exactly a holiday material unless you are going to some resort with a big town attached to it and an occasional flight thereto for dinner, theatre and supper dance. In these new collections I've just been seeing, the grand couturiers laid particular emphasis on the



This is the double-duty coat Mary Wyndham speaks of in her letter this month. It could be worn well into the autumn over a slim suit or woollen frock. From Heim.

suspender frock for sport and casual wear, with a short sleeved gingham or cotton crochet or lacy wool blouse.

Nothing could be more perfectly suited to a limited budget. They can be so easily transformed to fit different occasions.

[Continued on page 32]



The Paris Letter

Chatelaine's special correspondent, resident in Paris, has been watching the advance openings to bring these suggestions for midsummer and early fall fashions

by

MARY WYNDHAM



Swagger, simple, swell, this black and white costume from Jean Patou, that will give a brilliant accent to any sporting occasion.

IDEAL clothes for holiday wear? Clothes with an elegant casual air. Clothes that are smartly feminine without being frippery. Clothes that are colorful but not too conspicuous. Clothes that can be worn back in town with just as much chic as they were in the country or by the sea.

It takes planning to get such a wardrobe together. You can't just jam on your hat, stuff your hoardings into your purse and rush into the first big shop. But what pleasanter way of passing lazy hours than in costuming yourself in advance for vacation time?

Go about the matter seriously. Take pencil and paper. Put down what you think you really need. You'll be surprised how many things you can do without when you see them written down. Decide on which items you intend to be extravagant, on which to economize. Then you are ready to shop.

The double-duty coat will give you most bother to find. It is a simple matter to turn one frock into two or three with detachable sleeves, bows, scarfs, guimpes, fichus, cuffs and such gadgets. In the case of the coat, you are looking for one whose cut will be equally appropriate for town, country or seashore.

You want something that isn't a travelling coat and yet could be used for that purpose. That isn't dressy but at the same time will look as much in the picture at a matinée or in a smart teasshop as in the holiday "set."

I'm sending a photograph to illustrate my idea of such a garment. It could be worn well into the autumn over a slim suit or a woollen frock with a fur tie added or a gay woollen scarf. Long gloves will make it snugger looking still when the time comes.

It could be made with sleeves but if it were it would immediately lose considerable of its summery air; and,



Another Patou model in summer mood, reflects a clever use of polka dots on frock, scarf and hat-band.

after all, it is primarily a hot weather coat that will do duty in the autumn—not the other way round.

Whatever you do, don't choose a too rustic material or a tweedy one. There are heaps of smart new woollens to select from, and there is duvetyn. Duvetyn will be fashionable this winter; the mid-season collections showed quite a lot of it.

Scaioni, one of the important designers designed this coat frock for late summer and early fall wear, with a brilliant use of striped silk on a tailored dress.





Though women do most of the Empire's buying, control a great deal of its trade, and are active in industry and finance, the sex have no existence at all as far as the Imperial Conference is concerned. Why?

What Hope for the Conference?

A graphic summary of its possibilities, difficulties and limitations

by

M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

Illustrated by Stanley Turner

OTTAWA these days is a sort of Imperial Jerusalem. Its pilgrims drawn from the Seven Seas, from the heart as well as the outposts of the world, it is the political and economic capital of one fourth of the world's surface, of more than 400,000,000 of the world's inhabitants. This continent, certainly, has never seen anything comparable to this Imperial Economic Conference. It is impossible to walk from Sparks Street to Parliament Hill without meeting a prime minister of some Dominion, or an important political personage of some kind, or a great economist, or some field marshal of trade and commerce. Of outward pomp and circumstance there is little, of gold and glitter none. But what with the mighty men of the Empire all about, and the comings and goings at the *Château* and in clubs and the lobbies of Parliament, and with the armies of experts and secretaries, and advisers and lobbyists, and propagandists and journalists, there is an atmosphere of momentousness that becomes almost oppressive.

There is an extraordinary collection of national and racial types. Tall, monocled, faultlessly dressed Englishmen; black-haired Irishmen; sun-tanned Dutchmen from the African veldt; talkative Australians from "Down Under;" big-boned, taciturn New Zealanders; picturesque, turbaned Indians—what a background they represent! Looking down from the Press Gallery—for it is in the chamber of the House of Commons that the plenary sessions meet—one sees the representatives of 400,000,000 human beings, of 14,000,000 square miles of the world's surface; of 60,000,000 whites, of 315,000,000 of the native races of India and Ceylon; of 40,000,000 of the black race; of 6,000,000 Arabs; 6,000,000 Malays; 1,000,000 Chinese; 1,000,000 Polynesians.

ONE thing a woman observer must miss. Or should. It is that in this great Parliament of Empire there is not a woman delegate. The British Empire has more women than men. It certainly has more women shoppers. But though women do most of the Empire's buying, and control a great deal of its trade, and are active in industry and finance, the sex might have no existence at all so far as this gathering is concerned. There are, to be sure, women stenographers, a sprinkling of women secretaries, but the delegates and the experts and the advisers—the people who will decide and put into writing whatever it is that is done—are all males. It is a curious commentary upon all the talk about woman's economic and political emancipation.

But in one respect, this tradition and orthodoxy of sex aside, this Conference is different. All of its predecessors—

and there have been ten Empire conferences in forty-five years—were purely political. The earlier gatherings, indeed, were called Colonial Conferences; sort of "the Lion and his Cubs" affairs; and with representatives from Canada and Australia and the other Dominions quite conscious of subordination. Those were the days when pictures of the conferences invariably showed Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, seated, while all the overseas delegates stood, a recognition of their inferiority. Later on, through the first quarter of the present century, Imperial

Conferences confined themselves to politics, to the growth and development of constitutional status. Trade was but incidental.

It is different now. In this Conference it is the business men and the economists who are to the fore, with the constitutionalists in the background. Napoleon's sneer about shopkeepers has taken on new significance.

And this brings us to the work of the Conference: to its realities. It would be easy to write about it after the fashion of the after-dinner orators, to pen sentimental but decayed platitudes about "The Mother Country" and "Our Far-Flung Empire." A harder but more honest thing is to concern oneself with facts, to deal with the Conference truthfully under three headings:

1. Its possibilities.
2. Its difficulties.
3. Its practical limitations.

Where's the Difficulty?

In 1931 Britain bought 16 million dollars worth of flour; only six millions of it came from Canada.

She bought 178 million dollars worth of butter; only 6 millions came from Canada.

She bought 55 million dollars worth of eggs; none of this came from Canada!

Yet on the other hand, in 1929 for example, the Dominions, India and the Colonies imported well over a billion dollars worth of manufactured goods, from foreign sources—which Britain could have supplied.

Why, asks the average mind, doesn't Canada buy more British manufactured goods; and sell Britain more foodstuffs? Where's the difficulty?

In this article, Grattan O'Leary, of Ottawa, gives a graphic explanation of this—and of some of the other problems and possibilities of the Imperial Conference.

THE POSSIBILITIES—on paper at all events—do seem tremendous. Britain has been Canada's greatest and safest and steadiest market. During the past ten years she has taken \$4,655,000,000 worth of our products. And Britain, so it is argued, could buy even more from us. Every year she imports \$1,500,000,000 worth of raw material and manufactured goods, \$2,500,000,000 worth of foodstuffs. She buys more from Germany than she sells Germany; buys more from France than she sells France; buys more from Spain, Holland, Belgium and the Argentine than she sells those countries. In the light of these facts, a logical conclusion would be—or so it would seem—that a British tariff against these countries, with a preference for Canada, would mean a tremendous increase in purchases from this Dominion.

It is not easy to imagine Canada selling Britain manufactured products. Not in any great volume. But it is easy to imagine Canada selling more of raw material, of natural products.

Britain's 1931 flour purchases, for example, totalled \$16,000,000. Canada's share of this was little more than \$6,000,000.

Britain's 1931 butter purchases reached the tremendous value of \$178,000,000. Canada's share was but \$1,489,000.

Britain, last year, imported \$55,000,000 worth of eggs. Canada's share of this was exactly nothing.

And as with flour and eggs and butter, so with cheese and fish and apples and a score of [Continued on page 50]

This Mother-in-Law Bogey!

Can a woman live successfully with her married daughter? Here's a frank opinion on this age-old problem, presented as a basis for your own experience.

by

MARIAN DOUGLAS



Illustrated by
F. MATTESON

"But whenever your daughter treats me too roughly," said George, "you always take my part!" "Yes," I said, "Mothers of marriageable daughters always do that at first. But afterwards . . ."

"But while daddy lived—dear daddy, he was like you, George, generous and kind and eager to shoulder the loved one's burdens. When I told him I could not marry him because I was obliged to support my parents, his reply was, 'But why do you think you could do it alone better than we could do it together?'"

"I was like you, Marilyn, ready to believe what I wanted to believe. Grandpa and grandma liked daddy, he liked them—what more could I wish? So we were married, and I became one-third wife, one-third daughter,

and one-third intermediary between the two factions. Any woman who has been in my position would know what I mean. You don't know, Marilyn, and I don't intend to let you find out from experience. It takes all the joy and beauty and dignity out of marriage."

"But you and I always side together, Mrs. Douglas," interposed George. "Whenever your daughter seems to be using me too roughly you always take my part."

"Yes, mothers of marriageable daughters always do that at first, George," I replied. "I suppose it's an instinct they have to protect their offspring from losing a good catch. Don't laugh, you are a good catch, George! I feel that Marilyn is as safe with you as she has been with me. But after she has you safely landed it will be a different matter."

"Some day you two will lose that illusion of perfection that you now have about one another, and then you will have the perfectly natural and perfectly inevitable explosions of temper which all young couples have at this stage of their romance. If you are alone when these quarrels occur, you will kiss and make up and forget all about it."

"But if I am sitting across the table from you, I shall probably compress my lips and glare at you, George. You will doubtless catch me at it, whereupon you will slam your chair against the wall, snatch your hat, and depart, banging the door behind you. Marilyn will then cry on my shoulder. I shall struggle hard to be just and impartial but it is almost too much to expect that I shall resist saying, 'You'll have to learn to talk up to him, daughter. Let him know you won't stand that sort of thing.'"

"Yes, I see what you mean, mother," said Marilyn thoughtfully. "It could happen, of course, but I believe we three have too much sense of humor to let it really matter. If that's all . . ."

"It isn't all by any means. There are my peculiarities to be considered."

"What peculiarities?"
"That's just the trouble. I don't know which of them might prove objectionable. If I did I might correct them, though I doubt it."

"Why, mother, there isn't a single thing you do that annoys me—unless maybe the way you always want to know where I'm going and what time I'll be back . . ."

"I assure you that that is mild, my dear, beside what I shall do when I see you attempting to run your household and raise your children. I'll be able to suggest a better method for everything you do. You'll be absolutely frantic with me and my feelings will be chronically hurt because you never take my advice. But that wasn't what I referred to when I spoke of my peculiarities. Meddling is a universal failing among older people. We just can't help it. I was speaking of individual peculiarities. [Continued on page 49]

SCARCELY a day has passed since my daughter's engagement was announced that someone has not asked me, "Will Marilyn and George live with you or will you break up housekeeping and live with them?"

When I explain that I am not considering either of these arrangements, my friends look sympathetic, as though the only possible explanation could be that my daughter and I are uncongenial.

She was a year old when her father died, and since that time my whole emotional life has been centred upon her. Fortunately, perhaps, I was faced with the necessity of making a living for her, my parents and myself.

My old school friend, Abby Pearson, who lives with her son Tom and Lila, his wife, resents my decision. She takes the attitude that it was made for the sole purpose of discrediting her.

She called upon me last week in this defensive state of mind. Marilyn was out and I was rather glad of it, because Abby inspires my daughter to hilarious impersonations after she has gone and I am always obliged to laugh against my will. I am fond of Abby. She is linked with some of my happiest memories.

"Feeling as you do, Marian," she said, sipping the tea I had made for her, "you are fortunate in having a profession. You might take a different view of it if you had no way to make a living."

"It's possible, of course, Abby, but I don't think so. Untrained middle-aged women who have no children do manage to make a living when the necessity arises. The night schools are full of old dogs learning new tricks. Middle-aged women are responsible for most of the handy little neighborhood shops. One can always find a roomer or two. When Marilyn was small I even employed several elderly gentlewomen as housekeepers."

"Well, all I have to say, Marian, is that any child who would let an old mother go out and work in someone's kitchen ought to be ashamed!"

I cannot help knowing that Abby does the lion's share of the housework in her son's home without pay, but, of course, that is not mentioned between intimate friends.

"They should want to look after us," she went on.

"Perhaps, but usually they don't. It may be tragic but there it is. I know there are exceptions—your case—but the natural course of love is forward and not back. And this is probably as it should be."

"But after the sacrifices we have made for them—"

"Pooh, Abby, let's be honest. We haven't made any sacrifices. In denying ourselves for our children we have been merely fulfilling our destiny and giving ourselves a lot of pleasure in the bargain. That doesn't give us the right to exploit them."

"Exploit!"

"Now, Abby, don't sputter at me. I'm only generalizing. Come and have dinner with me on Saturday evening, can't you? The children usually go out somewhere on Saturdays and we'll have a good visit."

"Why, yes, I'd like to, Marian. Lila is having guests that night. Nothing has been said to me, so I don't know whether I am expected or not. If she mentions it now, I'll just say I'm invited over here."

I watched her down the street, her stout, rather shabby figure topped by a frivolous last year's hat of Lila's. She would be furious if she knew how sorry I felt for her.

ABBY has been in our home enough to know that my decision has been in no way forced upon me by my daughter and her fiancé. Marilyn's and mine has been a happy comradeship, full of little jokes and shared confidences. She does not take my ultimatum seriously. She seems to feel that I merely wish to be coaxed.

She brought George in to reason with me a few days after Abby's call. He likes me, bless his heart. In spite of the humorists he still thinks he would like to have his mother-in-law live with him. But just because a little boy thinks he wants to play with fire is no reason why he should be handed a red-hot poker.

"Being alone isn't such a terrible thing, children," I told them. "I can think of many worse things—being *de trop*, for instance."

"Must we go into all that again, mother?" Marilyn enquired, a slight edge of impatience in her tone.

"We'd worry about you all the time," said George earnestly.

"Would you?" I cried. "That's fine! Is it a promise? I'll love being worried about. I've done such a lot of it myself."

Unexpectedly Marilyn threw her arms about my neck and began to cry. This touched me very deeply and for a few moments we wept together. Then I dried her eyes and mine and kissed her.

"Stop crying, Marilyn. I'm merely trying to save you and George and myself a very difficult experience which it is impossible for you to anticipate. I know what it is because I have been through it. Now sit down and listen, both of you. I am about to make a speech. Please interrupt as little as possible."

"You know, of course, that grandfather and grandmother lived with me. They died when you were quite small and I have never discussed them with you except to remind you how dearly they loved you. They devoted themselves entirely to you when I was obliged to go out and earn the living after daddy died."



Kay dropped on the chesterfield, tucking her feet under her, and reaching up, caught his arm and pulled him down beside her. "Isn't it a dear?" she asked excitedly. "Dear at any price" he said. "How did it get here?"

Illustrated by C. VAUGHAN

old things. I'd have them all new." Mentally she pictured the golden sheen of Kay's hangings in her own room. The picture did not please her. It seemed out of place with the drab, taupy shades and heavy furniture. She glanced about her with mounting distaste. "Not a chair you can't be comfortable in." Jim was always boasting about that in his big, easy way. Comfortable and useful, that's what it was—useful. She bridled at the word. Why should everything have to be driven down to a dead level of usefulness. Kay's table wasn't useful. It was gaily, flamboyantly anything but that. She liked beautiful things as much as Kay, but she didn't get them. Kay's methods weren't—well, they weren't—She smiled reminiscently. "Kay's a monkey," she thought.

The heavy slamming of the front door and firm footsteps in the hall announced Jim's return. He glanced into the room. "Hullo, old girl," he said, in his hearty, cheerful voice. "Where're the kids?" And she heard him going up the stairs without waiting for an answer.

The rather studied smile of welcome had left her face. "I feel as if I were a million," she thought, "and I'm only two years older than Kay."

Later, as she glanced about the table, she was oppressed by an overmastering sense of futility. The napkin in front of Mary, she knew, covered a growing stain. Long ago she had ceased to struggle with Sarah over the matter of immaculate tablecloths. Sarah was pleasantly firm about the number that could be used each week. Stains could be covered and, so managed, they ceased to exist for her. Inferior help. Inferior things. She glanced at Jim with a slightly heightened

color. "I was at Kay's this afternoon," she said. "She's just bought a lovely new table in bright red lacquer." It looks stunning. Kay has a lot of lovely things," she added almost wistfully.

Jim helped himself to another generous portion and looked at her enquiringly. She shook her head.

"Hm," he said, "Red, eh? Looks rather funny, doesn't it? Seen things like that in the magazines. Wouldn't go with our stuff," he added, his mind evidently only partially on the subject.

"Nothing would that was bright and new," she retorted, with a sharpness for which she was immediately ashamed.

He glanced up, smiling at her with unfaltering good humor. "Tired, old girl?" he asked. "Better go to bed early. Nothing like it when you're feeling a bit low in the mind."

That was Jim, she thought a little bitterly. Be satisfied or go to bed and drug the dissatisfaction with sleep.

Kay's voice over the telephone the next morning revived the impression of yesterday that had been somewhat dulled by the daily struggle of getting Jim and the children started.

Jim's casual farewell and his equally casual, "Hope you're feeling better, old girl," that had seemed to reduce her feeling of righteous revolt to a par with a cold in the head,

had however stirred within her only a vague resentment.

"I'm bored to death with myself," Kay said, though even over the telephone her voice held a lilt of excitement that belied the words. "I want you to come down town with me, and we can shop a little and have lunch together."

"Why not come here for lunch?" Myra suggested, with a quick mental calculation as to whether yesterday's roast would be sufficient for the occasion, and a remembrance that this was Sarah's day for cleaning the silver—a task she performed with a truculent disapproval that made suggestion of guests inopportune.

It was almost with relief that she heard Kay's prompt protest. "No. You're to lunch with me at the *Stafford*. It will be different, and we'll probably see some people we know, and anyway, there's such a lot of things I want to show you."

After all, Myra Ogden reflected, they did keep Sarah because she was good with the children. She would grumble at being left, of course, but then she would grumble anyway. "All right, I'll come," she said, with sudden determination.

She was waiting at the curb as Kay's slim grey roadster drew up with a flourish. Kay waved a hand in greeting. "Hop in," she called, her face alight with the zest with which she faced even the smallest adventure.

As they reached the shopping district, a policeman touched his cap to her. Kay swung into an open space beside a hydrant, and leaped lightly out of the car to accost him. "Oh, Mr. O'Mally, I'm so glad I saw you." She beamed up at him with her softly provocative smile. "It will be all right if I leave my car here, won't it?"

"Sure, ma'am, only I'll be off" [Continued on page 33]

*Here's a human story to warm the
hearts of all women who tell
themselves repeatedly that*

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

by

JOSEPH LISTER RUTLEDGE

THERE was just the faintest hint of envy in the glance that Myra Ogden cast about the dimly lighted room. Its soft shades and softer draperies that made such an exquisite background for Kay's fragile beauty, emphasized with painful acuteness the sharp difference between Kay's things and her own.

From the corner of the lounge, slim arms indecorously wrapped about silken knees, Kay Hastings, smiled back at her, completely happy and wholly unconscious of any possible jarring note. "I've just wanted it, and wanted it, and wanted it," she laughed. "And now I have it," she added triumphantly.

Instinctively they both turned again to the little red lacquer table that seemed to shine with such an amazing and jaunty brilliance like a ruby in a setting of shadows. The girl's eyes rested on it, softly luminous.

Myra Ogden gave an impatient shrug. "I belong to the later oak age," she said. "Serviceable, Jim calls it. I think I hate serviceable things," she added sharply. "If I asked Jim for a thing like that, he'd think I was crazy, that's all—just plain crazy, and he wouldn't be very patient about it either."

Kay Hastings, balancing her chin on her silken knees, smiled at her like an impertinent sparrow. "You don't go about it the right way," she said, with a knowing toss of her curly head. "You're too sober and serious. You're a counting-the-cost sort of person, and, of course, Jim knows it and takes advantage of it. Now Dallas doesn't expect me to be sober and serious, and so it doesn't hurt him when I'm not."

For a moment her eyes sparkled with an impish gaiety. "I needed some things terribly, and I told Dallas so, and I showed him some of the loveliest dresses on sale for just fifty dollars. It was just giving them away, and I told him so, and, of course, he gave me the fifty dollars. But I saw this darling table, and I just couldn't resist it. And it only cost forty-five dollars, so I have some over," she added with a happy laugh.

There was no answering smile on Myra's face. "I suppose I could buy things like that, if I went without a dress now and then. Jim never notices what I'm wearing anyway, though goodness knows I haven't had many new dresses."

Kay's laughter, gay with mockery, tinkled through the room with the silvery cadence of little bells. "You dear, foolish thing; of course I'm not going to do without the dress. I'll just have it sent up, and we won't have to pay for it for the longest time; and I don't suppose that Dallas will ever remember."

"You can get anything you want, if you want it enough," she said, perching herself airily on the arm of Myra's chair. "Only you have to know how to get it. Men like to argue

about things. It makes them feel mannish and important."

Again that faint feeling of envy warred with an innate sense of disapproval, as Myra glanced again at the table and back to Kay sitting beside her, her eyes bright, one slender leg swinging. "I believe you'd purr if you could," she smiled almost grudgingly. "But you're a monkey, you know, just a little monkey."

Kay received the remark with a faintly complacent smile, as she would have received any tribute. "It works," she said.

"Not with Jim."

"Oh, yes, with Jim, too. With any man."

A key sounded in the lock, and Kay raced excitedly across the room and a moment later there came the sound of Dallas Hastings' deep voice. "Hallo, Kitten, get the dress?"

They entered, Kay tugging impatiently at his arm and chattering excitedly.

Dallas nodded to Myra with his pleasant smile. "Could you suggest any way of controlling this wild woman?" he laughed.

Suddenly he stopped, surprised. "What's the half portion fire engine?" he asked, a puzzled note in his voice.

Kay dropped on the chesterfield, tucking her feet under her, and, reaching up, caught his arm and pulled him down beside her. "Isn't it just a dear?" she laughed excitedly.

"Dear at any price I'd say. How did it get here?"

"Why, I bought it."

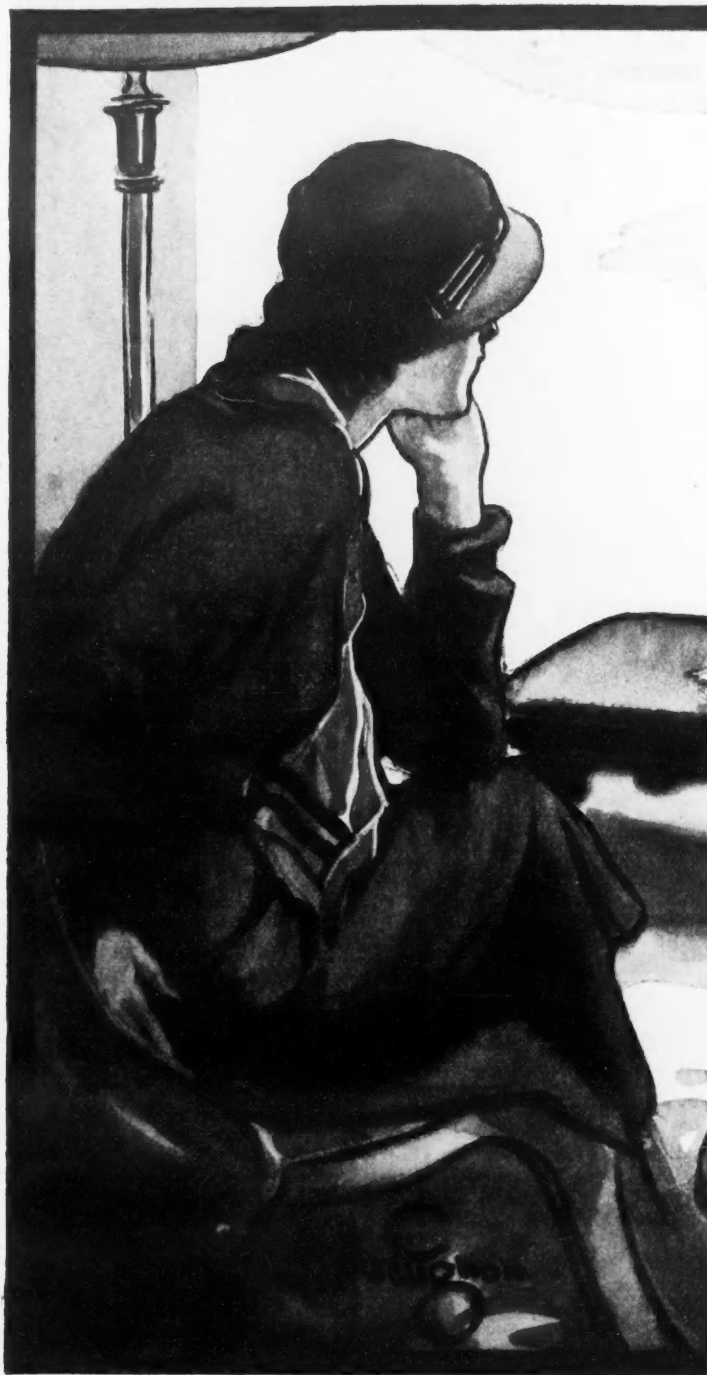
"Bought it. Paid good money for it?" He tried to keep his tone light, but the smile had died from his face, leaving it worried and tired.

"I just had to have it, Dallas, dear, and I had the money, you know, and so I bought it. And it's no use telling me that I'm foolish and extravagant, because Myra has been all over that, and besides I wanted it terribly."

"But you wanted a new dress terribly, just this morning," he reminded her soberly—"And wasn't it only a day or so ago that you wanted—what was it, then? I've forgotten, but I remember that you wanted it terribly, too. Can't have everything, you know."

Kay snuggled against him. "Don't be an old growly," she admonished, glancing up with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, well," he said, with a return of his old pleasant



The rather studied smile of welcome had left Myra's face "I feel as if I were a million" she thought, "and I'm only two years older than Kay." She was oppressed by an overmastering sense of futility.

smile, "if you are feeling that sort of thing will make up—"

Myra rose with a feeling of impatience, but the memory of Kay's parting words, "Isn't he just the dearest dear?" followed her down the path with a warm sense of real emotion.

AS SHE entered her own door Myra heard Sarah's high pitched voice raised in shocked reproof. "Look at you two. What will your ma say if she sees you like that? You run upstairs and wash your faces. Dinner's most ready anyway."

A faint flush showed on her cheek. Of course Sarah was good with the children. That was why they had kept her all these years until she had become an institution that, in an interested and kindly way domineered over the household. Her brows drew together, remembering Kay's quiet, respectful servant in her white cap and apron. Sarah never would wear a cap. "I ain't going out," she had said, when the matter was first mentioned, and it had appeared to her as a retort so exquisitely humorous that she had repeated it whenever the topic was raised.

Myra crossed to the living room and switched on the lights. "I'm a bad mother," she thought. "Of course we couldn't do without Sarah." But the frown was still on her face as her glance took in the rent in the net curtains. It hadn't been there in the morning. "If I were Kay now," she thought rebelliously, "I wouldn't be patching at the



ILLUSTRATED BY

R. W. MAJOR

Alonzo Haight had been beating him for nothing.

"Go to your bed, Toby," he said, laying his hand heavily on the boy's shoulder.

"You promise not to lay hands on him again?" cried Vicky, glaring at the partition.

"I am not going to lay hands on him again, but it is not because I am afraid of you, Miss Lashbrook," returned Captain Haight. "If the spirit moves me to do it, I'll skin him alive as he deserves." Saying this, he tightened his grip on the boy's shoulder and pushed him before him out of the room.

"You must not mind my father speaking so," put in Jarge, deprecatingly. "He's not a man that's accustomed to interference and he can't abide it. If you'll excuse me now I'll put out the light."

His words made us realize how ridiculous our position was. We dropped from the partition and huddled together in the bed, half ashamed, yet full of excitement. I was obliged to tell all that had occurred in Mr. Tegg's room, and my cousins were stormily assertive that such a state of affairs should not continue. It was long before they slept, still longer before I could follow them into oblivion. I lay broad awake between them.

Vicky was on her back, her arms thrown above her head, her sharp little elbow keeping me at my distance, but Theo snuggled close to me, her light breath stirring my hair. I lay awake listening to the sharp dropping of the rain-drops into the basin in the room beyond, but my mind was in Cornwall. I saw the black rocks, the yellow sand, the red garden wall of Cobbold House, the red rambler roses, the little yew trees. I heard the curlews calling.

NEXT day the rain did not cease to fall in resolute grey sheets. Jets spurted from the leaky eaves like small torrents; the heavy branches of the spruce trees sagged with their burden of moisture.

We did not rise till nearly noon, and then we did little but read, talk, and drink tea and coffee for the rest of the day. Theo smoked innumerable cigarettes and made a sketch that pleased me greatly of the youth Toby, as he had stood, half-naked and defiant, in Mr. Tegg's room the night before.

"Theo," I said, "you neglect your talents. If I could draw only half as well as you, I should make something of myself."

"Am I really nothing, then?" she asked, with raised brows. "I have suspected it. Now you make me certain."

"You know very well what I mean," I returned testily. "You should work and persevere till you accomplish something definite for the world to see."

"The world? Ah, you and Vicky are my world. I only made a good sketch of that boy because there's something about him that I love. I can't explain—something lawless, and yet gentle. I might have been such a boy if I had lived as he has."

"To me he looked undersized, half-fed, and a graceless young devil. I believe he deserved the flogging."

"Joan, you are a little brute. Did you not notice his eyes?"

"Oh, I have yours to look into. They're dark and wicked enough for me."

She laughed and caught me in one of her sudden embraces. "If a man loved you, Joan, he would never know where he was with you."

"He would be in his proper place," I declared.

Vicky came in on us. "When shall we get across to Balmeny?" she exclaimed. "Are we to be marooned here for the rest of our lives with this old pirate, Haight?"

We stared disconsolately out of the window. There seemed no hope. Yet, next morning, without any warning, with no soft night breeze to prepare us, with no repentant sunrise to herald the change, a glory of sunshine broke upon us while we were at breakfast, a sweet wind came out of the west, and we threw open the windows to let in the delightful freshness of it.

"Now for Balmeny," cried Vicky. [Continued on page 43]

"I am sure," he returned, "that the Miss Lashbrooks would find the mayor of Balmeny more interesting, even fascinating than a toppling gravestone."

cousins ran to the bedside. "Whatever is the matter, Joan! Where are you? What is all the terrible noise?"

"Don't get up here," I commanded. "I'm coming down. It's all over."

AS WELL order the wind to keep out of the cracks. In an instant Theo was beside me peering over the partition. Vicky was up, too, but she was so small that she could not see over. Frantic at being thus baffled, she jumped up and down on the mattress and demanded to know what was the trouble.

"The Hights have been thrashing the boy, Toby," I whispered. "There's been an awful scene."

"Captain Haight!" called out Vicky instantly. "I give you notice that you are to leave this farm the day your lease expires. If we have any more trouble with you in the meantime, I shall have you ejected at once."

"It will suit me very well to leave, Miss Lashbrook," said Captain Haight sturdily, "but, as for putting me off before my time is up, you'll have some trouble. This is a free country and a man can manage his family in his own way. If I have a bye that needs a belting, I'll give it to him, even if you do choose to peek over the partition into the room."

It was anguish to Vicky that she could not face him.

She looked up with resentment at Theo and me still hanging over the partition, like boys on a fence at the circus.

"Very well, Captain Haight, very well. We shall see," she said with dignity.

I was fascinated by the boy. If he were twenty-one, as they said, he looked much younger, for he was below medium height and he had the supple grace of a delicately knit, yet active boy of seventeen. He had a bad bruise on one cheek and I could see some horrid-looking marks across his shoulders. He was very straight, his head small and covered with closely curling dark hair. Under his low, white forehead, black brows were drawn together like slender, troubled wings. His brilliant dark eyes flashed from one to the other of us as we spoke, with such an expression as one might see in the eyes of an intelligent young animal that knows it is being talked about but does not comprehend the words. Somehow, though he looked all throbbing life and warmth, there was a cold, wild animal aloofness about him. His nose was small and slightly curved; his mouth rather narrow and the lips pouting; his neck and shoulders, and round suntanned arms would have pleased an artist.

For all his fragile looks, he was—and I felt sure of this—as tough as steel; for all his bright eyes, inscrutable, unscrupulous, bold as a young hawk. I did not believe that



I had never seen such things, and I stared speechless, too terrified to protest.

The Thunder of New Wings

by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

What was the reason for the midnight scene over the partition? And what part will the new man play in the lives of the three girls? Another thrilling installment of an important novel

WHEN Richard Lashbrook died in England, he left a strangely incongruous group of people behind. There were his two daughters, Vicky and Theo—attractive girls in their late twenties, and his second wife, Clara. Ayrton, the son of his second marriage with Clara, and Joan, his niece, who had come from Canada to live with her uncle, completed the little group.

There was a strong feeling of enmity between Clara and her step-daughters. So intense was this dislike, that although Sir Richard had provided that his daughters should live at home as long as they wanted to, the three girls, Vicky, Theo and Joan, decide to go and live in Nova Scotia, on a farm which Sir Richard owned on the Bay of Fundy.

When they arrive they find a weird household with many potentialities for drama. The farm is leased by Alonzo Haight, a powerful old man with a veiled threat toward the girls in his manner. Old Mr. Tegg, who has been ruined by Alonzo, but kept on at the farm to allay talk, and Toby, the impudent young man—a "Home Boy" who works on the farm are two of the strays living in the old part of the farm house. Alonzo has a son, Jarge, and an old wife.

The girls live in the new part of the farm house, which is connected by a passage with the old. They find a strange sense of fear in every one who comes in contact with old Alonzo Haight. But Vicky, the gallant says, "Let him try any of his villainy on me!"

One night when the rain seemed to be thrown by bucketfuls on the roof, and the wind shrieked and whistled with the most personal sound of hatred that Joan had yet heard, a sudden sharp clear cry brought her with a jolt, into a sitting position, her hands clenched in the quilt, her spine quivering. The cry had come from the other side of the partition!

I HEARD a hissing sound, then the violent impact of something tough and supple, striking on flesh. There was no further outcry but half a score of just such blows followed. With every one of them my heart beat faster till I was ready to choke. I heard Captain Haight's voice raised in an incoherent outburst of anger, then his son's voice in nasal expostulation, and, above them both, the defiant outpour of threats, curses, and sobs from the clear, young voice I had heard that first night. On top of all this, Mr. Tegg began to groan and thump about in his room. It was the most terrible jargon of sounds I had ever heard let loose.

I found my voice. I hammered on the partition. "Stop it! Stop it!" I shouted, but my voice was drowned like a bird's twitter between their raging and the howling of the storm.

"Toby! Poor little Toby!" moaned Mr. Tegg, and he stumbled about, and, at last, struck a light.

There was a crash at the other end of the house. Then feet, madly running, thudded along the passage. Mr. Tegg's door was thrown open—slammed shut—a bolt shot raspingly into its socket.

"No, you old devil," shouted the young voice, "you'll not get me again!"

"Toby, Toby, he'll kill ye yet!"

Then Jarge's voice, greatly shaken, came from the passage.

"Open the door, Toby. My father's up and he's coming after you. If we have to break it in you know what you'll get."

Alonzo himself arrived then and began hammering on the door.

"Father! Father!" expostulated Jarge, "you'll wake those young ladies."

"They sleep in the front," said Captain Haight, and his voice was surprisingly calm. "Come now, my bye, no more nonsense. Unbolt this door or I'll cut your young hide off."

"Get out," answered Toby, coolly. "You've welted me all over now for next to nothing."

"What about that money, Toby?"

"Money! I got to have some money. I don't get no wages for what I do."

"You don't earn your salt and you know it. Open the door."

"He's going to stay along with me tonight," said Mr. Tegg. "God told me to protect him, for He loves him—and I love him with my—"

"Go to bed, you old fool," ordered Captain Haight. "If I have any impidence from you, I'll throw you out into the storm."

The old man groaned, and I could hear the creaking of his mattress.

"One more chance, bye. Will you open this door?"

The boy began to swear hysterically, and to drag some heavy piece of furniture toward the door as a barricade.

"Now then, Jarge, now then—both together—heave ho!"

There was a straining, creaking sound. "Get in behind me, Toby, under the quilt," Mr. Tegg was imploring. The door now burst open, and the two men stumbled into the room. They seemed, instantly to fall upon the youth and throw him to the ground, for bedlam was once again let loose—blows—screams—and the groans of Mr. Tegg.

I could endure it no longer. Scrambling to my feet, I mounted the broad footboard of my bed and raised my terrified face in its frame of wild hair above the partition.

What an extraordinary sight. A squalid little room, lighted by a smoking oil lamp; a dirty tumbled bed with the gigantic figure of old Tegg sitting up in it, the picture of

terror, his tufts of whisker, and nobs of features more wildly mixed up than ever, his hairy, sunken chest exposed. On the floor was the half-naked boy, with the two Hights bent above him, Jarge pinning his arms, while his father planted blows with his clenched fist. To add to the misery of the scene, the cat had come into the room, and had leaped to the foot of the bed where it sat yowling with dismay. The rain beat boisterously on the pane and splashed from a leak in the roof into a basin on the floor.

I had never seen such things, and I stared, speechless for a moment; then, beating my hands against the partition, I cried: "Look here, Captain Haight, don't touch that boy again. I won't stand it. I've never seen such a disgraceful sight in all my life!"

Alonzo Haight straightened himself and answered with composure, though his face went from red to white: "I can't see that there's any call for you to look over that partition if the sights on this side don't please you, Miss Elliott."

"Do you expect me to sleep in such an inferno?"

"Miss Elliott, I thought you young ladies slept in the front of the house. If you knew all the actions of this young rascal, you'd not blame me for thrashing him."

"He's a terror and no mistake," put in Jarge, and they both looked down at the boy, who lay, motionless as a snake, curled up on the floor, his eyes, looking up at me, glittering with the wildness of those of a forest animal.

"Let him up," I ordered, and again I struck my hands on the partition.

"Get up, Toby, get up, and come in with the old man! He and God will protect you from the dogs," implored Mr. Tegg.

Captain Haight and Jarge moved reluctantly from the boy's side, and he, springing to his feet, stood before me, as unabashed as a young savage.

At the same instant my door was flung open and my

The boy lay motionless as a snake, curled up on the floor, his eyes looking up at me, glittering with the wildness of those of a forest animal.



by
Helen
G.
Campbell

Director of
the Chatelaine Institute

THE huge kitchen of the modern soup manufacturer is a sort of Geneva in the world of food—a place where the products of many countries mingle and merge their differences of flavor into one harmonious whole. There in the great kettles the meek potato is as influential as the most "opinionated" onion; the fresh parsley of Canadian gardens is as important as the "sharply spoken" spice from the Orient. Each has its say as to what a really good soup should be, and each contributes something of its goodness to the pot.

So from this happy blending of selected meats, vegetables, cereals, herbs, condiments and seasonings come products to delight the heart of any housekeeper—delicious soups in all their variations made in the best traditions, even better than we could do it ourselves.

It seems almost too good to be true that while still practising thrift and economy, we may now merely call into play the faithful can-opener, reheat the contents of the tin with an equal measure of water or milk as the case may be—and one important course of the meal is ready to serve.

The work of soup-making has to a large extent gone from the home kitchen along with the baking of bread, the "doing up" of fruit, and the hundred and one other tasks we now leave to the food manufacturer. Blessed be progress!

Of course, we may make soup if we wish, and do it well, too, but every busy woman appreciates the convenience of the condensed forms which are arrayed on her grocer's shelves. Her problem is one of selection—the right soup for the occasion, the correct service and appropriate accompaniments. Nor will she feel limited in her choice, for surely the manufacturer has anticipated her every need, every preference in type and flavor. There are clear delicate broths, smooth vegetable purées, substantial fish chowders, hearty meat stocks, and soups that are a whole meal in themselves. There are soups which we have always known, and others which until recently were available only in the country where they were originated by famous cooks.

The rôle of soup is an important one. It may be the first course or it may be the main course. It may, on occasion, be the only dish—at the late supper for instance—or an ingredient lending flavor and savor to many combinations.

When soup starts off the menu, it sets the tempo of the whole meal. Its purpose in this case is not to satisfy but to inveigle and invite the appetite, and to complement the other courses. It serves, too, the important function of aiding digestion by inducing a free flow of gastric juices preparing the way, as it were, for the dishes to follow. Such a soup should be light, perfectly seasoned, and piping, steaming hot if it is meant to be hot, or pleasantly and thoroughly chilled if jellied. One of the clear broths is a good choice for this rôle. Consommé, bouillon or julienne, for instance, serve as an excellent introduction to the dinner or luncheon and are high in favor with hostesses for this reason. Serve this soup in bouillon cups without accompaniment or with crisp wafers.

If you prefer a cream soup for this course, it is best to select one of the daintier vegetable purées—tomato, green pea, asparagus, celery or the like—and let the serving be not too generous. In a light luncheon any of these is an excellent choice, as you will depend on the soup for part of the nourishment in the meal and the dishes which follow are usually not so substantial as the roast or steak. The distinctive color of many of these soups aids sometimes in carrying out your color scheme, and it is always easy to find a flavor which harmonizes with the rest of the meal. They may be served in special cream soup dishes shaped like bouillon cups but wider and larger. Or you may use

bottle it keeps piping hot until required. And how good they taste on a cold day!

But the fall and winter months are not the only season for soup. It is an all-the-year-round food—ideal right now to furnish the one hot dish so advisable in every menu. The ease with which it can be prepared makes it especially appropriate for summer service and it has the added advantage of nourishing, stimulating and satisfying without overtaxing the digestive organs. Yes, when we consider the number of chilled, frozen or merely cold dishes which we like to include in the hot weather meal, we realize that the serving of hot soups in summer is wise practice based on sound dietetic principles.

Healthy, robust people—children and adults—relish soup and can with advantage enjoy it every day. For the invalid it is one of the most important items on the menu and surely, from all the varieties available, there is always one to please the most capricious and finicky appetite of the convalescent.

Every woman who likes to set a good table knows the importance of variety in keeping her menus appealing and interesting. She has a wide list of canned soups from which to choose, and she may give added variation by the way she prepares and serves them. Tomato soup, for instance, can appear as clear tomato made with water, as cream of tomato with milk and as vegetable [Continued on page 38]



WE SERVE SOUP



The work of soup-making has moved, to a large extent, from the home kitchen, along with many other tasks we now leave to the food manufacturer

Write to the
Chatelaine Institute
for list of
Canadian soups
tested and approved.

large shallow soup plates which are quite fashionable and attractive. Serve it at the table from a tureen, if you like; it is a pleasant gesture and the soup is sure to be hot. For the informal meal, there are charming little bowls and pots of different shapes and color combinations which are appropriate on many occasions.

Meat soups, like ox tail, mulligatawny, mutton, beef or mock turtle, are hearty, nourishing and satisfying, and are excellent in the simple supper followed by a crisp, fresh salad and a dainty dessert. They are splendid main dish soups, as are also such old favorites as Canadian pea soup and clam chowder.

There is a place for any of the canned soups in more than the regular family or company meal. Nothing is more suitable for the lunch box and if carried in the Thermos

THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*



New Frozen Desserts

Nothing in the world quite so delectable as these delicious desserts—presented after thorough testing and approval in the kitchens of the Institute

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute

HAPPY is the lot of the modern small boy! He doesn't have to wait for his birthday or some other very special occasion to have his favorite dessert. Ice cream may be served just any day—to the enjoyment of the whole family.

The electric refrigerator has brought in its wake all manner of changes in the nation's bill of fare. It has added a long list of new and delightful dishes to the housekeeper's repertoire and altogether has made our menus more varied, more interesting and more wholesome.

In our opinion, not the least important contribution is a wide range of chilled and frozen desserts which round out many a meal so successfully. They have much to recommend them—their deliciousness, their reasonable cost, their ease of preparation, and the fact that they may be prepared several hours in advance of serving time. They are suitable to any season but particularly appropriate during the summer months when we welcome their refreshing coolness.

Dishes which lend themselves to refrigerator "cooking" include many types and an infinite variety of flavors. They may be the simplest, ever, or as elaborate and fancy as you please. Besides those gelatine dainties, ice creams and ice-box cakes which we think of as typical refrigerator desserts, we may well number many old familiar puddings—junket, blanc mange, tapioca cream, rice mold, custard and so on, as thorough chilling is part of their preparation for the table. Fresh fruit and fruit salad, too, are even more palatable when served quite cold.

Home-made frozen dainties are the newcomers to our everyday meals, for so long as we needed a churn freezer which had to be turned with a crank, we served them only on special occasions. We either didn't have a freezer or we decided it was too much trouble anyway. So we just did without them.

But the mechanical refrigerator equipped with a temperature control device has so simplified the preparation that they are quite out of the luxury class. One sometimes hears the objection that they are expensive. True, they do contain a good deal of heavy cream, but the cost of other ingredients is quite low, and the product is cheaper than the commercial variety and no more expensive, indeed, than many pies and puddings.

A certain technique is necessary to make them success-

fully. Your old recipes frequently won't do and it is best to use those formulated for this method of freezing. Home economics departments of refrigerator manufacturing companies have experimented patiently and carefully, and have developed recipes which are dependable and give excellent results if carefully followed. The *Chatelaine* Institute has tested these repeatedly and recommends them to you, emphasizing the importance of attention to detail.

The smooth velvety texture of frozen desserts depends upon the incorporation of very tiny air bubbles evenly distributed. This is accomplished in the churn freezer by whipping the mixture with the dasher as it is being frozen. The same result can be obtained when the mixture is frozen without stirring, by including the air beforehand. For this purpose, we use some such ingredient as whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk or beaten egg white. Otherwise it is necessary to stir in the freezing tray two or three times to prevent the formation of ice crystals and a coarse textured product. Larger crystals are more apt to form in a thin mixture than in a thicker, richer one, and for this reason the latter usually gives most desirable results.

Some mixtures are thickened with a little gelatine which adds "body" and prevents the product melting too quickly. It is not necessary, however, in a dessert which contains beaten egg whites, whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. It is, of course, more economical to use evaporated milk and it may be substituted for cream, measure for measure, in certain recipes. One cannot advise it, however, in delicately flavored desserts, but it is found satisfactory in those containing such ingredients as chocolate, coffee or caramel, in large enough quantities to give a decided flavor. To whip evaporated milk, boil it in the can for five to ten minutes, then chill thoroughly and whip as you would

cream, keeping it cold meanwhile. You may, if you wish, boil several cans at once and store it in your refrigerator ready for whipping as required without reheating.

Overwhipped cream is a frequent cause of failure in frozen desserts. It should be about the consistency of thin custard, should round up on a spoon but not pile up like a meringue. Avoid having it too stiff to pour or a buttery taste and grainy texture will result. When combining it with the other ingredients, fold it in carefully and lightly but don't overdo it; stop as soon as the blending is accomplished.

Very sweet mixtures freeze slowly and the temperature must be very low. Too much sugar will interfere with the freezing process and must be avoided for this reason. If canned fruits are substituted for fresh, make allowance for the sugar they contain and add less—only enough to give the desired taste. Use granulated sugar in a frozen custard or other mixture which is cooked before freezing. Fruit sugar or powdered sugar is much more desirable in an uncooked mixture. Do not substitute honey or corn syrup for sugar in a recipe; these may be used, but only when the recipe has been developed for them.

Fruit should be crushed thoroughly or cut very finely. If the canned variety is used, drain off most of the juice, as otherwise it will thin the cream too much. Other solid ingredients should be cut into very small pieces to get the finest blend of flavor. Shave nuts, if possible, rather than chop them.

It is an important precaution against separation of the mixture during the freezing, to chill all ingredients so that everything will be about the same temperature. If this is done, separation is much less likely to occur and, of course, the freezing is hastened somewhat.

When ingredients are to be added to a partially frozen mixture, chill them beforehand and use thoroughly cold utensils for combining them.

Mousses which are uncooked combinations of whipped cream, powdered sugar and flavoring, require no stirring. Simply pour into the freezing tray, set the temperature control at the coldest point and let stand until sufficiently frozen; then adjust the switch to a slightly higher temperature and hold there until serving time.

Parfaits are richer, containing [Continued on page 45]

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



A
favorite lunch
in millions
of homes!

It's only natural that you should think of soup when you're planning the midday meal. For this hot, bracing, liquid food is so deliciously tempting to the appetite, so nourishing and invigorating. It is a meal in itself—but not a *heavy* meal.

And, too, soup is the most *convenient* kind of lunch—when you serve Campbell's! Already cooked by world-famous chefs—on your table in a jiffy—and the best soup you ever tasted. Think of the time and trouble it saves you!

All these advantages combine to make Campbell's Vegetable Soup the most popular hearty soup in all the world—and an outstanding lunch-time favorite. Canadian vegetables are unsurpassed in quality and flavor. This soup contains fifteen different selected garden vegetables, together with tasty broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and seasonings. It is as likable, healthful and wholesome a noonday meal as you could desire. It's a soup you want in the house always.

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken with Rice	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

12 cents a can

(excepting Chicken with Rice)

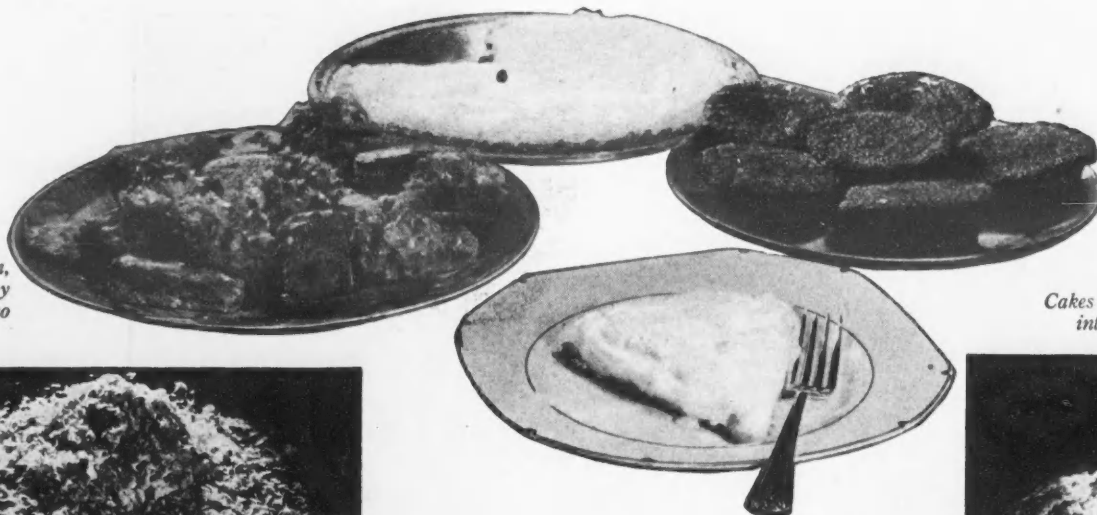
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

I sit right down,
But don't go boom,
When Campbell's Soup
Is in the room!



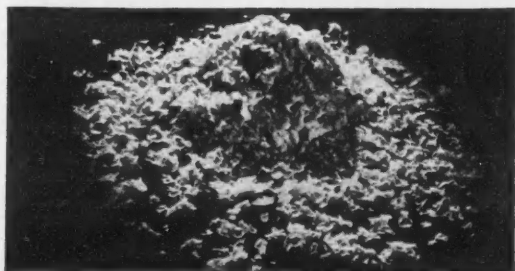
MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

In its flaked form, bran proves very attractive and also popular.



The culinary possibilities of cereals are legion. Pictured are some interesting products—little cakes, muffins and delicious pastry.

Cakes of shredded and toasted cereals lend interesting form to food combinations.



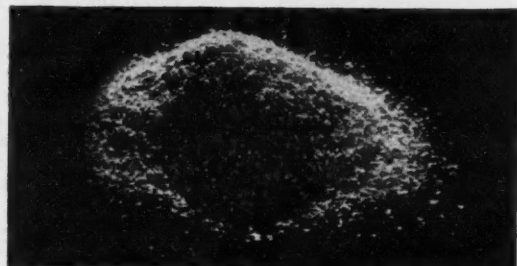
CEREALS HAVE "GONE MODERN"

Another in the home baking series, discusses the new place cereals have attained in the family menu

by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute



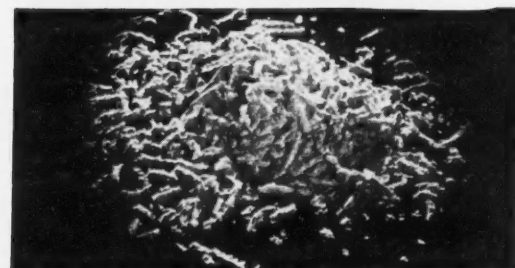
Wholesome combinations of different grains are used in meals such as this.



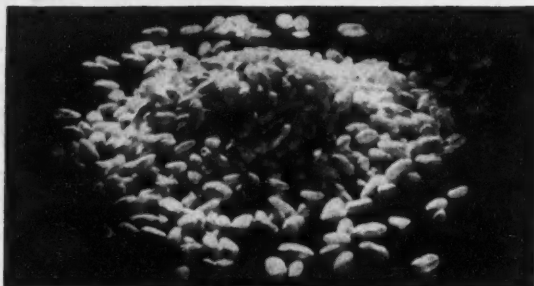
Fine meals are always valued for their many uses in baking.



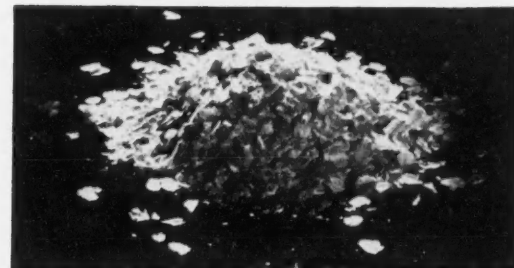
Delightfully different are the tasty baked products made from crisp, paper-thin corn flakes.



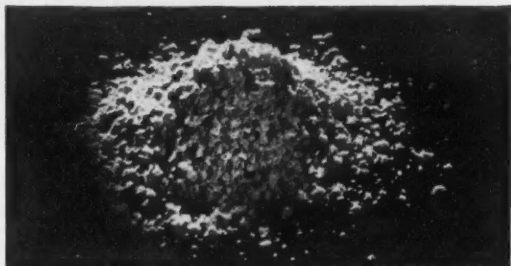
Retaining its original goodness, all-bran is used in many wholesome and tasty combinations.



The puffed grains with their air of daintiness are used as garnish or ingredient.



Rolled, uncooked cereals in cookies and breads are ever popular.



Crunchy, nut-like grains are pleasing additions to many desserts.



Cereals in biscuit form, offer pleasing contrast of texture when used with fruits and many other foods.

ASK any Scotsman with a bloom on his cheek and a burr on his tongue to what he attributes his robust health, and he'll tell you—"Halesome parritch." Perhaps he's right, for certain it is that cereals in all their forms are healthful, nourishing foods. Economical too, and good.

We think of cereals for breakfast, and most appropriate they are then, but in this article we want to consider them in another rôle—as an ingredient in oven products which are served in any or every meal.

Cereals, like so many other things, have "gone modern." They still have all those sterling qualities which won them such a high reputation, but their new dress seems to have given them *savoir faire*, so to speak. Be that as it may, they have nowadays the entrée to many dishes and many meals where formerly one never met them.

We like these new cereals with their little air of distinction and elegance. But do we think any the less of those familiar forms with which we have had such a long and profitable acquaintance? On the contrary we like all cereals better, and use them more often.

For we housekeepers do love variety. It helps to keep our menus interesting and to please our families; it banishes monotony and makes the preparation of food something of an adventure rather than dull routine. Cereals offer opportunities for just that, if we take advantage of all their up-to-date forms and all their different flavors. We may buy them in convenient well designed packages, uncooked, partially prepared or ready to serve—whichever we choose. As a matter of fact, we find many uses for all types and no one need ever tire of these estimable and delicious grain products.

It would be hard to name the most popular cereal. We each have our own preferences, and there isn't any one best kind. Indeed, the fact that they can be used more or less interchangeably or in combination is one of their advantages.

In the uncooked group there are the familiar rolled oats and wheat, the crushed or cracked grains and the finer meals. Combinations of different grains and different forms come packaged ready for cooking or partially prepared. The list of ready-to-serve cereals includes crisp, crunchy paper-thin flakes, toasted shreds in attractive cakes or biscuits of a size for one serving, puffed, crackly grains and nut-like kernels. They are all good.

And when we say good, we mean just that, for whenever or however cereals are [Continued on page 30]



Mrs. Carnegie beginning her beauty treatment—"I apply Cold Cream over face and neck. Sinking deep into the pores it floats out all grime—wipe away with these softer Tissues."

"Saturating a pad of cotton with Skin Freshener I pat, pat, pat till my skin glows—this refines the pores, tones and firms and also brings up one's natural color."

"Always before I powder, I smooth a dainty film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, for evening. This both protects my skin and holds the powder."

"I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO KEEP MY SKIN LOVELY AT HOME..."

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

Young society favorite shows how she gives herself her Home Beauty Treatment

Young Mrs. Carnegie is blessed with that clear pale skin usually possessed by only the Parisienne.

"WHAT do I do for it—why that's very simple," says Mrs. Carnegie. "I have found the perfect way to keep my skin lovely at home. I had to, for you see I love to spend the winter on our island off the coast of Georgia where there are no shops.

"What I do is—but wouldn't you actually like to see me do it?

"First, thorough cleansing—I always have a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream. There's nothing like it for cleansing and it's so rich it keeps the skin soft and supple, too. You see how the cream melts almost instantly—now I wait a few minutes to let the fine oils float every speck of dust and dirt out of the pores. Then I wipe it all away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—I like them best because they're so much softer and more absorbent.

"Now my skin is absolutely clean and ready for the second step—stimulating. You have to stimulate the skin if you want it to stay young looking. Wet a pad of cotton with

Pond's Skin Freshener, and pat, pat, pat like this till the skin glows.

"The next step is to protect the skin—to keep it smooth and fine. Smoothing on Pond's Vanishing Cream takes just a second. I'm devoted to it because it doesn't dry the skin. Now I'm all ready for powder. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a marvelous powder foundation.

"Isn't that a simple home treatment? And it works. I do it every day and always after exposure.

"At bedtime, there's a special step. After cleansing with Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the rich Cold Cream and leave it on overnight to lubricate my skin. You know, scientifically, the skin does need just four things to keep it lovely—cleansing, stimulating, lubricating, protecting. And my Pond's method supplies every one."

For 25 years in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond's has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond's Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy.

Tune in on Pond's every Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythm for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra, W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

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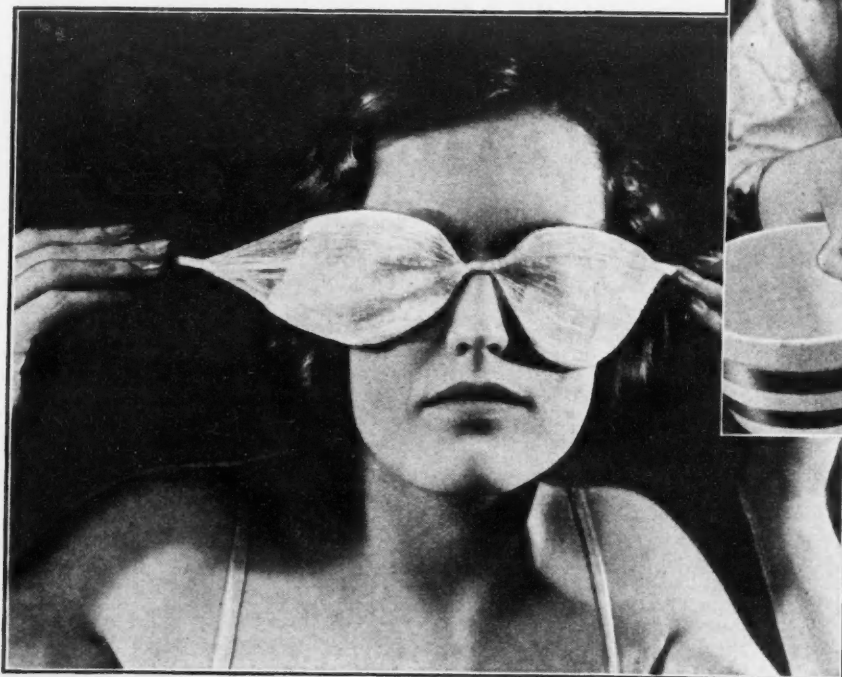


PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICKOLAS MURAT

MRS. CARNEGIE... after her home beauty treatment... her starched chiffon frock from Mary Walls

LAZY LADIES!

August time is meant to be wasted, but spend just a little of it to enhance your loveliness



Strong sunlight is apt to strain one's eyes. Rest and refresh them with a boracic eye-pad treatment.



by
**ANNABELLE
LEE**

Did you know that there are extraordinary tonic properties contained in one humble egg? An egg mask will smooth out little lines and tighten the pores of your skin



Remember that your neck requires just as much care as your face. Keep it smooth with nourishing cream each night.

ISN'T it nice to be lazy? Don't protest that you're not, for I won't believe you. Even busy people aren't really doing their day's quota of work just now. There's something in the mellow warmth of an August day that robs a person of his firmest resolve. And so we see tanned business men leaving piled-up desks to knock a ball around a stretch of green; business girls already at four o'clock mentally smashing balls across a net or idling in the fading sun; stay-at-home women leaving the dinner to take care of itself while they steal just one more hour from a perfect afternoon. There's little that really matters these golden, leisurely days except a tacit acceptance of the joy of living.

That is why August is such a delightful month to do those little things for yourself that you've been meaning to do all summer. You're no longer rushing hither and thither. You've given up feeling criminal if you neglect your responsibilities. (Everybody else is doing, or not doing, exactly the same; so why worry?) Give August to yourself. Make up your mind to indulge the lazy part of your temperament to your heart's content, and use some of that loafing time to make yourself beautiful. It won't be wasted, for when September signals that summer's over you'll be ready and glad to slip into the round of routine duties and pleasures again.

One of these mornings, or afternoons, or evenings—it doesn't matter which—when you have a spare loafing hour ahead of you, try giving your skin the tonic benefit of a home-made face pack. Beauty packs, or masks, have been used all through the centuries since the belles of Egypt, some six thousand years ago, discovered that make-up alone could not make a complexion lovely. Each type of mask has its staunch upholder among beauty experts, but I think that all are agreed upon the beneficial effects of the homely egg pack. Methods of applying it vary. Some advocate using the white of the egg first; others the yolk; some use the white of the egg only. Whatever the method, however, the results are worth an hour's attention—though I must warn you to practise it in privacy. I defy the loveliest woman in the world to look anything but repulsive when her face is smothered in egg!

The egg mask is just the sort of pick-me-up your skin requires at this time of the year. Glance into the mirror and see if the sun and wind haven't managed to develop a few fine little lines. Notice if the pores aren't just a bit enlarged, or if the muscles of the face are as firm as they should be. The occasional application of an egg pack will work wonders for all these ills. But it should not be used more often than once a month or the skin will refuse to react to treatment. And it should not be used on the face if pimples or other eruptions are in evidence.

Before you apply the mask itself, your skin should be carefully cleansed with a good, quick melting, cleansing cream, which should be wiped off immediately with cleansing tissues. Then—and this is important—prepare the skin for its coating of egg with a skin tonic if it is oily or a nourishing cream if it is dry. Practically every skin has a tendency toward either dryness or oiliness, you know. Wipe off the superfluous nourishing cream or let the skin tonic leave the skin just a little moist before applying the mask.

Have the egg ready broken, with the yolk separated from the white. Then dip a pad of butter muslin or gauze into the yolk and spread it all over the face, with the exception of the eyelids. Let the yolk dry on the face. It is best to help the process along by fanning for a few minutes. Then repeat the same treatment, dipping the gauze in the yolk and spreading the yolk over the face. Fan dry again, and this time allow the yolk to stay on the skin for half an hour while you relax. Of course, it is important that your expression should be as serene as possible when you are giving yourself this egg mask treatment. Just let your face slip into untroubled placidity and let the mask smooth away the little lines of fret and worry.

Now comes the turn of the egg white. Apply over the dried yolk in exactly the same manner, in two coatings, drying each as quickly as possible. Let the white remain on the skin for from half to one hour. If you have ever used a pack you will know what a peculiar sensation it is. You can feel the mask tightening the muscles and toning up the texture of the skin. But it isn't so odd that you can't relax

thoroughly while the mask is drying. An hour or an hour and a half's treatment will rest you bodily as well as facially. If you feel you must, you can improve the shining hour by giving yourself a manicure or bathing your feet.

Use cold water and gauze to remove the egg mask. Absorbent cotton can, of course, be used to apply and remove the mask, but it is inclined to cling to the egg. Gauze is really more satisfactory. You will not, perhaps, notice an immediate improvement in the appearance of your skin. That will be more apparent the next day or the day after.

This is the all-over egg pack that will benefit every type of skin. But you can adapt this same pack, if you like, to take care simply of those stray lines that have perhaps begun to develop. It is a quicker process and is quite effective. For this treatment use only the white of the egg, and after cleansing as previously described, dip gauze, which you have previously cut into strips as long as the lines you are treating and about two inches wide, and place them in position over the wrinkles. [Continued on page 31]

NUMBER FIVE IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY LEADING WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"If I could tell the young bride but one thing

"IT WOULD BE THIS:

Practice feminine antisepsis faithfully and intelligently . . . with a safe and reliable antiseptic.

"This, to my mind, should be the first health commandment to the young bride.

"Health is the basis of all happiness in life . . . and particularly marital life. To lose the eager enthusiasm of girlhood shortly after marriage, to grow listless, despondent and irritable under the stern trials and demands of home-making is not only a tragedy to a wife but a doleful catastrophe to her husband.

"Yet such is the frequent penalty of neglected marriage hygiene. Those poignant fears and apprehensions, common to women, often grow into serious mental and physical disturbances . . . through slovenly inattention to feminine daintiness.

"For feminine health and mental serenity, "Lysol" disinfectant has been advocated by the physicians of Europe for nearly half a century. "Lysol" is almost universally used by our obstetricians for the delicate ministrations of childbirth. It is safe, gentle, efficient. It is not merely antiseptic. It is germicidal. Safeguarding the frail or overtired wife from taxations upon her health which all too often she is not physically qualified to meet."

(Signed)

DR. NELLY STERN



Photographed by Man Ray in Franzensbad

Dr. Nelly Stern. Awarded her medical degree at the University of Vienna; considered leading gynecologist at the world famous women's spa of Franzensbad in Czechoslovakia. Author of a book entitled "Hygiene und Diätetik der Frau" (Woman's Hygiene and Dietetics).

Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol".

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Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any girl or woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

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9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Canada

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene".

Name

Street

City Province

Miss Kydd has vivid coloring and a vivid personality. From University days her training has fitted her for her important work in the Council.



Winnifred Kydd—an Informal Chat

The young president of the National Council of Women gives some very human glimpses into her experience as Canadian delegate to the recent Disarmament Conference at Geneva

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

THE only woman full-time delegate from the British Empire to the first great Disarmament conference of the world was a young Canadian woman, Winnifred Kydd.

With her at the conference was one other delegate—Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, of the United States, who for many years has been a noted leader for peace. It is interesting to consider that the only two women came from the New World.

As president of the National Council of Women, Winnifred Kydd is a key-woman in Canada today, representing as she does a colossal chain of women, embracing every type of interest—art, music, social welfare, education—practically every individual organization is linked through the Council.

Since Miss Kydd is hoping to make a Dominion-wide tour this year, many of you will have an opportunity of hearing and meeting her, and if you expect to see an imposing-appearing personage you'll be surprised.

For Winnifred Kydd is young; still in her twenties. She has shining red-gold hair and blue eyes that can crinkle easily with laughter, or look at you very straightly and directly, making you suspect a vivid temper. She is slim and tall, and full of an infectious enthusiasm for life.

"So young!" many people say. "What could she possibly know about Disarmament?"

The delegates to the Disarmament Conference, all of them in the latter half of life, however, greeted her warmly. "So young!" they said. "You must have been at school during the war. That is fine! You represent the coming generation. You and your classmates will inherit what we are trying to do over here. You represent a young country, and we need your enthusiasm and your viewpoint. It is right that you are here!"

MISS KYDD has come home convinced of two things. The one is that Disarmament can only be regarded in the light of a mighty reform, and that it demands an

intensive educational campaigning throughout the civilized world before anything definite can be accomplished. The other is that when the women of Canada really express themselves in concerted action, the government will pay attention to their demands.

"That's why, to my mind," she said, "Canada sent a woman as one of her three delegates. Canadian women had spoken so clearly of their interest in peace in the way they circulated and signed the great Peace petition last year. The government was really impressed, I believe, as shown by the Prime Minister's remarks when the appointments were made, and so sent a woman to represent that great group."

Together these convictions form an important challenge to the women of the world. For if governments will really listen when women speak in united action; and if Disarmament needs intensive education and the "steady quiet pressure of public opinion"—the onus lies very heavily on the women.

ONE has but to talk to Miss Kydd a little to realize her sincerity, her clear thinking and her sane viewpoints. She is a woman who has had a brilliant university course in Political Science and Social Economy, as well as some legal training and an intensive study of world conditions. With her experience in the National Council of Women, and her recent experiences and information gained through her four months at Geneva, Winnifred Kydd is a unique leader of Canadian womanhood.

"But wasn't it rather difficult over there for a woman delegate?" I asked, watching her with pleasure. For Miss Kydd, in a delphinium-blue hat that exactly matched her eyes, was sitting before one of the enormous hotel windows. Behind her, old Lake Ontario swept its blueness to the June sky.

"One might think so, perhaps," she said. "But the women delegates felt that they were treated as they would like to be—as co-operating in the work of the delegates, and yet specially representing the women of their country. I know that I realized that I was there as a result of women's interests and I tried to absorb as much information as possible to be shared with others upon my return."

A little later, she gave, quite unconsciously, a vivid indication of her attitude. She had been describing the delivery of the addresses—first in English and then translated completely into French. When the speech was in German it was translated into English and French afterward.

"How wearisome!" I exclaimed. "Was it necessary to sit through all those repetitions?"

"Many of the delegates who were bilingual," said Miss Kydd, "walked about the corridors talking with their confrères during a translation, but it seemed to me that under my circumstances, it was wiser, and more courteous for me to remain." A small incident that suggests an entire attitude of mind.

"What impressed you most?" I asked the time-worn question, but received a surprising answer.

"The enduring interest of the women at home," said Miss Kydd. "Apart from the fine letters from women's organizations throughout Canada, during my weeks in Geneva I received an amazing mail from women all up and down the country who addressed their letters to 'Miss Kydd, Canadian delegate, Geneva,' and wrote telling me how much they were interested in peace and the ideals of the conference."

"Yes," she continued, "over there I wrote many hundreds of letters in long-hand. I felt that while the letters to organizations might be typed, those women who had taken the trouble to write personally should know how much I appreciated their interest by a personal reply."

Hundreds of letters in long-hand, in addition to the daily conferences and meetings, and the many delegations and deputations Miss Kydd met— [Continued on page 42]

Radically new

most important improvement in sanitary protection

since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new

Phantom[★] Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(Can. Pat. applied for)

Re-designed to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting the gown, how filmy the silks you wear.

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. You are scarcely aware that you have it on. Made, of course, by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because the ends are so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest fitting of gowns. Nor the slightest bulk is suggested even under the filmiest of summer silks.

Remember how often an evening has been spoiled because of your discomfort? Self-consciousness? That feeling of a supposedly smooth-fitting frock marred by revealing outlines! That's unnecessary now! The new PHANTOM KOTEX sanitary napkins fit smoothly, perfectly, inconspicuously.

Months of research... thousands of practical tests participated in by more than 600 women... led to this new design. Fashion authorities acclaim it. Now more than ever... it will pay you to buy genuine Kotex.

Kotex features retained

The special Kotex features you have always appreciated are retained, of course.

It is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily.

Millions of pads are used each year in hospitals alone.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX today. Try it. That's the only way you can realize what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it already wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex" now—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Another important thing is that this new Kotex improvement comes to you at no increase in price. PHANTOM KOTEX is for sale at all dealers. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

★ The new Kotex is called PHANTOM[★] KOTEX

because—you scarcely
realize you are
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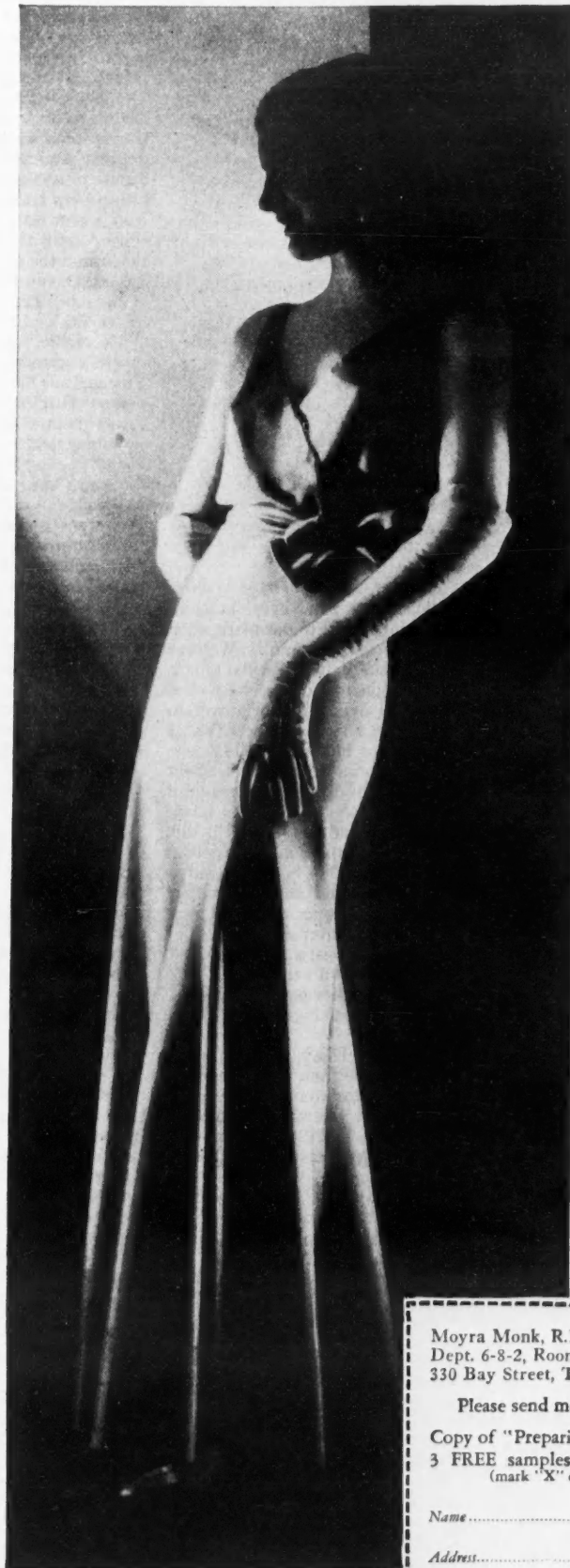
No revealing outlines—The new PHANTOM KOTEX is flattened and tapered so that ends are completely inconspicuous.

Greater security—The smooth, snug fit gives greater wearing ease than you've ever before experienced.

Lastingly soft—disposable—The same softness and absorbency for which Kotex is famous. Disposable always.

KOTEX
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To ease
the task of
enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians
in a spirit of con-
structive helpfulness.

THIS year—several hundred thousand young Canadian girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—several hundred thousand Canadian mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness... what heart-breaking experience!

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Preparing for Womanhood."

In this book—the subject has been covered completely... in simple, understandable form.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

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Please send me in plain envelope—

Copy of "Preparing for Womanhood" ☐
3 FREE samples of Phantom Kotex ☐
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NOTE! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.

remark. Phyllis was so unprepared for it, so defenseless. The mention of his name when every waking thought was of him, sent the blood pouring into her cheeks. She looked up, her hurt blue eyes unguarded, her secret there for Vesta to read. It was too late for denial then. Slowly Phyllis got to her feet, bracing herself, young, defiant.

"My dear child, you don't mean that you're—that you think you're in love with him?"

"No, I don't think it," Phyllis said fiercely. "I've always been in love with Denny. I don't feel ashamed to say it. I love him."

"And Denny?" Vesta's sloping eyes were lit with humor, satisfaction.

"Denny would have loved me if you had not deliberately tried to get him." She said it savagely.

"You think so?"

"I know it. But you came with your clothes and your smooth line. And Denny isn't used to—slick women. He believes you; he doesn't know you're kidding him."

The dark eyes grew feline. "Did it ever occur to you that I might not be kidding Denny, as you put it?"

"Oh, I guess you can have him if you want to," Phyllis said. "But that doesn't mean you love him. It isn't fair, somehow. You married to get the money you needed and, now you've got that, you want to take the only thing in the world that matters to me."

"Aren't you quaint? There are so many men, my dear."

"There'll never be any other man for me but Denny. If there are so many others, why don't you get another one and leave my man alone?"

"He happens to be the one I want."

"You don't love Denny like I do. If you did I guess maybe it wouldn't—hurt so."

"Oh, love . . ." said Vesta and laughed. "You're very young."

"Yes, that's what you all say. I'm young, I'm young, I'm young. Well, my heart isn't young and it has loved Denny since the very first day I ever saw him." Her voice quivered and broke but she kept her head up and refused to let the tears fall.

"I," said Vesta Markham, "have learned to take what I want. If some one else wants the same thing let them fight me for it."

Those last words hurt like blunt needles. So that was Vesta's creed. And Denny was clean and fine. He knew how to take defeat but he didn't know how to stoop to dishonor for the sake of victory. And when he found out what Vesta was, it would break his heart.

Phyllis turned away, choked with her helplessness. What chance had she against Vesta Markham's guile and beauty? What weapon to fight for Denny, for happiness? Not one.

"Oh, Phyllis look. It's all getting wetted."

Billie's wail brought Phyllis back to the present. She realized she'd been staring at the cliff, standing so rigid her body ached.

A queer stifled sound from Vesta brought her around sharply. The older woman was pointing, speechless. The path over the rocks to Fram's Point was gone and a swirling sheet of dark water lay between them and safety.

Wide-eyed they stared at each other. The wind tore spume from the white-caps, the ocean's color was changing to cold relentless grey against a bruise-colored horizon streaked with angry flame.

The water began to run in gurgling runnels between the lowest rocks, advancing, receding, sucking at the sand beneath their feet. They moved up farther and it followed. The child, reading fear in their faces, began to sob. At Vesta's sharp reproof he ran to Phyllis, grasping her around the knees.

Minutes no longer dragged; they raced with horrible speed. Phyllis lifted Billie to a foothold in the honeycombing of the cliff. She was not conscious of fear, only of horror. A strong swimmer could reach the Point when the water became deeper and covered the jagged rocks. Her glance went from Vesta to the child and back again. She wasn't strong enough to swim and take Vesta with her; she couldn't make the trip

twice. And the child, with his pitiful little rubber-shod feet, he would never stand the chill, the buffeting of those hundreds of feet of water.

"What are we going to do?" Vesta cried to Phyllis.

"We can climb up—a way," Phyllis said through stiff lips.

There was nothing languid about Vesta now as she sought toe and finger hold. Her body was lithe, strong.

"God," prayed Phyllis. "Send somebody. Send Denny."

The wind was rising, rising, whipping the water to tossing fury. An incoming wave wet the two women to the knees. Vesta's eyes were wild, desperate.

"I've got to get out of here." Her face was ashen. "Do you hear me? I can't stay here—drown. I can't."

Fram's Point grew dimmer. Another wave broke against them. It shattered Vesta's nerve. She screamed, hoarse useless screams. The child sobbed hysterically.

"Mummie!" He reached out to clutch at her shoulder.

always told her. Out of her despair the thought of him rose to steady her.

"I won't stay here and die because of him," Vesta was screaming. "I won't—I won't, I tell you—I won't!"

She was past knowing or caring what she said. Terror gripped her, was shaking her soul as a dog shakes a rat.

"We can't leave Billie," Phyllis cried, "Vesta, wait. He's your baby . . ."

"Mummie!" The child screamed the words as Vesta leaped, his hands clutching at the air.

Vesta disappeared, rose and struck out, swimming strongly, waves buffeting her. On, on . . . Phyllis's staring eyes could no longer follow her.

DENNIS came in just before dusk, tired, weary. Waves were pounding on the beach and their beauty drew him like a magnet. He'd take a dip in the breakers before he carried to Vesta the books she had asked him to get her. Strangely, the tossing white-caps made him think of Phyllis and the way she flung back her hair when it got

Dennis slid the screaming tires for twenty feet.

"Look," cried John Warner. "Look—over there. It's a woman!"

The headlights fell on a dripping figure, staggering toward them. Denny reached her first.

"Vesta!" She clung to him, sobbing hysterically. "How did you get here? Where?"

She laughed, a wild laugh that held little sanity. "I swam. How else could I get here? She wouldn't come—she wouldn't come."

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"Phyllis. She's a fool, a fool I tell you. I wouldn't stay there and die for Preston Markham's child. I never wanted him. I never wanted him."

He shook her. "You're crazy. Phyllis isn't there—and you can't swim."

She laughed again. "I fooled you. I can swim. She could have, but she wouldn't."

"Phyllis is back there with Billie? You left them?"

"I couldn't stay and drown, could I? If it got dark I couldn't find the Point. Don't you see? Don't you see?"

"You—you devil," he cried at her.

She drew back from his fury, pawing at him, whimpering. Reason came back to her; she began to sob wildly. "He's my baby—Denny, save him."

He didn't hear her. Flashlight in hand he was already running up the long pathway that would take him above the cliff. Behind him ran John Warner and two neighbors. Wheeling headlights told of other cars arriving on the scene.

"Shreve," panted the older man, "steady, Shreve."

But Dennis paid no attention. Horror had wrapped clinging tentacles about him. Phyllis was out there, his little Phyllis. Out there alone, because . . .

"God!" he half sobbed as he ran. "God!" It was not blasphemy; it was a prayer.

Face down on the windy lip of the cliff Dennis flung himself, his heart choking him, his flashlight playing down on the water.

"Phyllis!" Everything he dared to hope for was in that cry. "Phyllis! Phyllis!" The wind brought back no answer. His body writhed in an excess of torment. "She stayed there," he flung at Warner who bent beside him. "She was too game to quit. Phyllis." Wild, despairing he called her name.

"Listen," said Warner. "Listen."

Denny was up, busy with ropes. "I'm going over," he said. "Hurry! Grab hold there. She's got to be there—somehow."

Dangling, swaying he went down into the darkness, his pocket torch cutting a narrow swath. "Phyllis." He called her name again and again.

"Denny." Was it imagination or reality? An agony of hope surged up in him. It seemed in those interminable seconds as if nothing in all the world would ever matter again just so he might hold Phyllis in his arms. Dear, brave, courageous kid. No beautiful phrases formed in his mind. He only knew that nothing would ever be right again if he were too late. He did not consciously think of love. He just knew she was life itself to him.

There against the cliff face, clinging to a precarious perch, he found her, weakening fast as the waves tugged at her. In his cramped quarters the child was safe, unharmed.

She sagged wearily against Dennis as he put his arms about her. To bring both in safety to the upper level was the work of moments. Eager friends closed about them and a broken, sobbing woman, grotesque in an enveloping car robe, clutched the child to her.

"My baby, my baby," she cried.

"Yes," said Denny bitterly as he turned from her. "His hard luck."

He held Phyllis in his arms, his coat around her, on the ride home. They didn't talk; there was no need. In the dim light from the instrument-panel he could look into her eyes which were no longer a child's eyes.

"Nuisance," he said, but his voice choked on the old pet name. His grip tightened satisfyingly.

High Tide

Continued from page 9

FANTASY

by Virginia Coyne Knight

Once, when the earth was sleeping, sleeping

Under the silver moon,

Three little fays came creeping, creeping,

Out where the stars were peeping, peeping,

Into the still lagoon.

They stole to a lily-pad swinging, swinging,

In time to a fairy tune,

These three little fays, all singing, singing

Silvery songs that went ringing, ringing,

Over the still lagoon.

Green were their garments, gleaming, gleaming,

Lit by the silver moon,

Gold were their tresses, streaming, streaming,

Blown by the breeze that was dreaming, dreaming,

Over the still lagoon.

Now, as they danced there, flashing, flashing,

Under the silver moon,

Sudden a noise came crashing, crashing —

And three little frogs went splashing, splashing

Into the still lagoon.

"Let go of me!" She did not look at him. "We can swim to the Point," she said jerkily. "If we stay here, we'll . . . It's getting dark. We can swim it, I tell you."

"You can't swim," Phyllis told her. Vesta laughed wildly. "Don't be a fool. Of course I can swim. I just told Denny that. I can swim, I tell you. We've got to go now—before it's dark. The water's high enough. Now, I say. Now."

"But—Billie . . ." Phyllis only whispered the words. Horror had seized upon her. It was growing dark, dark. The rising, sucking water would pry at foot and hand-holds. One would go slipping into the blackness. The fire of terror in Vesta's soul kindled her own, swept it. She could feel her body tensing for a spring. Ahead lay possible safety.

A sob from Billie brought her to her senses. Take it on the chin Denny had

in her eyes. A figure was running along the beach toward him, shouting.

"I tell you, it's her car, the lady in the big house." The boy was panting, wide-eyed with fright. "I seen her getting out of it at the Point, her 'n' the little kid. The car's still there 'n' the tide's in now."

The news spread like wildfire. Men and women came running. The *Grey Gull* couldn't live in that sea, and a heavy boat would be slow—too slow.

"Get ropes," Dennis shouted. "We can reach them with ropes from the top of the cliff. There's an old path up from Fram's Point. We'll take my car. Hurry, hurry. . ."

They raced to do his bidding but heads were shaken. The tide had been high for half an hour now.

"Ready!"

Like a crazy thing the car sped toward Fram's Point. At the end of the road

Lazy Ladies

Continued from page 24

Smooth the gauze flat by gently running the fingers from the base of the wrinkles outward and upward, or in an opposite direction to the course taken by the wrinkles. Hold the gauze in place until the gauze dries and adheres to the skin. Leave it on for a few minutes longer, and then remove the gauze with cold water.

FOR the woman whose skin, even in cool weather, is inclined to be over-oily, the summer months can bring some horribly embarrassing moments, for the heat only accentuates her trouble. Judging from the letters I continually receive asking for advice on this very trouble, there must be many

women with skins of this type in Canada, and to them I am going to say: First, look to your diet. Concentrate on fresh fruits and salads and green vegetables, with plenty of water taken between meals. Second, get plenty of exercise—regular exercise, not the odd swim or the spasmodic game of tennis. Keep up those "daily dozen" exercises that you did in the winter time; you need their regularity to keep your system working evenly. Third, bathe as often as you possibly can. A warm bath at night and a cool or cold bath in the morning will help to keep your body free from the danger of perspiration odors. And to complete your safety use a deodorant as often as is necessary. If you perspire a great deal, use one that is strong enough to prevent excess moisture; it will save your frocks as well as your peace of mind. And, in addition, there are delightful deodorant powders that will keep you feeling fresh and cool during the day. They are particularly nice to use after bathing.

Incidentally, while on the subject of bathing, I wonder if you have ever tried taking a "sea bath" in your own home. It is wonderfully refreshing and invigorating, and is extremely simple to prepare, since all you need is a tubful of warm water and a pound or two of salt. Table salt is the best to use, since it dissolves easily and is pure and fine-grained. First, take a soap and water bath and dry yourself. Then prepare your sea bath by adding salt in the proportions of about one pound to twenty gallons of water, which is approximately equivalent to the content of salt in the sea. When the salt is all dissolved, step into the bath and luxuriate in your home-made briny while it purifies every pore of your body.

Another and simpler way of getting the tonic benefits of salt is to use it as a rub. Many people use it in this way every morning, for it leaves the skin glowing with vitality. Just moisten a handful of salt and rub it well over the body. Then rinse and dry.

But to get back to keeping that superfluous oil in check—don't be afraid of using an astringent frequently during the day after cleansing the skin. And don't on any account overlook the benefits of plain soap and water cleansing. Many skins will respond best to a cleansing cream first, before washing. The cream spreads deep into the pores and melts the accumulation of dust and grime, paving the way for the soap and water which follow. If a skin is

very oily, use a strongish astringent. Otherwise use a milder one, or a good skin tonic. Cleanse the face frequently during the day. Liquid cleansers are excellent for daytime use, and are particularly handy for the business girl. Protect the skin and lay a foundation for your powder with a good make-up lotion or non-greasy cream, and powder lightly with a powder that is fine and light enough not to clog the pores and cake unpleasantly on the face.

And this applies to every type of skin: always apply fresh make-up on a clean surface before going out to play golf, or tennis, or swim.

The eyes seem to come in for more than their fair share of abuse during the summer. When you glanced in your mirror a little while ago, perhaps you noticed little squint lines around them. They are, of course, the result of screwing up the eyes in the bright sunlight. The forehead, too, may have displayed deepened lines. Summer sports do that for one. So, even if your skin is of the oily type, pat nourishing cream around the eyes at night, and on the forehead and neck, too. Pat it on those forehead lines with a light tapping of the finger-cushions.

If you have also the opportunity, give yourself the same treatment immediately you come in from a strenuous game, or round, or swim, or sail, or whatever you like best to do.

And now I want to give you a hint on caring for those eyes that may be strained with sun glare. Boracic powder, as you probably know, is very soothing and strengthening for tired eyes. I expect you have used it before now as an eye wash, but have you ever tried it in the form of eye pads? Dissolve three teaspoonfuls of boracic powder in a pint of warm water. Dip two pads of absorbent cotton, large and thick enough to cover completely the eyes and surrounding area in the solution, and lay them aside on a clean cloth to dry. While they are drying, cleanse the face and smooth some nourishing cream around the eyes. Remember the movements—from the inside of the top lid out, and round beneath the eye toward the nose? Then cut a strip of gauze long enough to tie around the head and wide enough to fold over the absorbent cotton. Lay the pads some two inches apart in the centre of the strip, and fold both the top and the bottom of the gauze over them. Twist the gauze in the centre, so that it forms the peculiar-looking affair shown in the illustration, and dip the compress in warm water, wringing out slightly before you place them over the eyes. Tie the ends of the gauze around the head and lie down for fifteen minutes or so—eyes closed and body completely relaxed. When you remove the pads and finish by bathing the eyes with very cold water, your eyes will feel rejuvenated. The boracic eye-pad treatment is something else you can do for yourself one of these lazy August days.

Just one word about your hair. The summer sun is apt to do one of two disagreeable things to it. The hair may either appear dried and lifeless, or the scalp may perspire excessively, with the inevitable result that the hair [Continued on page 32]



Dip gauze in the white of an egg, and smooth it over any wrinkles your skin may have developed



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Don't let exposure make your hands grow old . . . Here is a way to keep them young and soft in spite of wind and sun

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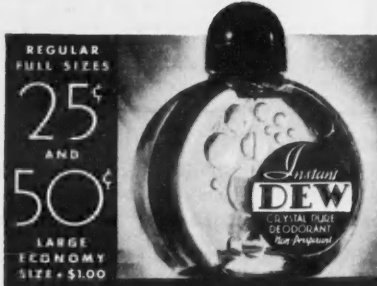
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June Gale

Continued from page 11

Rennie smiled wanly as she went toward the door and drew the bolt.

The mad flailing of hoofs came to a sudden stop. *Lyra* stood rigid as a statue, her ears pricked, every muscle tense beneath her black satin coat. Rennie walked fearlessly around to her head.

"Poor old girl!" she soothed, stroking her behind the ears. "You didn't know what it was any more than I, did you? Poor *Lyra*!"

The mare's body twitched, but her feet remained still.

"Poor *Lyra*! Poor old girl!"

She threw her arm about the mare's neck. *Lyra* relaxed. In a few minutes she was nuzzling Rennie's shoulder, her hands, the pocket of her smock.

"Looking for sugar? Will oats do, old girl?"

She went to the bin and got a handful. The mare was nibbling daintily when sounds were heard outside. *Lyra* stiffened again, but did not move. Mrs. Davey and Fram were standing at the door. With a final pat, Rennie joined them.

"Eatin' outa your hand," said Mrs. Davey dryly. "Both men 'n' beast get that way with Rennie," she laughed.

"Mrs. Alleyne!" Fram was protesting in a shocked voice.

She had forgotten Uno. Seeing him there exactly as she had left him, and Fram's face haggard with his own pain as well as anxiety for her, and Mrs. Davey to take her place and be leaned upon, Rennie felt suddenly drained.

"She's all right now," she said dully.

"I'll never ride her again."

"I shall, if you'll let me."

"She's yours, if you'll take her. You've saved her life, but," his throbbing voice only restrained by Mrs. Davey's presence, "is that a reason for risking yours?"

"Both men 'n' beasts," Mrs. Davey repeated slyly, her pale eyes amused. "Martie—she stopped off to our place when she knew a storm was comin'. We was playin' that Rooshian bank game you taught Gladys when the phone rang, so we picked right up 'n' come over. Martie's over to your place to keep an eye on the babe. I said there'd be bad luck for that Hanson boy, startin' work on a Friday. Talk about over dead bodies! And he'll be worse off if he lives with a broken back. This is the worst storm we've had in years, I'll say. Sandy and Mac was turning in at the gate as we come along, and said as how they had to unhook their teams and stand peacifyin' them till the storm was over. Couldn't see a foot. They'll be right over as soon as they unload enough to leave jist a bed for the lad. There they come now with the greys. We'd best leave Uno be till they get here."

"We had best get things ready at the house," said Rennie.

"Martie's there. I say, she jist about caved in when I come from the phone. Bet she's got a case on that red-headed Swede."

Martie, sitting in the kitchen with the lady's slippers in her lap, was gazing into space with an expression as if the end of the world had come.

"Oh, Martie!" Rennie said, "I didn't mean— They smelled like a funeral."

Martie gulped: "Uno—he—he picked them for—for you."

"They all eat outa your hand." Coming from the bedroom with Young Bill, Mrs. Davey winked knowingly toward Martie's back. She stroked the baby's soft curls. "Kinda gritty, ain't you? And kinda cross. What's the matter with you, young fella?"

"Teeth," Rennie answered absently. "His gums should be lanced."

"Nature's the best lance. Let him cut 'em on your weddin' ring. And keep his feet warm. These little tykes stand a powerful lot of heat. Hey there, young man! Don't go lickin' your face; this sand's not meant to be et. Here, Martie! You take him."

"You goin' to put the lad in here?" she asked, following Rennie into the guest room. "Thought you was savin' it till your city friend came. He'll feel terrible outa place if

he opens his eyes on them silk curtains—think he's in heaven, for sure. What'd you do with the voile set?"

"I may put them in one of the upstairs rooms."

"Um-m! Well, if you can manage here, I'll get at the kitchen."

"Oh, yes, please do."

She despised persons who could not sympathize with suffering unless it touched them personally. She felt that she could not bear to talk. Even when the room was finished—swept, dusted, the bed made and sheets turned back—she hesitated to leave it. How long would Mac and Sandy be, getting Uno here? How long would Bill and Dr. Myrtle be, getting out from town?

"Kitchen's done in a kinda way," Mrs. Davey said at the door. "Seven dustpanfuls I took off that there lineolium. If that ain't a record! And the baby clo'es! The bottom ones wasn't too bad, but the little dresses! And the curtains. Not that there's a mite o' use cleanin' again. All this sand has to blow back where it come from. I've seen it shift eight times. When they talk o' shiftin' sands they don't mean the seashore; they mean the prairies."

Mrs. Davey was a marvel when she got going, the kitchen presentable again, a merry fire crackling in the stove. Young Bill's cradle, made up fresh, had been moved out to the window facing the road. Young Bill himself, propped against his pillows, gurgled as he batted his celluloid rattle about. Martie, still in a daze, was scrubbing and scrubbing the same patch of floor.

"Seems like old times havin' folks turn to Alleyndale fer help," called out Mrs. Davey as she swept the front porch. "When Mrs. Alleyne—that was alive— Everybody was sorry Bill buried her at the coast and we couldn't put flowers on her grave. Though if she hadn't been, Bill'd never have met up with you, would he?"

"Oh, probably," replied Rennie from the living room. (Where could she start in on this mess?) "Fate," she laughed nervously. "And I'd rather have bouquets here than anchors and gates ajar hereafter. I—I hate funerals. I don't like the smell of them."

"Well, there'll be one, I'll wager. Here they come, now, at the gate. Ain't you comin' out to welcome them with the body?"

The body! Why, Uno could not be dead. He could not be. And she had no desire to see them. She would not even watch their progress. It was bad enough, she thought as she took a brush to the cushions, to have to listen to Mrs. Davey's report.

Suddenly Rennie dropped her brush. Poor Mrs. Hanson! As a baby Uno must have resembled Young Bill. She felt weakness surging through her, and ran to the cradle.

"Oh, precious!" she sobbed.

"He's not—Uno's not—?" said Martie cracking her knuckles.

It seemed as if the greys, marching in a solemn procession behind Fram and Sandy, would never reach the house. Barely had the men settled Uno upon the bed when Bill arrived with the doctor and Uno's mother, the roadster followed by the school van. Every one in the countryside was there. Where the crowd had come from in this sparsely populated district Rennie could not imagine, but they milled around the front yard, the barnyard, the kitchen and living room, the porch, everywhere except in the guest room where the unconscious lad lay breathing stertorously; at his side his mother almost as immobile as he.

"I can't find anything except the bump on his forehead," said Dr. Myrtle coming into the kitchen and reaching for one of Fram's cigarettes. "He may wake up none the worse for his tumble. Of course, if it's a fracture of the base of the skull—" She threw out both hands in a gesture of helplessness. "And now, Mr. Gurney Fram, we'll attend to you. Bill—Mrs. Davey—Mrs. Neaves—who can administer ether?"

Continued on page 38

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You Can't Have Everything

Continued from page 17

at two. You'll have to move before then, and don't you be forgetting that."

Myra resented the easy familiarity of the tone, but Kay was unperturbed. "Men can do such a lot of things for you," she explained.

Myra, remembering the trips down town with Jim and the harassed search for a parking place, smiled a little. "You certainly are a monkey," she said, with a growing sense of exhilaration. "And now what?"

"Shopping," said Kay. "Dallas gave me my housekeeping money today."

Myra had never strained her housekeeping allowance beyond its one and explicit use. Yet she had a rather grim memory of the family bookkeeping. Jim believed it a fine business training that every woman needed; she was still thinking of that as they crossed the lobby of the *Stafford*.

"I think you need a good influence," she smiled, but there was no assurance in her words. After all, it was just that Kay loved life, its ease and sweetness and glitter.

Myra turned to speak but Kay had gone, and she saw her in animated conversation with a tall, bronzed stranger. A moment later she had hooked her arm through his and was moving across the room.

It seemed to Myra that Kay's voluble enthusiasm conveyed an impression of familiarity that her halting mention of a name scarcely seemed to justify. Where had he been, and what was he doing, and wasn't that too romantic, and wasn't it a shame that, after having been so long away, he should have had to think of dining alone? "But, of course, you'll come with us," she added quickly.

Myra found herself following them between the rows of tables, with a little spot of angry color on her face. She was grateful for the quiet table in the corner away from prying eyes.

"I'm afraid we will have to admit the harrowing truth," their companion was saying, with his cool smile. "You see, my name isn't Hale. It's George Blake."

A peal of irresistible merriment broke from Kay. "Then whatever shall we do," she demanded, "after we've captured you and carried you off like this?"

Blake appeared to ponder that question. "I suppose," he said, "if we hunted long enough we could find some mutual acquaintance to get us over that hurdle. So if you would be generous enough to waive the formalities, I would very much like to remain."

Something in the way he said it made Myra think of Jim. Something in his voice, and in his cool and appraising glance. She flushed under it, but he was looking beyond her at Kay, and Kay was not one whit dismayed. It was evident that Mr. George Blake, being what he was, handsome, well dressed, outwardly at least a gentleman, she was quite ready to accept him.

Suddenly over their coffee she remembered the car. "It's almost two," she wailed. "and before you two know it, I may be in jail." She waited for Mr. Blake to help her into her coat, and turned away.

Myra felt her face flush hotly. So Kay wasn't going to pay for the lunch after all. She had probably never intended to pay—not if it could be avoided. In spite of herself, she smiled. That was so like Kay. It fitted in with her simple philosophy that men liked to do things for you. She watched Mr. George Blake following Kay with an attentiveness that left no doubt of his interest. At least, she thought, whether they do or not, Kay makes them think they do.

COMING into the living room after seeing the children to bed, Myra found Jim comfortably ensconced behind his paper, the smoke of his pipe making a comfortable halo about his head.

He glanced up with a smile, moving over to make a place beside him as he detached a section of paper for her.

She took it, but laid it down beside her

without a glance. "I was shopping with Kay this morning," she said.

"Good time?" he enquired casually.

"Kay has a new dress."

"Nothing very novel about that, is there?" he answered with a grin.

For some reason the question angered her. "Look at Kay, and look at me," she said, remembering that the dress she was wearing was doing duty for its second season, because it wasn't quite worn out.

He looked up from his paper, conscious of an unaccustomed sharpness, an indefinite feeling of antagonism in her voice. "I'm looking," he said, smiling at her with an amused and approving friendliness, "I'm satisfied."

There was an almost hysterical ring in her answering laugh. That was so like Jim. He could look ahead and plan for the children's future, yes, and for hers too, and be utterly blind to the present. What would things matter when she was old? She wanted them now; to be like Kay, fresh and trim and attractive. She wanted to be conscious of it, just as she was conscious now that there was a rubbed place that showed every time she raised her arm.

Jim laid his paper down and surveyed her with a puzzled air. "I wonder," he said slowly, "just what sort of a look you're taking at Kay. At a glance she looks expensive, I'll admit, and I suppose she is. Is that what you mean?"

"We're better off than they are," she answered, "and I don't look expensive."

"Hmm," he said, "well, let me tell you something. Hastings is finding the going pretty hard just now, and he can't stand some one rocking the boat."

"He hasn't said anything to Kay, if that's what you mean," she challenged.

"Maybe not," he retorted, a little sharply. "Plenty of men are easier with their wives than they ought to be. Anyway, she ought to know it, and it mightn't be a bad idea to tip her off." He was still smiling faintly but his lips were firm. "I had to lend Hastings a considerable bit of money to tide him over a bad place. That's between you and me, of course; but any money he's got had better go into the bank."

Myra frowned. Banks and deposits and such things meant so much to Jim. What had they to do with living? There hadn't been a single really tight place in all their married years; but what difference had that made to her. Kay had a thousand things to her one, and Kay got a thousand times more out of life. A hard rebelliousness stirred in her. "Jim is just trying to use some business deal as a point against me," she thought.

"They're happy," she said, a sudden unaccustomed sharpness in her voice.

She saw Jim glance at her quickly, a puzzled expression on his face. "What's the matter, old girl? Tired? Kids getting a bit on your nerves?"

She stamped her foot in sudden fury. "Everything's on my nerves—you, and the kids, and this ugly house, and that useless Sarah."

She left him sitting there with that look of profound wonder still on his face, and flung out of the room, her eyes smarting with tears of sorrow for herself.

Morning found her a little ashamed of her outbreak, a little over solicitous for Jim and the children, a gesture of propitiation that Jim did not seem to notice. He only laughed in his easy way, making light of her precautions.

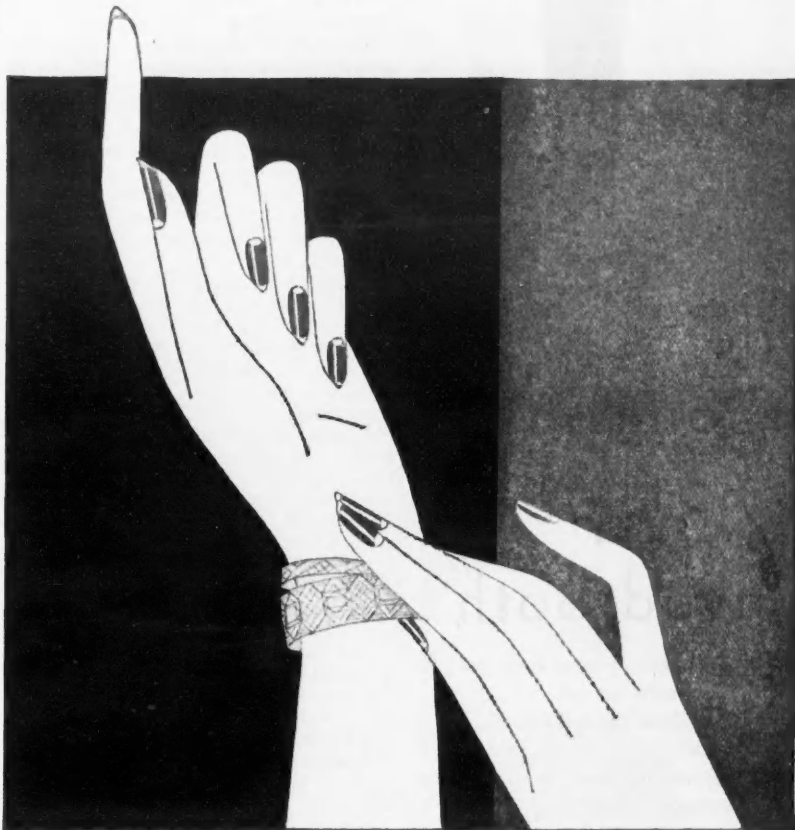
Later, after a morning spent in ferreting out some of Sarah's shortcomings, she was surprised to hear Jim's cheerful voice calling her. He was not usually home so early on Saturday. He noticed her surprise and laughed. "Made it early," he said. "Got tickets for a show. Think you'll like it. We'll have to hurry if we're to make it. Thought it would do you and the kids good to see something different," he added.

For a stifled moment she wanted to laugh hysterically. Wasn't that just like Jim—make a family party of it for her and the

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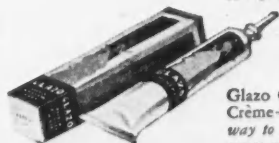


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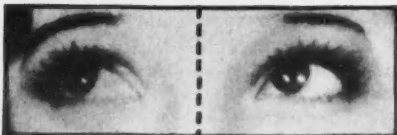


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is lank and over-greasy. Careful shampoos and daily brushing won't cure either of these abnormal conditions. They should be treated with hair tonics and pomades, just as your skin is treated with astringents and creams. Two or three treatments a week with an astringent hair tonic for the oily scalp, or with a nourishing hair tonic for the dry scalp, will help to keep the hair lustrous and healthy. Hair that the sun has

drained of its natural oils will be immensely benefitted also by a sparing application of a good pomade, which should be rubbed first on the palms of the hands, and then smoothed very lightly over the surface of the hair. A little care now will prevent your hair from keeping company with the leaves this fall.

Au revoir, lazy ladies! I can't think of any nicer wish than that the title is apt.

Your Beauty Problems

*If you would like personal advice on your own problem,
write to Annabelle Lee, enclose a stamped
addressed envelope*

"I Am Too Tall"

I AM five feet eight inches tall and weigh 129 pounds. My hair is a medium blonde, and my eyes are a greyish blue. I have three defects and they are: first and foremost my height, of which I am rather self-conscious; a high forehead, and a nose a little longer than the average. Outside of those three I am very well proportioned, I think. My hair is cut, with a very slight wave.

Could you tell me in which way I could wear my hair to look the best, whether long or short, and what principal points I should consider always, when choosing coats and dresses, as to color and style in general, in accordance with my height?

I THINK you are worrying far too much about your height. A tall woman can look so distinctive. In fact, she has far better opportunity to be "different looking" from the common type which is short or medium in height. And, after all, that is a long step forward in the cultivation of personality. A woman who is tall and well proportioned has every chance to be smart if she chooses her clothes and wears them with an eye to her own individuality. I have seen girls who have misguidedly tried to shorten themselves by wearing flat-heeled shoes and walking around with a deprecating little stoop. Good carriage is of the greatest importance to a tall woman.

You should have no difficulty whatever in selecting clothes this year. They seem to have been made especially for the tall. Broad shoulder lines cannot be worn successfully except by well proportioned, slim, tall people. The drop sleeve which is so fashionable now in both coats and frocks, should look particularly well on you. I envy you your ability to wear them because I think they are very attractive. By drop sleeves, I mean sleeves with deep armholes, or that are joined to the body of the frock or coat at the neckline rather than at the shoulder. Yokes, too, will suit you, and these are shown on the smartest coats and frocks. The Russian type, with deep-set armholes and full sleeves, should be most becoming.

As to your best colors, if you have a good clear skin grey or blue will suit you. Grey is a good basic color with which you can wear brighter accessories, such as a bright yellow handbag, scarf, jewellery or belt. Cerise or dark red on grey is very effective.

Be careful when choosing blue that you get a soft blue which will bring out the blue in your eyes. Too strong a blue will fade them. Certain dark shades of red will suit you, but bright reds kill the coloring of a medium fair person. Navy blue, of course, is always good, and so is black, but with them both use contrast in some form or other. Clear yellow, any of the new blues, and soft shades of green should be attractive for summer frocks. Two-color costumes are being shown now, and these are very good for tall women.

You are fortunate in having a slight wave in your hair, because a wave is so necessary with present styles of hairdressing. Whether you wear your hair long or short is a matter for yourself to decide. Short hair is being worn, although the long bob which is turned up into a little knot at the back is receiving a large share of attention. With your high forehead you should not, of course, wear your hair taken straight back from the head. One deep wave over the temple would break the forehead line. Little fringes have come completely back into style. You might find the solution to your hairdressing problem in one of these, for it would shorten the height of your forehead and would also be very smart. The new fringes are not thick, but are worn just over the one temple, and curled.

Red Hands and Enlarged Knuckles

I AM very much troubled with red hands. I try to be careful of them, always washing in warm water with a cool rinse, and using a hand lotion after every washing. Sometimes my hands are quite presentable, but often when in a warm room they become annoyingly red, especially at the knuckles. Is there any helpful exercise for enlarged knuckles?

THE redness of your hands is due to faulty circulation of the blood, and it is really impossible to get rid of it without first correcting this condition. A doctor's advice should be obtained. You will find that a mixture of buttermilk and oatmeal, mixed to a paste and applied to the hands, allowed to stay on for a few minutes and then rinsed off with water, is an excellent bleach, and it is softening too. Massage will help both the redness and the largeness of the knuckles, and you should use a rich skin food or warm olive oil.

The Paris Letter

Continued from page 13

Slim little frocks, all of them cut on distinctly *Princesse* lines. *Lyolene* fastens hers under one arm. *Vionnet* uses zippers on one side in order to ensure close molding of the figure.

Some of these guimpe or suspender dresses are put on just like a kimono, wrapping over tightly and tying on one side. *Schiaparelli* features the wrap-around frock but in her particular version the back laps over and closes with clips all the way down or three quarters of the way down.

If you must have some sort of short

evening wrap there are the *Patou* wraps that fit snugly over the shoulder with a sort of squarish, dolman look. They barely come to the elbows, but some of them have rather hedge-like collars. *Patou* makes them in velvet and in taffetas, in vivid colors with the color reflected in the slippers below.

With mousseline dance frocks *Vionnet* suggests unlined coats in crêpe in the same pattern as the mousseline or in one color, the predominating one of the pattern.

All white evening frocks or all black evening frocks are smart.



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CORN BETWEEN TOES

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

What have you all done to that girl? She's just a young fool now, and people will forgive her a lot because of that. But some day she'll be an old fool, and what will you women say then, you who have watched every mean little piking thing she's done, petty infidelities, petty thieving, petty deceptions, and smiled at them and said: 'Isn't she a monkey?' as though it were something clever, something to be envied."

"Jim," she said pleadingly, "Kay's in a lot of trouble."

"Trouble," he said roughly, "you don't know the half of it. To the best of my knowledge Dallas Hastings hasn't a sou to his name, and he owes the bank, too, and plenty. And that isn't the worst. Suppose he pulls through, he'll work through that some way. But how will she like it to be married to a man who despises her?"

"But he doesn't. I know he doesn't."

"Maybe not now, but he will. That's where your monkey business leads."

"And you won't help?" she said in a stifled voice. "And you know they haven't anything?"

"Who said I wouldn't help. Of course I'll help." He smiled a little grimly. "Every one will help. Everybody looks after the monkey. That's why it's a profitable line." His voice grew stern again. "Only don't get any mistaken idea from that. You may be crowded into a place where you have to help, but you don't have to laugh at the antics."

MYRA was thinking of Jim, as she walked over to see Kay the next morning. He stood by. No matter what he might feel in his heart, you always knew where you could find him. There was nothing very heroic or romantic in his way of helping. He was just there, big and strong and straight, thinking. She found the thought very comforting.

Kay was sitting in her lovely room, almost as though she found some comfort in the presence of those dear possessions, but she looked white and fragile, and there were dark rings beneath her eyes, and in them the hint of unaccustomed tears. She glanced up, as Myra entered, with a hint of her old untroubled smile. "I don't believe I like nurses," she said, and the day one seems to be more stiff and starched than the other. I think she will crack if she bends, and I'm tired of her already. There isn't a laugh in her anywhere. It wouldn't hurt Dallas to have her laugh. I know it wouldn't. He always loved it. And she won't let me. She orders me out of the room as though I were a puppy that was likely to jump up on the bed and go to sleep."

Suddenly she laughed. "A man from the bank rang me up a little while ago. He had a nice voice, but he seemed to be trying to be awfully cross and horrid. He said I was overdrawn. He seemed to think it was very important, but I don't know what he meant."

"It means," Myra answered gently, "that you haven't any money."

"But I never have," Kay laughed. "Of course I knew it was something like that, because it has happened often. But Dallas always looked after it, and anyway, I don't see why they should be horrid about it just now when Dallas—"

"I don't think Dallas has much money. Something has gone wrong with his business. It will be all right, Jim says, as soon as Dallas is better; but he hasn't any money now. Only, you're not to worry. Jim will look after all that. He told me you weren't to worry about money." Kay's white face seemed to justify that straining of Jim's words.

"You mean that we haven't any money—not any at all? Dallas like that and—and everything—just charity?"

Myra put an arm about her comfortingly. "It will be all right. Jim says you're not to worry. He will look after all that."

Kay turned swiftly. "Was that just what Jim said, all of it, I mean?"

"Why, of course."

"No. I mean, just what did he say—the real words—not just the kind things you are trying to turn them into? You see, I know

Jim. I like him. He was Dallas's friend. I'd like to know."

"But Kay, dear. It was nothing. He wanted you to know, of course, but—"

For a moment Kay said nothing. When she glanced up, her eyes were misty but there was a faint flush on her cheek. She spoke slowly. "Then they weren't things that you would like to repeat. He knew about me, and he wanted to help. And he said hard things. And you wouldn't tell me, because you wanted to be kind. But it wasn't kind at all. Will you tell him—tell him that I love him for it; that if I ever need anything I'd come to him first of all, but I'd rather not now."

It puzzled Myra; it was so unlike Kay, who thought of men always as creatures ready to help. Every day she kept expecting some appeal that did not come or some adroit approach that kept the appeal neatly hidden; but it did not come. There were changes about the house, but they came so gradually that she hardly noticed them. Once she missed the little red lacquer table, and spoke about it.

"I didn't think I really liked it so much after all," Kay had answered evasively and changed the subject.

It puzzled Jim, too. "Hang it all," he said, "they can't live on nothing. Nurses cost money, you know, and they've got to eat, and I happen to know what a mess Dallas's affairs were in. You look after it."

But when Myra had mentioned it, Kay had only shaken her head, with a little unsteady laugh.

And then one day Myra saw a tall young man step into Kay's gay little car and drive it away. "He wanted it so much," Kay explained, "and he was such a nice man. And what would I be doing," she argued, "with two cars, when there's just me."

And then there was Nina's going. Myra dropped in one night to catch a glimpse of Kay, capped and aproned, coming down the stair. She took one hand from the tray she was carrying, and waved an admonitory finger, warningly, "They wouldn't let me go in," she said, "because they thought it would be bad for Dallas, but it was all right for Nina. So I wear her things. I like to help, even if it is only dusting, and wouldn't Dallas think it was a joke?"

She dashed away to hide the mistiness in her eyes, and was back again in a moment in a simple house dress. She giggled openly at Myra's astonished glance. "Nina thought there were too many mouths to feed, so I took on her job. Oh, Myra, I'm a terrible cook. Nurses must be like ostriches. I can't eat the stuff, but they don't seem to notice."

Myra laughed. The familiar phrase came to her lips. "Kay, you're a m—"

At Kay's sharp gasp, the word died on her lips.

"Don't ever say that, not ever again," she looked about her with a bleak little gesture that took in everything. "I hate it," she said. "I hate it all. It's all false and hideous—just—just being—what you said. And upstairs, Dallas lying there all day long, never speaking, just looking at me as if he was wondering, wondering, wondering." Her voice broke in a sudden sob. "Suppose," she said, "suppose he should go on like that, thinking forever and ever that I was just a little selfish fool."

There was a sound on the stair, and they turned to see the nurse standing there. "It's Mr. Hastings," she said, surprise evident in her voice. "He's conscious. He's asking for you. I can't keep him quiet. You'd better go to him."

Myra heard that little whispering breath, the rustle of flying feet, and a soft muffled cry, half pity and half joy. Then a bell tinkled somewhere and the door opened, and Jim's familiar voice. "Coming home, old girl?"

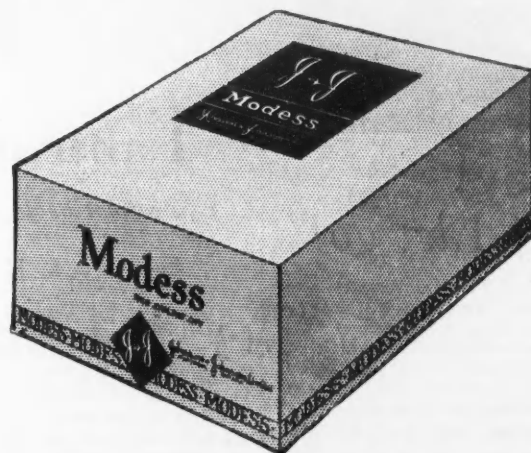
Things grew misty about her, wavered and changed and disappeared, until it seemed a bare room, bare of everything but a great radiance, and through it Jim's sober, kindly steady face looking at her—safe and secure and strong.

"Take me home, Jim," she sobbed, "I don't want anything but home."

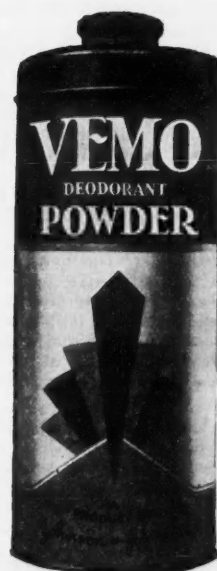
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children. "I'm sorry but I have an engagement," she said coolly, as she came down the stair. "I'll have Sarah hurry lunch for you."

She saw his face fall. "Can't you fix that engagement some way," he asked with awkward eagerness. "I'd planned to have you along, and I've got four tickets."

"You should have told me that there was to be a treat," she answered sweetly.

She had intended that to hurt, and she saw his face flush darkly as though she had struck him. "See here, Myra," he said slowly and stopped.

"I'll hurry things up," she called back to him, as she moved toward the kitchen.

She stood at the window, watching Jim and the children starting off. She had a guilty feeling that she had spoiled the day for him. "Jim's spoiled plenty of days for me," she thought. She felt better after that reflection, and went up to her room to put on her coat. On her way out she stopped to tell Sarah that she might not be in for dinner, and suggested one or two dishes—advice that was accepted with an uncommunicative nod.

At Kay's the maid informed her that Mrs. Hastings was out. It left her feeling rather blank. She decided to go down town and have tea somewhere. That would give a semblance of reality to her engagement, though the prospect of a solitary tea wasn't entrancing.

It was when she was coming out of the teashop, wondering a little how she could put in the balance of the afternoon, that she heard Kay's welcoming hail. "Oh, Myra, isn't it luck, my running into you of all people. I was just looking for some one to go out to the country club with me, but I thought you would surely have Jim tagging along somewhere, and I don't think Jim approves of me much."

Half ruefully, Myra told her of Jim's treat and Kay laughed with delight. "Aren't we in a peck of trouble?" she said. "I was to be in Hampton at five o'clock to have dinner with Dallas. He was somewhere on business, and I was to meet him there. And I meant to go; really I did, though I hate the place. But I did some shopping, and that took longer than I thought. Then I had lunch." The company had evidently been pleasant, for her eyes took on a starry brilliance at the remembrance. "And after that, it was too late. Dallas will be awfully cross," she added, but the depression was only momentary. "He will find lots of people to entertain him."

THE deepening dusk seemed to cast its shadow over them, and the return trip was made, for the most part, in silence. But at the first gleam of lighted streets Kay's spirits revived. "You come in with me and we'll get Dallas to help fight your pet ogre. Jim can't be angry if there are three of us, all happy."

They left the car at the door, and Kay let them in quietly with the careful air of a confirmed conspirator. "Dallas will be awfully cross for a minute," she laughed softly, "and I'll have to be ever so penitent." She glanced back over her shoulder, as she danced away, her eyes sparkling and her head tossing in a radiant gesture of complete confidence. "Dallas won't mind, really," she called back softly. "He's a dear that way."

Myra heard her feet running swiftly up the stair. "Dallas!" she called softly, with a little note of question in her voice. "Dallas!"

For a moment there was no sound. Then, upstairs, a door opened. Myra heard the swift indrawn breath, and the startled question. "What is it?" in a voice so unlike Kay's that she stood up quickly, stumbling against something in the dusk of the room. For a fleeting second her eyes rested on the little red lacquer table before she crossed the room and out into the hall.

Kay stood at the head of the stair, clutching at the rail for support and swaying a little where she stood. Her lips had trembled into a white and ghostly silence, and her eyes were fixed with a fascinated stare at the white figure before her.

"Mrs. Hastings?" asked the nurse. "I'm sorry. Your husband has been hurt."

Kay made a faltering step forward, and the nurse's practical arm reached out and caught her. "You can't go in now," she said. "The doctors are there. You wait downstairs. Dr. Emery will be there in a little while. He will be able to tell you everything." She handed Kay into Myra's hands, and went in and closed the door.

"I could make it all right with Dallas?" Kay whispered. "I know I could—I always have—if they would only let me go in. He's such a dear." She glanced up at Myra with wavering lips that tried to smile, "and I don't like other women telling me where I can't go, in my own house." It was sheerest bravado, for her lips trembled forlornly. But when Dr. Emery came in, large and serious-faced and suave, she met his glance bravely.

"Your husband has been rather seriously hurt, Mrs. Hastings. It will be a few days before we know just how seriously." He spoke, somewhat vaguely, of concussions and fractures, the need of rest and perfect quiet. "I would go to bed if I were you," he added, with a quick glance at her. "You look tired out. There is nothing you can do. I don't anticipate any immediate developments and, in any event, Miss Young will look after him, and I'll have another nurse here in the morning. Yes, get to bed, that would be best. It will do you no good to see him now, and it might do him harm. He wouldn't know you. He wouldn't understand anything."

"He often didn't understand," she said, smiling up tremulously into the doctor's sober face.

"Just the same," she said, when he had gone. "Just the same, I'm going to see him and explain. And you had better be running along home," her lips curved in a forlorn smile, "for there isn't going to be any party to go with you. But it will be all right. Men are so easy to manage. And I'll be right here."

Jim was sitting in the little circle of light about his reading lamp as she entered, but his book was lying unnoticed on his knee.

"Dallas has been hurt," she said, "terribly hurt, I'm afraid." She was trembling and white, and he got up quickly and put his arm about her and led her to the chair, seating himself on the edge of the desk beside her. "Dallas has been hurt," she said again, thinking that he had not understood.

"I know," he said. "I just came from there a while ago. We were trying to get hold of Kay," he continued, in an even voice. "Their maid said she thought there had been an appointment with Dallas at Hampton. That didn't lead anywhere, so we tried the club, and found that she had just left. I came back a while ago. Sarah was out, you know, and I didn't like to leave the kids too long. Anyway, I wasn't doing any good there."

"What was it? How did it happen?" "Simple enough," he said, a hard note stealing into his voice. "He was to meet Kay at Hampton, and when he got there she hadn't arrived and no word of her, so he came racing back thinking that something must have gone wrong, took a ditch and rolled over. Fracture of the skull, I understand—pretty bad. I suppose something more interesting had turned up, and she broke the date; but, of course, Dallas didn't know that. More of that being 'just a monkey!' " he added harshly.

"Jim," she said, with a sharp gasp. "That's the line, isn't it?" he demanded. "Seems to me I've heard that line pretty often. Seems to me Dallas must have heard it, too. I wonder what he thought of it? I know what I'd think if somebody said it about my wife."

She started to speak, hesitated, and started again. "Jim, you know I was with Kay this afternoon. Why don't you blame me, too? Why are you only hard toward her?"

"I suppose we're all partial to our own pet monkey," he said in a gentler voice. "But, good heavens, Myra," he demanded, his voice hardening again, "why can't you women call a spade a spade? Where do you think you get with this monkey business?"



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sulky temper is perhaps the least exasperating to deal with, for with no noise or violence when upset, and repeated patient attempts it can be quite overcome by appealing to the child's finer nature. In my experience I have found the unresponsive child the most difficult to manage.

Comparisons are an outrage to children, for they see deeply enough to know that their patterns have faults as grave as their own. I sometimes think that in our efforts to make a child perfect we make too much of small offenses that correct themselves as it grows up. Do not be afraid to bestow a little praise on your child "in case she becomes vain." Better a little vanity which is generally soon lost in contact with the larger world than a discouraged child who soon sees little purpose in unavailing, unappreciated effort and who becomes possessed of hard, embittered feelings.

Above all, never break a promise. No matter if the fulfillment is unavoidably delayed, once, twice, half a dozen times, explain the reasons for it to your child and carry it through at the earliest possible time. A conditional promise may, of course, be withdrawn.

By your tolerant attitude make it very easy for your child to be truthful and to be perfectly frank in admitting naughtinesses.

Abstain from punishment after an unsought confidence or confession. Remember, confession itself often requires superhuman effort, and once confidence is gained it will likely be punishment enough to show deep pain and sorrow.

Patient, unremitting, gentle insistence, with sympathy even while correcting, will win most battles with nearly every type of child; and if self-control were more generally taught we should hear less about "nerves" in the future. Not that I do not realize that many perfectly controlled adults suffer from nerves as a result of illness, anxiety, shock or continued hardship—I mean the irritability and peevishness of intolerant youth.

In conclusion I should like to say in justice to, and consideration of, discouraged mothers that I think where the failures have outnumbered the successes in child management it is most often because the mothers have been overwrought, unwell or too self-sacrificing and conscientious—all which make such demands on her mental health and moral strength that at times she has not the reserve energy and needful power of judgment to cope with difficult situations. A conscientious mother should remember she has a life to live for herself as well as for her child, and when she has done her best the result may be safely left to Nature.

Women and their Work

Month by month, Chatelaine mirrors activities of women working for the development of their communities



Dr. Eliza Ritchie



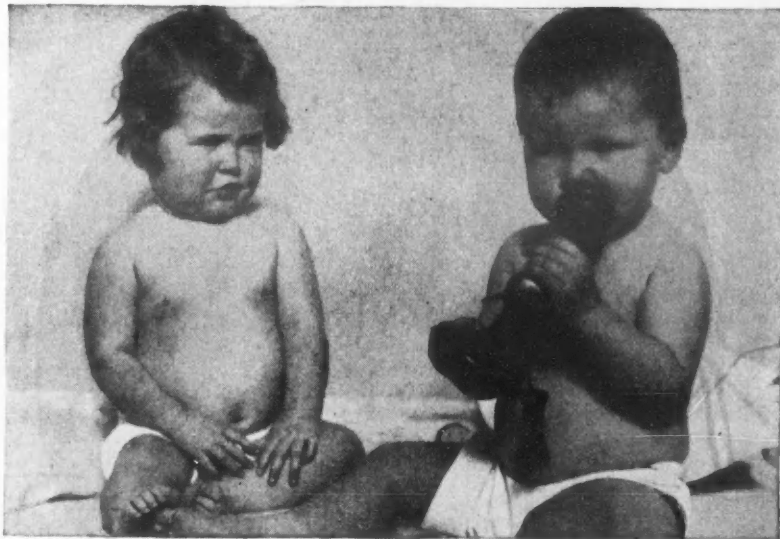
Mrs. J. E. Brethour

IF YOU were to ask the present membership of the Alumnae Association of Dalhousie University, "Who has been the strongest influence in the life of your organization?" there would be a vigorously chorused reply, "Dr. Eliza Ritchie." Dr. Ritchie was one of the very first women graduates of Dalhousie in the days when co-education was not the matter-of-course which it is today.

When the first suggestion of a residence for women students was made years ago, Dr. Ritchie at once gave the proposition her active support and acted for one year as warden of the residence. She received the degree of Bachelor of Letters from Dalhousie, and two years later that of Doctor of Philosophy from Cornell, having the proud distinction of being the first woman in the Dominion to receive this degree. She is at this time honorary president of the Alumnae Association, and no woman is more honored or more beloved in the life of the university.

BRANTFORD and her home village of Burford, Ontario, have gained much from the service of Mrs. J. E. Brethour, wife of one of Canada's foremost livestock breeders and agriculturists. Possessing wide interests and a vision to see beyond immediate surroundings, Mrs. Brethour, who is of United Empire Loyalist people, has formed a link between civic and town life. Perhaps her most notable work has been with the Women's Institutes. As first president of the Burford Women's Institute, which was the third branch to be formed in Ontario, she did highly creditable work in those early days.

The hospital, church and politics have also claimed Mrs. Brethour's attention. As representative of the Women's Hospital Aid, she has greatly assisted the Brantford General Hospital; in Trinity Anglican Church, Burford, she led the Auxiliary as president for twenty-two years; and she is a member of the Conservative association executive in Brant.



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**"Oh boy!
If I let go!"**

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CHAT. 8



Tantrums or Self-Control

You cannot begin too early to teach your child self-discipline

by HELEN T. CARRINGTON

CHILDREN a year old usually have greater powers of observation and understanding than we credit them with. They are not too young to learn self-control. The lessons they learn in those early days will pave the way for later teaching, and the time and patience expended on them will soon remove the need for correction of at least one bad fault—ebullitions of temper.

Of course, no two children are cut to a single pattern. As their minds and temperaments develop, so should the treatment they receive be adjusted to keep pace with the development of the individual. But there are certain phases that all children pass through, in one variation or another, and the knowledge of a mother who has successfully brought up a large family is worth a great deal to a mother whose experience lies yet before her.

Children love to stage a scene occasionally, but if their audience is quite unmoved by their tantrums they soon learn the futility of it all and again become their normal selves. When my firstborn was fifteen months old she gave her first exhibition of temper. There was nothing undecided about it either; she set out to attain an end and meant to gain her point if possible. After a moment's quick thought as to the wisest course to take, without showing her any interest in the proceedings, I said, "No," gently but firmly, and walked into an adjoining room. My plan was to pretend I noticed nothing unusual, and to continue about my task, believing that she would soon tire of her exhausting behavior. This treatment worked beyond my fondest expectations, for two other displays on the child's part were all I ever had to contend with. I do not remember ever having to try to subdue temper in this child in all the ensuing years, so I think my plan proved successful.

Boredom is often responsible for lack of self-control. A child needs change of interest and play. He has neither the powers of concentration nor sufficient knowledge of anything to keep him contented for hours on end. Grown-ups often complain of the monotony of their tasks. Then how can we expect an irresponsible, untaught little child not to become weary of himself as he goes through the same little rounds of play?

I have known a highly strung, crotchety child become unrecognizably restful by a change of occupation, and to continue with the new interest for long periods during successive days.

An injustice, recognized as such, may be another child's spur to open resentment. Children suffer agonies from any form of injustice; it humiliates the timid and

sensitive and enrages the "extroverts." And no wonder! Justice is the one thing we all look and hope for, and suffer indescribably when it is withheld.

Sometimes we are unconsciously unjust to children even when no punishment or correction has been given. But what is indifference to a child's serious efforts in any line except an indirect form of injustice?

And let me say, in passing, that we should judge children by the efforts they put forth and not always by results. Some children are endowed with quieter and less mischievous dispositions than others, and in these quiet ones the achievements do not amount to nearly the same thing as the endeavors of high-spirited passionate children.

Continuous and purposeless frustration is another bleak road for any child to travel. Not for a moment do I mean that children should be given their own way, but I hold the opinion that it is better to avoid temptation than to invite warfare. For instance, small children often want things which they might break or spoil. Repeated attempts to take a forbidden article show overwhelming desire. Why not, after failing to teach him "no," remove the article temporarily? When a youth is threatened with undesirable companions we try to remove him from his surroundings; we take the lovelorn maiden away from the scene of her humiliation, so why not apply a similar remedy to the purposeless difficulties of children? I think all children should be taught to respect the property of others and to leave things alone, if only as a means of strengthening their own characters; but now and again comes an unreasoning, sweeping desire and it is of this I speak.

Assisting children to develop self-control requires tact, sympathy, patience and humor. Not that adults possess all these qualities in superabundance—far from it; but since training my own children I have marvelled at the amount of training I have given myself.

As soon as a child is old enough to understand what is being taught, the whys and wherefores of many things should be told him, resulting in more intelligence and easier compliance with requests and commands.

When temper is under consideration it is well to remember that each type is often an indication of personality and character.

The quick violent temper may be a little hard to subdue, but the owner is very often affectionate, extremely capable, energetic, and of strong, sound character, when that is formed; while a child who is never roused may be of a naturally sweet disposition, but is just as often phlegmatic and of slow intelligence. Contrary to accepted opinion, a



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Use "Vaseline" Jelly for first aid, for baby and for many other uses. Always keep it handy. At all Drug Stores.

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The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely. The pains of sciatica and rheumatism cease. You feel wonderfully healthy, youthful, and energetic—more so than ever before in your life!

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SIX O'CLOCK, the sun setting in a sulphurous mist. The crowd dispersed. The Davey family reluctantly took itself home to its chores and supper. Mac and Sandy did their chores. Bill, relieved to escape, helped milk. Dr. Myrtle insisted upon "separating." Fram, on the couch, his arm in a sling, apologized for his uselessness. Young Bill was quiet only when Martie held his feet to the oven. Rennie was in and out of the guest room. From the bunkhouse came the smell of bacon and eggs, and coffee.

"M-m-m!" said Dr. Myrtle rubbing her stomach. "I could go for some of that in a big way myself."

"Guess we'll have cans and jars," Bill grinned from the pantry. "There's no sand in them. Perhaps the bread will be all right if we cut off a thick enough slice all around."

Fram laughed: "Let's eat our peck of dust tonight."

"Oh, you may expect these storms regularly," said Myrtle, her eyes on Rennie opening wild strawberries. "Though this was the worst one of my experience. Nobody but Bill and his trained roadster could have plowed through that road, and even he should have known enough to bring a shovel along. If it hadn't been for an old coat he wrapped around one of the rear wheels, we'd have been on the road yet."

Bill, dropping the pork and beans can-opener, went out and fetched something from the car.

"Ren," he said sheepishly, holding an unrecognizable garment toward her, "it was your new coat we used."

She almost snatched it, rolled it into a bundle and threw it into the woodbox. As if it mattered! Even to think of a coat! Perhaps she was slopping over with sentimentality, but how could any one go on with his work or eat or anything, while that poor boy was dying under this very roof? She emptied the strawberries vehemently into a bowl, dished up the beans, then went back

to the guest room to light the lamp in there. Mrs. Hanson held it to Uno's face, handed it back in despair.

"He not open the eye," she said fearfully. "Uno! here is mother."

Rennie could not bear it. But what was there to do? A cup of tea—no, coffee; the Scandinavians were coffee-drinkers. She went to the kitchen and ground some, filled the percolator, put a yellow lustre cup and saucer on her Sheffield tray. There were some cookies in a canister. She arranged three on a plate. Remembering how Huldah, her father's Swedish housekeeper, had always sipped her coffee with a lump of sugar, she brought some out. The coffee smelled good as she poured it into the cup.

Mrs. Hanson thanked Rennie quietly. With a steady hand she took up the cup, its steaming fragrance filling the room.

"Uno," she said, holding it near his face, "here's your coffee."

Did his nose quiver? Mrs. Hanson's hand shook, the coffee spattering the saucer. Rennie rescued it, set it on a chair.

Uno's snores grew less forcible. He yawned, stretched his arms and, opening his blue eyes, smiled.

"Thank God," said Mrs. Hanson, dropping to her knees and drawing him to her, the first tears dimming her eyes.

Rennie felt herself crinkling up inside, tears in her own eyes.

"Dr. Myrtle!" she called excitedly, running to the kitchen. "Your patient's awake, smiling. I must phone Mrs. Davey; she's been such a peach. Bill, kill a couple of chickens; we'll celebrate. And, Martie, vegetables from the cellar!"

But Martie, almost throwing the baby into Rennie's arms, fled, clump, clump, clumping up the stairs. Rennie made a little face and pretended to shudder, though even Young Bill knew how happy she was.

"Welcome Inn," she laughed, hugging him to her.

The End

Cereals Have "Gone Modern"

Continued from page 23

served they contribute valuable food elements to the diet at low cost. They are excellent sources of heat and energy; they furnish considerable amounts of protein and provide minerals and vitamins essential to health. Cereals, especially the whole grains, are important for their roughage which helps to counteract our super-refined diet and maintains the regularity so necessary in good digestion. And, of course, their delicious flavor makes them doubly acceptable. This is one case where virtue and appetite appeal go hand-in-hand.

We housekeepers have today a keener appreciation of our good friends in the cereal family. Take bran, for instance. At first when science began to sing its praises, we ate it with a sense of duty for the sake of our figures or our complexions, but before long our air of martyrdom gave way to enthusiasm. For we soon discovered we liked bran very much in the tasty, attractive forms the food manufacturers presented it to us. Fortunately the commercial preparation retains all the goodness of the original product. In support of this statement, one need only refer to an interesting experiment recently conducted by the Nutrition Laboratory at Columbia University. The purpose of the study was to determine the amount of Vitamin B in All-Bran, one of the forms in which we may buy this worthy food. To quote from a report of the findings:

"In this age of automobiles and other machines which relieve mankind of much physical labor, there is an inevitable reduction in the amount of energy which a man must obtain daily in order to maintain his body weight. With lowered intake of calories there is a danger that the other nutrients which have been customarily ingested along with the calories will also be reduced. It seems likely that mankind will need to give increasing attention to the ash and vitamin content of the diet until

new food habits are established which guarantee liberal supplies of all these dietary essentials. One ounce of whole wheat bread will furnish sixty-two vitamin units, and 100 calories; one ounce of bran suitably prepared for human use, such as has been used in this investigation, will furnish at least forty-five vitamin B units with not more than about thirty calories. One ounce will also furnish vitamin B equivalent to that in one very large apple (100 calories), or five ounces of orange juice (sixty calories). Without adding very greatly, then, to the total calories in the adult diet, bran may contribute appreciably to the vitamin B content."

Are you reducing? If you are, you will be glad to know that bran is not "fattening" and that it provides certain food elements and roughage which are essential in any diet.

But we promised to tell you something of cereals as ingredients in a wide range of dishes which are not confined to the breakfast table. Here are some interesting suggestions to offer. Have you ever thought of using flaked cereals in meat or fish loaves, in omelets or casseroles? Or as a topping for scalloped dishes in lieu of crumbs? Or to take the place of crumbs when you fry fish, croquettes and the like? Try them; you will be surprised and delighted with the results.

The puffed grains are equally versatile. Put them in soup by way of garnish; use them in dainty little cakes of all sorts; add them to home-made candies.

Toasted sweetened nut-like kernels give their distinctive flavor to ice cream and many baked mixtures. Bran flakes or shreds are full of interesting possibilities for a variety of breads, muffins, cookies and so on.

Of course, no cookie jar is complete without the good old-fashioned oatmeal cookies, but there are many newcomers which bid fair to enjoy a lasting popularity. Some of them are merely new versions of the old



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"'Dirty Face' is the beginning of a great variety of acute face and skin conditions," says one of New York's leading beauty authorities. "One of the most important things for every woman to learn is how to avoid it."

Dirt ages the skin. It accumulates in the delicate tissues that line the pores, stretching them, irritating, toughening the skin. Get rid of dirt with Daggett & Ramsdell's two creams. They are the best that money can buy. Yet they are within reach of every purse.

● **EVERY NIGHT** use Perfect Cold Cream liberally to get rid of below-the-surface dirt. This marvelous cream provides the essentials every skin must have—lubrication, moisture, protection. Three groups of special ingredients supply them, all balanced properly of course. Famous for more than 40 years.

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In the Rex Research laboratory there is a small room, kept filled with flies at their most vigorous age—five days old. Each lot of Fly-Tox is tested here with a sprayer. Unless every fly dies, and quickly, that lot of Fly-Tox is rejected.

That's why Fly-Tox is so certain, so economical to you. Rightly sprayed in a room, it creates a perfumed mist, which no fly or mosquito can escape. That mist is harmless to people, stainless to anything. But these deadly pests all perish at its touch.

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Use Fly-Tox to protect your home. These insects carry disease germs of some 30 kinds. They contaminate all foods they touch. Their bites inject disease germs in the blood. Thousands of children, every year, die from insect-borne diseases. Rid your home of these pests—keep it free—for the sake of all who live there.

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Use Fly-Tox only, for safety's sake. Use it because it is the latest, most scientific product for this purpose. Use it for economy's sake—only 1 or 2 cents per room. Use it because this Japanese flower is the most efficient

factor that we know. It is easy, pleasant, sure. It is harmless, stainless, quick. Your home protection is too important to use a lesser method. Get Fly-Tox now. Sold everywhere. Fly-Tox is made in Canada.

We Serve Soup

Continued from page 21

soup with bits of left-over vegetables reheated and served with it, or mixed with any meat broth, vegetable water—anything you like. It may be plain or topped with whipped cream or other garnish and it may be served with different accompaniments—biscuits, toast fingers, croûtons, pretzels, and so on. Many other varieties lend themselves to more than one form of service and become especially valuable for this reason.

Vegetable and tomato are undoubtedly two of the most popular soups on the market. Chicken soup is also a general favorite and, of course, every one has a special preference. From the standpoint of strategy in meal planning, however, it pays to become well acquainted with the other varieties and take advantage of the downright, solid goodness they offer.

You will do well to make use of these condensed products in the preparation of other dishes; they are an ingredient just made to order for many purposes. The clear soups, for instance, are ideal as the basis for jellied meat dishes, as the liquid for the made-over meat loaf, and as an ingredient in sauces and gravies. Tomato and other vegetable soups offer endless possibilities and other varieties are not without their uses in this respect.

The main thing is to keep a goodly assortment on hand; then you are never at a loss for the right soup for any occasion which arises. We recommend these commercial products, for in the kitchens of the manufacturer, trained, experienced chefs work for us with all their artistry, skill and science. We have tasted, tested, and pronounce their efforts good.

Soup Piquant

- 1 Can of consommé
- ½ Cupful of undiluted canned tomato soup
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- ½ Tablespoonful of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated onion
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 1 Teaspoonful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of highly seasoned sauce, as mushroom catsup, Worcestershire or other table sauce.

Combine the consommé, tomato soup and boiling water and heat just to boiling. Melt the butter, add the onion and parsley and stir until they are lightly browned. Blend in the flour and add the mixture to the soup. Stir until combined, add the sauce and serve at once.

Chicken in Celery Sauce

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Can of celery soup
- ½ Cupful of rich milk
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento
- 1½ Cupfuls of diced canned or cooked chicken
- Toast

Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until blended and smooth. Add the celery soup and milk gradually and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the pimento and the chicken, heat through and serve at once on squares of toast.

This dish is delightful for summer entertaining and may be served on squares or diamonds of flaky pastry. Garnish with crisp parsley and fresh celery curls.

Baked Hash

- 2 Cupfuls of ground left-over beef
- 2 Medium onions
- 2 Small green peppers
- 1 Cupful of cooked rice
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Can of vegetable soup
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper

Grind the cooked meat, onions and peppers together through a food chopper. Add the cooked rice, the slightly beaten eggs, the soup and seasonings. Mix together thoroughly and spread in a greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—until nicely browned (about one hour).

Brown Sauce

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of consommé or bouillon
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter, add the flour and cook, stirring constantly until lightly browned. Add the liquid gradually and continue stirring and cooking until the mixture is thick. Season and serve.

One cupful of fresh mushrooms, cut in pieces and sauté in butter may be added to make a mushroom sauce.

For a light sauce, use equal quantities of strained chicken soup and milk, as the liquid.

June Gale

Continued from page 30

"Not I," Rennie shuddered. "Martie, wheel the cradle to the back porch. You and I'll get at the kitchen bedroom."

Probably the whole crowd would be sleeping here tonight. If Uno did get better, he and Fram in here; Mrs. Hanson and Dr. Myrtle in the guest room; Martie upstairs. If Uno did not—well, no use crossing that bridge till they came to it. One thing about Alleyndale, it could house a regiment.

This room, evidently an afterthought of Bill's father, was large, and, because of the door to the porch, had the advantage of privacy. Although it was cluttered up with a lot of junk, the furniture was dependable. A couple of coats of paint—blue? No, soft green—the rose voile set formerly belonging to the guest room, the old cedar chest covered with fresh chintz . . .

"Guess Fram showed sense, after all, about not puttin' in a crop," said Sandy at the pump. "It looks like most of Bill's new

rustless is blown to his place. Some people get all the breaks."

"Yes," guffawed Mac, sucking his mustache. "Broken arms."

Rennie heard as if she were in a nightmare. It did not seem possible that they could go on talking while poor Uno hovered between life and death, his mother frantically trying to waken him. "Uno, here's mother," she kept saying, and would talk rapidly in Swedish. Once, as if from inspiration, she took from her broad belt the old-fashioned watch she wore on a black ribbon. "Uno!" dangling it before him, "here's daddy's watch."

But with a regularity matching the watch's tick-tick, Uno went on snoring, the sound audible throughout the house.

"Oh, Bill!" Rennie had said, turning to her husband, "aren't the prairies terrible?"

"It's not the prairies," he answered softly. "It's life."

Life! That was not life; that was death.

Put the first four ingredients in a saucepan and cook until the mixture is thick and smooth.

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light. Sift the flour, soda and salt and add to the creamed mixture. Add the rolled oats and mix until it is very crumbly. Spread one-half of the mixture on a greased baking sheet pressing it down well. Spread with the filling and cover with the remainder of the crumbs, pressing down well into the filling. Bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahr.) for about half an hour then raise the heat to 450 degrees and brown the top. Cut into squares immediately and remove from the pan when the mixture cools. The finished product should not be more than half an inch thick.

Corn Flake Pastry

- 1/4 Cupful of butter
- 1/4 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of Corn Flake crumbs

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Roll the Corn Flakes with a rolling pin to obtain crumbs and add one cupful to the creamed mixture. When thoroughly combined press into a pie tin patting and shaping until the bottom and sides are covered with a layer of uniform thickness. Place in the refrigerator to harden. An excellent and easy filling is:

Lemon Cream Filling

- 1 Can of condensed milk
- (1 1/2 cupfuls)

- 1/2 Cupful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon

Add the lemon juice gradually to the condensed milk and stir until combined. Add the grated rind and pour into the Corn Flake pastry shell! Chill thoroughly and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Krispie Krumb Pie

- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Rice Krispies
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cornstarch
- 2 Egg yolks
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon

Roll the Rice Krispies very fine, sift them and add to them the butter and boiling water. Combine the sugar and cornstarch, add the well beaten egg yolks, the lemon juice and rind. Add this to the first mixture and stir until well blended. Turn into a pie tin lined with unbaked pastry and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahr.) for about twenty minutes or until the filling is set and the pastry browned. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff with three to four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Return to a slow oven (300 degrees Fahr.) until the meringue is delicately browned.

—Photographs of Cereals by Alan Sangster, Milne Studios.

At the Movies

Continued from page 4

this coming production should be a spectacular one.

In a different mood entirely is "Red-Headed Woman," the Katherine Brush magazine serial which aroused such wide interest that its presentation as a movie is one of the highlights of interest in the summer shows. Many stars competed for the honor of winning the coveted rôle of the red-headed lady, but strangely enough, Jean Harlow who won her fame through her platinum tresses has the job. Few of her fans would recognize her with her newly dyed hair. Anita Loos, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame has adapted the story for the screen. Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Una Merkel and Leila Hyams are also in the cast.

THERE was a particular interest this last month in the German picture "Two Hearts in Waltz Time." The interest lies, not so much in the picture itself, as in the different technique, in the different types of actors and actresses, and in the different viewpoint. The sort of picture one would see once as a "stunt." You too, will probably be annoyed at the number of people in the audience who understand German, and who laugh uproariously at conversations and jokes, spoken in German which are completely unintelligible unless one understands the language.

The photography is excellent; the character acting good. Being trained so much in the Hollywood idea of beauty, the German girls seemed rather untidy and thick-figured, and their voices metallic. But the music is catchy and it is simple enough to get the general trend of the story, for the sub-titles inserted at strategic points give a clear idea as to the motifs of the people in the story. But, until one has seen a film in a foreign language—one has no idea how much talking goes on. Surely, surely, surely we never talk as much in English!

YOU know the delicious enjoyment there is in a swift-moving detective or adventure story—and the vague regret when the last leaf is turned? That's the way, I believe most of you will feel at the end of the British-Gaumont picture "The Ringer." It is one of the famous Edgar Wallace thrillers, and has been made into a very good movie by the English producers. There are character bits in this story of mystery that could not be equalled anywhere. All the parts are well taken by a group of men and women who are not particularly well known; but they each fit into their roles with the smoothness associated with English stage casts. It is especially interesting to find a mystery picture treated in an entirely new way; over on this side we have had so many, following "The Bat," that entail sliding panels, long-nailed hands clawing at shuddering necks, and howling wind-storms around deserted houses. There is none of that in this picture; there is nothing macabre. Yet the suspense is keen; and the interest unflagging. Hearty endorsement of "The Ringer" from this department!

The following is a movie guide, supplied through the courtesy of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare; and published as a reliable survey for parents.

Junior Matinee

Amateur Daddy—Starring Warner Baxter. A worthwhile picture with good acting. The hero gives up his work and devotes himself to caring for the four orphaned children of his best friend. "Clean and refreshing as an April day."

She Climbs to Conquer (Canadian Universal)—Petite Sally Sophomore decides to climb Mt. Victoria, whose peak towers over 11,000 feet into the clouds. The story tells of her struggle with stark nature and her final triumph. The quick succession of thrilling incidents, against a gorgeous background of mountain and sky, make this a

WE SERVE SOUP

In connection with the photograph illustrating the article "We Serve Soup" on page 21, which was posed in the Chatelaine Institute, the china and silver was shown through the courtesy of Canadian William A. Rogers Ltd.; linen through the courtesy of Old Bleach Linen Company, Ltd.; and glassware through the courtesy of Roden Bros., Ltd.



This New Knowledge may save your baby endless torture!

IF your baby is peevish and fretful . . . if he keeps you awake half the night, tossing about in his crib . . . do not scold! First make sure that you are not at fault!

More often than not, leading doctors tell us, the trouble may be traced directly to Urea Irritation. The stinging uric acids crystallize almost immediately into tiny, gritty particles . . . invisible to the eye, yet harsh and cruel to tender skin.

Z.B.T. Baby Talcum will put a stop to this! Made according to the formula of a famous child specialist, this mildly-medicated compound powder not only soothes the skin, but *heals*, as well. Free from lime, mica or any other irritant, Z.B.T. contains a special ingredient which absorbs moisture, neutralizes acids and guards against infection.

Protect your own skin, too, with Z.B.T. When perspiration causes painful chafing, this pure bland talcum brings blessed relief. Use it also for "burning feet"—after shaving—and as a dusting powder.



Your druggist or chain store sells Z.B.T. in three sizes—50c, 25c and 10c. *Resent substitutes!* Get a can of Z.B.T. today and test it yourself. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon, with 2 cents to cover postage, and we'll gladly send you a full-size "Junior" can.

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Mrs. McKenzie's Prize Recipes

DELICATE CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter 2 teaspoons Magic
2 cups fruit sugar 4 teaspoons Magic Powder
3 cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
Whites of 6 eggs
1 teaspoon almond extract
Cream butter and add sugar. Sift flour and baking powder together several times. Add flour and milk alternately to the butter and sugar. Then add egg whites beaten very stiff. Add almond extract.

GOLDEN CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
1 cup fruit sugar 4 teaspoons Magic
yolks of 8 eggs Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 teaspoon orange extract
Cream butter and add sugar. Beat yolks of eggs until light, then add to butter and sugar. Sift flour and baking powder together several times. Add flour and milk alternately to butter, sugar and eggs. Add orange extract.

For both of the above, bake half the batter in small fancy cake moulds for about 20 minutes, in moderate oven at 375° F.; pour other half in layer cake tins, bake 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven at 375° F., and when cool cut in fancy shapes with cookie cutters. Decorate as illustrated with icing, chopped nuts, candied orange peel, jelly, cachous, maraschino cherries, etc.

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favorites while others are more novel in their use of prepared cereals of different forms. Corn bread is still sure of a welcome any time. So are other breads in which the fine meals or coarser grains make their appearance.

Cereals in pastry is a more novel idea and a very good one. So is the idea of serving the neat little cakes of shredded cereal with creamed fish or even as dessert with a fruit sauce. Don't overlook this suggestion some time when you want a change. Many of the cereals, as a matter of fact, combine splendidly with dessert ingredients and make the dish delightfully different.

The recipes we are giving you are representative of the many delicious oven products to which cereals in various forms bring their wholesomeness and good flavor. The list is by no means complete but other suggestions for this phase of cereal cookery will appear from time to time in the Chatelaine Institute pages.

All-Bran Bars

2 Eggs
1 Cupful of brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of All-Bran
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of chopped nuts
 $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful dates

Beat the eggs until light, add the sugar gradually and beat until thoroughly combined. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder. Combine with the egg and sugar mixture. Add the All-Bran, chopped nuts and finely cut dates. Spread about half inch thick in a shallow greased pan and bake for twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahr.). While still warm cut into bars about three inches long and one inch wide and roll in powdered sugar.

Corn Flake Macaroons

2 Egg whites
1 Cupful of granulated sugar
2 Cupfuls of Corn Flakes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped walnuts
1 Cupful of cocoanut
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Beat the egg whites until they are stiff but not dry. Add the sugar one-quarter cupful at a time folding in carefully. Add the vanilla and fold in the Corn Flakes, walnuts and cocoanut. Drop on a well-greased baking sheet, by teaspoonfuls and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahr.) from twenty to thirty minutes. Remove from the pan with a spatula. If they stick return to the oven for a minute or two to soften or dip the spatula in hot water.

Cereal Ice Box Cookies

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of butter
2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
2 Eggs
1 Cupful of All-Bran
3 Cupfuls of flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mass is light. Add the eggs which have been beaten until light. Add the All-Bran and combine thoroughly. Mix and sift the flour and baking powder and add to the first mixture. Shape into rolls, wrap in waxed paper and let stand in the refrigerator until needed. When thoroughly chilled and firm, slice thinly with a sharp knife and bake on a greased baking sheet in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr.) for ten to twelve minutes.

Corn Bread With Dates

1 Cupful of flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cooking bran
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of cornmeal
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Cupful of chopped, stoned dates
1 Egg
1 Cupful of milk
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar

Combine the dry ingredients and add the chopped dates. Beat the egg until light, add the milk, melted butter and sugar and combine with the dry ingredients. Bake in a greased square pan in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahr.) for twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Bran Muffins

1 Cupful of bran
1 Cupful of whole-wheat flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking soda
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of molasses
1 Cupful of sour milk
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter

Sift together the flour, baking soda and salt and combine with the bran. Add the molasses, sour milk and melted butter and mix only until the ingredients are thoroughly combined. Turn into greased muffin tins and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) for about one-half hour.

Corn Flake Cheese Straws

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of Corn Flake crumbs (sifted)
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
Dash of paprika
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of soft cheese

Roll the Corn Flakes until the crumbs are very fine. Cream the butter, add the sifted flour and the sifted Corn Flake crumbs. Add salt, paprika and the cheese which has been pressed through a sieve. Roll or pat until quite thin and cut in narrow strips about three inches long. Bake on a greased baking sheet for eight to ten minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahr.).

Bran Honey Bread

1 Egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of honey
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
1 Cupful of All-Bran
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of baking soda
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 Teaspoonful of salt
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped nuts
1 Cupful of chopped dates or figs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of milk

Add the sugar, honey and melted butter to the beaten egg and when thoroughly combined add the All-Bran. Sift the baking soda, baking powder and salt with the flour and add to this mixture the chopped nuts and fruit. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Turn into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahr.) for one to one and a quarter hours.

Krumbles

$\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of dates, stoned and cut in small pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of granulated sugar
1 Tablespoonful of butter
1 Cupful of butter, or butter and other shortening
1 Cupful of granulated sugar
1 Cupful of flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking soda
1 Teaspoonful of salt
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of rolled oats

The Thunder of New Wings

Continued from page 19

"How do we get across?" asked Theo. I said: "Make out your shopping lists and I will find some one to row us across. I believe there is an old dory in the creek. Myrtle told me that Fairbarn rowed her over through the rain a day or two ago."

Out of doors the warm sunshine was delightful. My homesickness had vanished. I sang as I hurried round the house to find an oarsman, however decrepit, to propel us across that brilliant blue harbor that, now at full tide, danced in a thousand sunnycrested waves.

Alonzo Haight was standing before his front door, a solid, rather sinister figure. He touched his fur cap with a gesture of offended majesty but neither of us spoke. Through the open door I had a glimpse of a figure of great bulk nursing the cat on a slanting, check-aproned lap. This must be Mrs. Haight. From the woodyard came the cheerful hiss of a saw and I directed my steps toward it. There was Jarge severing the end from a log, the mound of fine, sweet-smelling sawdust beneath the blade growing with each stroke as the sand in an hourglass. Jarge's hours being thus marked, I thought, while his strong old sire waxed stronger basking in the sun.

"Good morning," I said, "and how shall we get to Balmeny?"

He raised his eyes that always looked bewildered, to mine. "Balmeny," he repeated. "Well, if you can find Toby he'd be your man. You'll meet a stiff breeze out in the harbor and there's none can manage a dory equal to him."

"If he is the Will-o'-the-wisp you say he is, it may not be easy to find him."

Jarge leaned on his saw and raised his nasal voice for Myrtle.

She appeared at the kitchen door with a fowl she was plucking hanging from her hand.

"Whereabouts is Toby?"

She raised the half-bared body in her hand and pointed with it toward the barn.

"I mind now. My father sent him to mend the harness. You'll find him there."

"May I take him from his work, then?"

"Ay, that's a job that can stand over." Still I hesitated. "Do you think—after those blows, you know—that he will feel able to row a heavy boat so far?"

Jarge laughed grimly. "That? My goodness, that wasn't half a beltin' Toby got. My father had just only got started. That won't bother Toby. He'll be glad enough to go."

I crossed the passage and went out by another door into a yard where rusting implements and an old cart stood. Here I found Toby. He was stoning blackbirds with a ferocity and precision of which I had never seen the like. His lips were drawn back from his white teeth; his whole agile body seemed charged with the desire to kill. One of the birds lay dead at his feet; another hopped about with a dragging wing.

"You young villain!" I exclaimed. "How dare you kill these poor birds!"

"Dad wants them killed," he replied, staring at me boldly.

"Well, no more shall be killed or maimed on this farm. Oh, that poor, poor thing! Never throw a stone at a bird again, do you hear?"

"They eat the corn."

"Yes, but they destroy countless worms and bugs. And then the cruelty—how could you!"

He sent the stone that was in his hand skimming along the ground. I could not but admire the wicked grace of him.

"Well," I said grimly, "I don't think it will hurt you to row us to Balmeny."

"I'll row you there fast enough, if that's what you want," he said.

"First, catch that poor wounded bird and destroy it."

I could not shut my eyes, but I pressed my clenched hand against my mouth as he leaped after the poor thing, caught it, and twisted its neck.

Returning to fetch my cousins, I made up

my mind to say nothing to them of what had happened. It would hurt them horribly. Better bury such a dreadful picture in my own breast, try to forget it if I could. They would have hated the boy for his cruelty. But what could one expect of Toby! He had been nurtured on cruelty.

I remember that Vicky wore a black and white striped flannel skirt that day. She wore, too, a white knitted pullover and a soft white hat with a sort of silvery down on its surface. I remember the start of surprised admiration that lighted Toby's eyes as he helped her into the dory. I fancy that his eyes had never rested on anything quite so exquisite and airy as Vicky in the morning sunshine.

We found old Fairbarn in the stern of the boat with the rudder in his hands. Captain Haight had ordered it so, he explained. There was pretty nigh half a gale in the harbor, and he would take no chances with such a precious cargo. Vicky looked a little nervous.

"Is it safe, do you think, for us to go?"

Fairbarn smiled delightedly in his beard. "E' golly! it's as safe as a church," he said.

Toby had to wade out to where the dory had been tied. His shoes and socks lay on the bottom of the boat and his trousers were rolled above the knee. His slender legs glistened with sea water. He pushed off the boat, sprang in, and, unconscious as a child, sat down and began to draw his socks that seemed full of holes, on to his wet feet.

We smiled at each other. It was all so strange. Here were we three so far from home, perched on the narrow rough seats of the dory; Vicky in the bow, holding the bright woven basket which she loved to carry shopping; Theo and I, our arms about each other's waists, on one seat; this gypsy of a youth dressing himself in the midst of us; in the stern the little old man, his silver hair and beard stirring lightly in the breeze. All about us lay the gently moving surface of the creek, and beyond, the flat fields divided by low stone walls fringed with moist ferns.

Toby adjusted the oars in the thole-pins, dipped them, and the dory was no longer a battered, uncomfortable old boat with slimy sea-shells, ends of rope and old tins strewn over its bottom, but a sentient being that strained toward that meeting in the harbor with the waves it loved to ride.

We rounded the narrow point where one black rock jutted sharply from the land like an iron tip on an arrow. Then, before us lay the harbor rocking with great green billows, and beyond, Balmeny like a painted picture. Across from the point just where the creek joined the harbor, a fine square house with white pillars stood on an open stretch of green lawn with a bright flower-bed before it.

We were interested, for it meant a possible neighbor.

"Miss Fiveash lives there," explained Toby, resting on his oars while the dory rocked in the trough. "She owns most of Balmeny. Her father was a great man here. She's a character, all right."

"A character?"

"You bet. She does just what she likes. She don't mind nobody. She lives in that big house alone with a couple of servants. When the war came she went off as a nurse and stayed away for years. They say it's her that's made Mr. Baldry, mayor of Balmeny. Isn't that so, old Isaac?" He looked over his shoulder at Fairbarn.

"E'golly, it is so. She's a woman after my own heart. Nothing stops her. No, nor her people afore her. Yon house that you see was brought by the first old Loyalist, Fiveash, all the way from New York in a square-rigged ship and set up there in this new land to be his home. E'golly, that's what I call a temper."

"She's got one herself," said Toby.

"He! He! You're the one that ought to know it, Toby," Fairbarn peered around Toby's shoulder to wink at us.

"You shut up," said the boy, "or I'll



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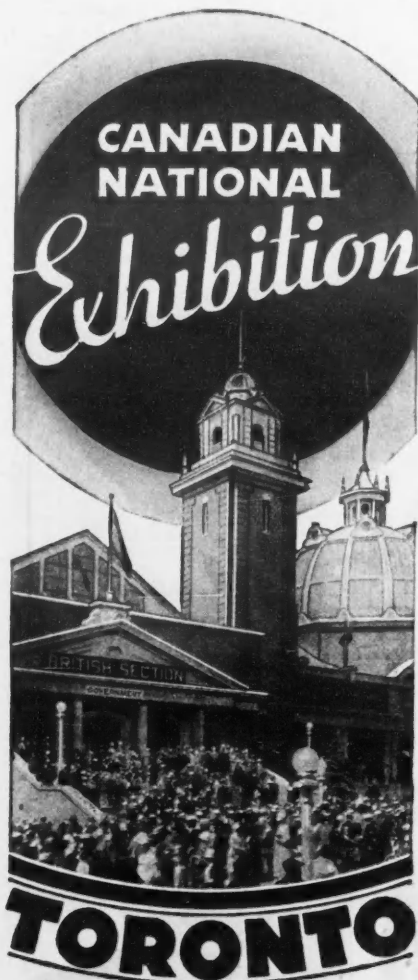
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Fireman Save My Child—Joe E. Brown takes the hero's part as fire chief, inventor

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Flying Leather—The art of boxing among college students and wee tots.

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Congress Dances—A European production, sophisticated in tone, but carried out with gaiety and charming music.

Winnifred Kydd—an Informal Chat

Continued from page 26

small wonder that she says the remark that makes her most indignant is, "I suppose you had a gay time in Geneva!"

"Gay time!" says Miss Kydd. "The Bureau of the Conference at its first meeting decided that there would be no large entertainments owing to present economic conditions and to the seriousness of our work. Therefore small dinners and luncheons were the only form of festivity."

As a full delegate, and with the offices of most of the women's organizations in Geneva, Miss Kydd received many requests and held many interviews with women from all parts of the world. In addition there were the "plenary" or full delegate meetings as well as conferences between the Canadian delegates, and conferences between the British Empire delegates and the various committees of the conference.

"But what was your most difficult experience over there?"

"I think the broadcast when I knew my friends at home could hear," said Miss Kydd. "I usually speak without notes, but, of course, I had to use them then. I found myself alone in a small room with a strange boxlike affair in front of me, enclosing what looked like an enormous sponge! Five minutes later word came from New York that my first broadcast had come in clearly." Friends of Miss Kydd in Canada and the United States say that her voice came across the seas as clearly as if she were speaking in the room. Even Alaska listened to the Canadian woman delegate.

"But do you feel the Conference has achieved anything?" And from the way Winnifred Kydd squared her shoulders I knew again that she had had many arguments on this question.

She thought a moment, and then said firmly, "I believe in the Disarmament

Conference. Not, as so many people think, just because I was a delegate, nor because I am a Utopian visionary. I believe in it, for I know the spirit of co-operation existed in Geneva. I saw the feeling take shape until the final unanimous passing of Sir John Simon's motion that the Conference endorse "qualitative disarmament."

"People over here," she went on, "can't realize the very great divergence of opinions that the various countries must bring to such a conference, based on their geographical and political position. We do not realize sometimes the disappointing slowness with which such a mighty, world-wide reform must be realized."

"I believe that a solid foundation has been laid for future discussions. The unanimous approval of the Conference on Sir John Simon's motion endorsing the 'qualitative disarmament' was a very definite step forward. But even now, in this connection alone, there are endless arguments to be settled in deciding just what are 'aggressive' arms."

Winnifred Kydd has come home full of confidence in what may be attained in the years ahead, if people will only realize their responsibilities in the matter. "Tell your readers," she said, "not to relax their interest in peace and disarmament once they have signed the petition. It is an educational process in which every woman must take an untiring interest. We must broaden our national and international horizons, and try to understand the viewpoint of those who differ from us, in order that we may ultimately solve the problem of world disarmament."

"For Disarmament is a movement which must be cumulative. This first conference has laid a broad foundation. The educational process must be carried on by every man and woman in the civilized world!"

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have a word with Toby about a pair of oars that had strangely disappeared from her skiff.

As we descended the steep, hot street to the wharf, she and Mr. Baldry carrying all our parcels, she exclaimed fervently: "You know, we're just delighted, Pat and I, to have new neighbors, for we've quarrelled with every one about, and now we can begin on you; eh, Pat?"

"I'm very sure we could never quarrel with Miss Lashbrook. She looks above quarrelling," rumbled Mr. Baldry, looking down at Vicky.

"Oh, indeed I'm not!" cried Vicky. "I'm the most quarrelsome of the three."

"Only when you're crossed, Vicky," put in Theo.

"I would never cross you," said Mr. Baldry.

"There still remain myself and Theo," said I. "We will quarrel with you, if necessary."

"Nonsense," said Miss Fiveash. "We shall none of us quarrel. We shall be friends and neighbors and face the narrow prejudices of Balmeny together."

THE warm, brilliant weather still prevailed, filling all our movements with a fresh vigor and making us more and more reconciled to our lot. Since our discovery of Miss Fiveash we did not feel so isolated. Mr. Baldry was the subject of interesting speculation to us.

When spring came and we had got rid of Captain Haight, and replaced him by some competent, yet biddable farmer, we felt that things would be very well with us.

It was Sunday. My cousins and I had been rowed across the harbor by Toby. The chimes in the tower of the English church had sent their music to us across the water that now rippled in sunny tranquillity.

We had bribed Toby to wash out the dory, so that it was quite respectable, but he was as unkempt as on a weekday.

He had joined some loafers on the wharf, while we three sought our respective churches.

When the service was over I walked along the street, set in viscid green hedges, toward the English Church to meet Theo and Vicky. I entered its shady graveyard to wait for them. The low murmur of responses came out to me. Here, tall elms and chestnuts cast a flickering shadow on the lichened gravestones, some of which had fallen and lay sunk in the moisture of the long emerald green grass. The little iron fences about the plots were red with rust; everywhere the moisture from the sea was setting its mark.

Before one stone I stopped to read the time-darkened inscription. I read aloud:

Sacred to the Memory of

Mr. James Harcourt

Who died at sea September 21st, 1785

And was interred at Balmeny, 25th.

Aged 34 years 1 month and 6 days.

"Upright and virtuous, true in all employ The Public's favorite and his parents' joy An early fate has snatched him from our eyes,

In Christ we trust, to endless bliss he'll rise. May the Great Fountain of all bliss and power

Support his parents in this needful hour."

As I read the last words in a low sing-song, another voice but deep came from close behind me:

"He was my age to a month."

"And you are also the Public's favorite," I returned, without taking my eyes from the gravestone.

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that."

"But it is the mayor of Balmeny who is speaking, is it not?"

"Yes, that's true. But I am also editor of the Balmeny Herald, and the Public took something I said in my paper so ill that they broke a window in my office last June."

"And are you 'true in all employ' and 'upright and virtuous' as well?"

"I believe I'm true and upright, but virtuous—Why don't you turn around and scrutinize me? I'm sure you could discover."

But something kept me from turning. "I am fascinated by this old headstone," I said.

"I am very sure," he returned, "that the Miss Lashbrooks would find the mayor of Balmeny more interesting, even fascinating, than a toppling gravestone."

"They will be out any minute. I hear the last Amen."

He walked around the grave then and faced me, his hands resting on the stone. Our eyes met and we laughed.

Vicky and Theo, accompanied by Miss Fiveash now joined us. A stream of people were passing along the gravelled walk.

Mr. Baldry raised his straw hat. "I am simply crushed," he said, "by the unkindness of your cousin."

"If Joan is stern with you, it is a sure sign that she likes you," replied Theo.

"Now wait till I tell you about it," he began.

"We're all going to walk home together," put in Miss Fiveash. "I'll get a boy to run down to the wharf and tell Toby not to wait for you."

"I'll get the boy," said Mr. Baldry, "but just listen to my little tale of woe."

"The rector is coming with us," went on Miss Fiveash. "We must just wait for him while he gets out of his surplice. You'll love our rector. He's so distinguished looking."

"Do you know," persisted Mr. Baldry, "that Miss Elliot . . ."

"My good Pat!" cried Miss Fiveash, "do send that message to Toby or we shall never get on. Here comes Mr. Ramsey."

The rector, a stalwart, straight-backed figure, joined us. When he was introduced, he looked keenly into each face in turn, his firm, smooth-shaven lips smiling genially but his grey eyes, I fancied, rather cold.

Mr. Baldry returned and we set forth. He and Vicky followed close behind the rector and Miss Fiveash, while Theo and I brought up the rear.

"Was it a nice service?" I asked.

"Rather feeble singing," she replied, "but I enjoyed the sermon. 'Sanctuaries of the Soul,' it was. Miss Fiveash sat just in front of us. You should hear her sing. She was determined to buck the congregation up, and, in fact, she almost swamped them. Then she'd stop and listen to see how they were getting on without her, and the bottom seemed to fall right out of things. But I like her. I think she's rather a dear. And the rector's very handsome, isn't he?"

"Very. What do you think of Mr. Baldry?"

"I think he and Vicky look rather funny together."

"Beauty and the Beast," I suggested.

"No. She's like a little crescent moon—" "On the arm of a roaring breaker," I offered.

Theo laughed and the two ahead looked around. "You're talking about us," cried Vicky.

"Just sweet flattery," said Theo.

"I heard something about a crescent moon," said Vicky. "If you meant me, you know I simply hate it. Almost as much as being called a sunbeam."

"Never mind, dear," said Theo soothingly; "we know you're a little storm demon inside."

ARRIVED at the house, we straggled toward some basket chairs on the lawn. Pat Baldry said to me in his low, deep voice: "I am rather sorry for Mrs. Ramsey. She has a remote, sad look, and I think Ramsey is rather an overbearing fellow—one bound to have his own way. Now I'm not overbearing, even though I have a sort of heavy villain look. A woman I loved could do anything she liked with me."

"I see you love Miss Fiveash, then," I said teasingly.

"Yes," he returned, gravely, "I do love her, though not as a lover. Rather as a patient loves the doctor who bullies him out of his fancies. I depend on her. If it weren't for her, I'd chuck all this mayor and editor business and never amount to anything. I was a civil engineer before the war but I had barely got started. I have no connections, and in these hard times there seems to be

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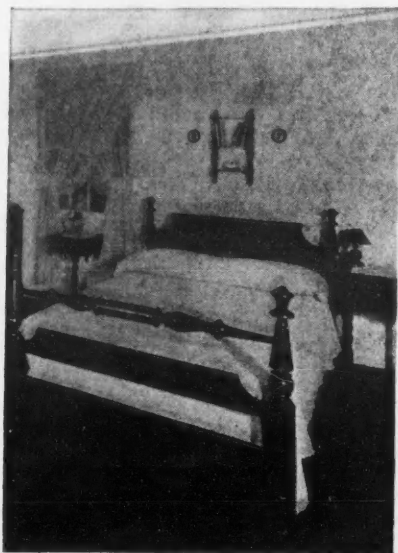
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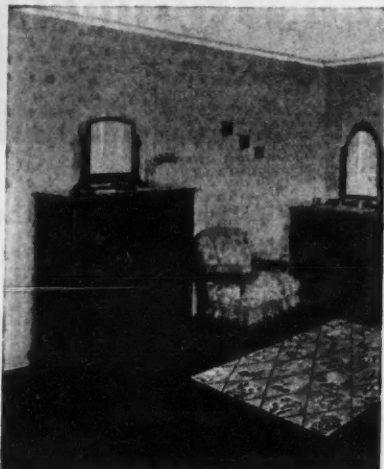
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throw you overboard and you'll swim home."

"Don't you sass me before these young ladies or I'll tell the captain and we'll see what you'll get."

"Be careful! Watch the boat!" cried Vicky, for a wave had struck the side and pretty thoroughly wet us.

Sailors at work loading schooners at the dock stopped to watch us make our precarious landing, and to shout encouragement. We passed beneath the great red and black stern of a steamer and, at last, bumped safely against a little floating wharf in the shelter of a stone warehouse. It was no easy business for us to clamber out of the rocking dory, and, when we did get on to the wharf, its swaying made Vicky quite dizzy; so Theo hurried her to the solid dock while I remained with the two men to arrange when we were to reassemble.

Fairbairn declared that he was going to spend the time resting on a bench with two old acquaintances near the dory, where the warm sun would bake the rheumatics out of his old bones.

"I've things to do myself in the town," said Toby mysteriously, "but I'll be on the watch for you. I couldn't miss the three of you if I tried."

"Well, don't get into mischief," I admonished.

"Mischief?" He gave his small, hard grin, "I'm never out of it."

I HAD quite lost sight of my cousins, and there was so much to be seen on the wharves that I longed to loiter. Craft of all sorts pressed closely about it, and sailors, fishermen, trippers, and idlers of all sorts made the place a hive of unhurried activity. An artist, seemingly unconscious of the group about his stool, painted a little grey fishing smack from Midbey; sailors were polishing the brasses of a luxurious little steam yacht with *Florida* on its life-preservers; and dark-faced West Indians unloading fruit from a rakish-looking vessel with a tattered sail. Two old fellows with sandy whiskers and patched jerseys talked portentously together in the shade of a dark red buoy that towered above a tangle of rusted chains.

I saw Vicky and Theo before me, climbing the short, steep hill to the main street. I quickened my pace and overtook them. It was hot in the narrow, cobbled street and the smell of drying codfish was choking.

"Do you know," said Theo, as I came abreast, "I saw Toby just now walking off with a brown, foreign-looking girl. I believe he's a very devious young man, never up to any good."

"He's dark enough himself," replied Vicky. "Perhaps she is a relation. I do wonder whether there is a decent fruit shop here."

We soon found one which had an excellent supply; oranges, peaches, pears and plums, early apples, and great mounds of lemons and pineapples. Near me stood a barrel full of bottles of vaseline, and another of cakes of pink and green soap, and still another heaped with dulse. A large, stout woman in a tweed suit, carrying a walking-stick, stopped before this and took up a piece and chewed it thoughtfully as she waited for her change. She looked around at me suddenly from under a fringe of henna-colored hair. She had shrewd, sharp eyes and a strong metal-like voice which I heard as she said to the clerk—"And if those peaches are as punky as the last ones were, back they come, dory hear?"

"Oh, I'm sure you'll find these very nice and juicy, Miss Fiveash," said the clerk, carefully dropping the change into her broad, extended hand.

She pocketed the money, and, picking up another piece of dulse, began to eat it, while her eyes roved about the shop as though looking for somebody.

AT THAT moment a thick-set man of about thirty-five entered, grasping in either hand the brass-studded collar of a ferocious looking bull-terrier. The dogs had evidently been in a fight, for they were still snarling and one of them was bleeding from a scratch on the nose.

"Oh, Pat, Pat," exclaimed the lady in her

loud metallic voice, "why did you let the dogs get into a fight? Poor Biff has his pretty nose bleeding? Loosen your hold on Bang's collar, Pat. You're throttling the poor dear."

"I'd knock their heads together for very little," replied her companion, and his voice was as rolling and sonorous as hers was high and metallic. "They've led me a pretty dance. First, they attacked an innocent little child, and took his ball from him and punctured it so it will never bounce again; then they ran between the legs of a negro who was carrying a basket of herring on his head. Each grabbed a herring and started off, but the butcher's mastiff attacked them, and it took the butcher and his boy and me to separate them."

Miss Fiveash, still chewing dulse, stared down at the dogs and murmured: "Poor darlings."

"Pat," as she called him, had loosed the dogs who now stood shamefacedly before their mistress, and had taken off his hat to wipe his forehead. He was, as I have said, thick-set, and he had a bullet head covered by crisp, brown hair, a prominent nose, a small, hard-looking mouth; and, as he turned his head suddenly and looked me full in the face, I saw that he had large, yellowish-brown eyes, with a bold, even brazen expression in them.

Vicky and Theo had come to my side, and, when Miss Fiveash saw the three of us standing together, her face broadened into a genial smile and she marched over to us.

"Now, I must know," she said, "whether you are not the young ladies who have come to Captain Haight's. If you are, you're my neighbors and I give you a hearty welcome."

I said that we were, and she had to have our relationship explained and shook hands with each of us in turn. Had we done our shopping, she asked. Very well, we might just walk along together.

She led the way with Vicky, the dogs at her heels, the rest of us straggling behind. When we reached the street, she turned with a laugh, "Lord forgive me!" she said. "I've never introduced you to Pat Mr. Patrick Baldry, editor of the *Balmeny Herald*, mayor of Balmeny and future member of parliament for the county of Balmeny, if he only can raise the energy to fight for it. Also my greatest friend. There you are!"

"In short, Baldry of Balmeny," growled the young man.

"He can't help that voice of his which is like young thunder," said Miss Fiveash, "and he can't help those tigery eyes, but, once you get used to him, he's like the dove, more biddable than he looks. Shake hands, Pat, and don't growl at the pretty young ladies."

"Miss Fiveash takes pleasure," rumbled Mr. Baldry, with a slightly sulky look, "in making me appear as ridiculous as possible. You see, I was shell-shocked in the war and she nursed me back to sanity, and she seems to think that a good deal of stern discipline is necessary to keep me from relapsing."

"Were you really insane?" asked Vicky very gently.

"Bless you, not insane," cried Miss Fiveash; "just silly. Knocked clean silly."

I felt my hand taken in a strong, warm clasp, and Mr. Baldry's tawny eyes looked into mine. There was something rather appealing about him. For all his look of sturdy, good health, his eyes showed that he had suffered. I heard Miss Fiveash telling how he had been in Austria when the war broke out; of his imprisonment, his escape after extreme hardships, of the decorations he had won, of his being shell-shocked, and of his final delivery into her hands. All this she told at the top of her voice, as we walked along the street, without once taking breath, though she halted for a moment to threaten the butcher's mastiff with her stick. Mr. Baldry allowed her thus to play the part of showman, with a smile of mingled mockery and resignation that sat oddly on his small, hard mouth.

They were walking to her place for luncheon, it seemed, but when she discovered that we had rowed across, she declared that they must see us safely into the dory.

She welcomed, too, the opportunity to

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and where will you find a healthier vanity over something good, well done, than in the female sex? Neither sex has the edge on the other in this respect, but one thing is certain, that no person lacking a sense of pride in his or her achievements ever accomplishes anything really worth while.

Nine women out of ten will tell you that they cannot see any attraction in a woman's leg; they cannot possibly see what a man can find to admire in a nicely shaped calf and ankle. Yet these same women will go to endless trouble and expense to make their own ankles as attractive as they can.

Beverly Owen also brings up the question of Lodge Regalia. Granted. It is the one bright spot in the lives of thousands of men, but if he brings this up as an example of male vanity, he has obviously never been in a woman's lodge. I was myself for some years a more or less honorary member of a Women's Lodge and had ample opportunities of watching the members, and the sisters of visiting Lodges, in initiations and degree work, and though I have no intention of giving away any Lodge secrets I can assure you that Solomon in all his glory had nothing on these sisters.

Anyhow to get nearer home, who is it that carries a vanity case, and whose vanity table is it in the bedroom, and what chance has the average man even to leave his collar and tie on it, and if he does take a chance, it is smothered with powder? The bedroom is invariably—when it is shared by both—designed to represent the wife's idea, to reflect her personality and to satisfy her vanity. When she has any friends they are always taken into the bedroom to take off their wraps, to admire the ensemble and to fix themselves up. When the husband has any friends, they take off their rubbers and hang up their hats and coats in the hall and they are supposed to be all set, their vanity does not demand any attention with lipstick.

On the whole, Mr. Owen is all wrong, and I do not think any one else realizes it better than he does himself.—Norman English Beaurepaire, Quebec.

A Chinese Point of View

I TAKE the stand that women are vainer than men. For proof I have the evidence of my own eyes and ears, since observation of the life about me in this land of my temporary adoption is one of my habits, and I also make the statement from knowledge of the women of my own race. Women of whatever race will meekly submit to any fetish, any torture, any humiliation, in order to subscribe to the dictates of fashion and custom. Chinese girl children in times not so long past had their feet hideously bound so that they might appear small when womanhood was reached. Japanese women used to sleep with their necks in a groove in a block of wood that their coiffures might not be disarranged at night. I have before me an ancient copy of a fashion magazine containing plates of the styles worn by English and American women not so very many generations ago and the famous "wasp waists" are a good argument for the feminine vanity that in those days forced every woman to squeeze her interior organs out of place in an endeavor to be in the prevailing mode. The high French heel of the stylish shoe worn today is a menace to the lady's life and limb, but try, if you please to persuade her to forego it! I live in a region where forty-below-zero weather is the rule all winter, and it is a very common sight to encounter some young lady, who has every appearance of normal intelligence, wearing sheer chiffon hosiery even in a blizzard. Last winter in my city twenty-two girls were in hospital at various times with frozen limbs. The test of vanity in an individual is the degree of docility with which she slavishly follows the dictates of male dressmakers and milliners in Paris.

The ordinary weakness of self-esteem which you will find in many males is as nothing compared with this. I send copies of *Chatelaine* home to China frequently. There I have seven well-educated sisters and I am told that they take the greatest interest in—I should like to say the reading matter

but truth compels me otherwise—the fashion pages! I shall merely add the fact of the supreme display of feminine vanity which will persuade a woman that she can marry a drinking man and reform him. It is not her love for the roué, the reprobate, the profligate, that urges her to marry him, but her vanity, my friends. One might argue or ridicule a man out of his self-conceit but never a woman. It is in her blood and bones and is rooted in the very fibre of her being. —Su Ah Hui.

Dictionary Proof

PROVE he's wrong in 500 words? Sure. What is "Vain," according to the dictionary? "Empty, unreal, deceitful; producing no good results; conceited, ostentatious." Who is all of these? She knows it, too. Empty? Nothing in her, so as soon as she gets her "freedom," she tries to be a man. Watch a woman's enjoyment when she's got a pair of pants on. Unreal? How much of what you see is her? Hair-dye, rouge, face-powder, eyebrow black—why you see 'em putting it on, they're so scared of being real. Deceitful? Hear 'em on the phone. "That's Mary. Oh, bother! . . . Oh, hullo, dear. Oh, Mary, I'd love to, but I simply can't. I'm terribly sorry—" and so forth. Producing no good results? Only babies, and the Birth Control people are stopping even that. Conceited? What man carries a mirror around in his pocket, and gazes at his map every chance he gets? Ostentatious? Look at the clothes line on wash days. What man ever hankered after frills? I guess I win, for all Mr. Owen can argue is that men pay their bills for them, and put on uniforms and lodge regalia. Why? Because the wee wifie likes to see her man with more medals and fixings on than Mrs. Jones's man has. Isn't a woman vain of her husband, but what man is vain of his wife? He often is inclined to push another man's face in, if he catches him looking at her. Watch a woman show another woman something she's got, which she thinks the other hasn't. Lastly, aren't we told that "All is vanity and isn't a woman frequently all the world to some man? Q.E.D.—John Nelson.

Women Have Always Been Vain

THE article "The Vainer Sex" rouses my ire.

Peep into almost any home some evening. A knock comes on the door. The man may have his coat off, his sleeves rolled up and be wearing house slippers, but he will immediately answer the knock. Would the woman? Never. If she is wearing an apron, off it comes. She must look in the mirror and pat and push her hair and quite possibly use her powder puff. No one must see her until she is just right.

A man can go out and have a game of cards and enjoy the game, but a woman can never enjoy the game unless she is sure that the refreshments will not equal those she served last week, and that her flowers were more beautiful; and then, if the present lunch surpasses hers, she will immediately whisper to her neighbor, "How can she afford—"

Likewise a woman will suffer in a hot kitchen for hours some morning just because some one is coming for dinner and she has a reputation to uphold as an extra good cook. A man could invite the gang in and serve cheese and crackers, or open a tin of beans and be quite happy even if Tom did have oyster stew last week. No so a woman.

Men like things for their own sake, a favorite coat, a comfortable chair, a special pipe, but a woman likes a thing in proportion to its appeal to her vanity. Her cry, Did it cost more; is it newer? If it is expensive and the newest thing out, she likes it. If it isn't the latest, she doesn't like it. Funny, isn't it? Many a man has gone to jail because his wife insisted on keeping up with the Joneses to satisfy nothing but vanity.

From the time Eve chose the fig leaves most becoming to her peculiar style of beauty, down to the present, women have been and still are the vainer sex.—W. J. A., Ancaster.

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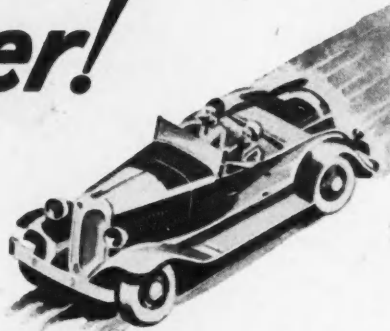
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little doing in the engineering profession."
"You look far more like an engineer than a mayor or an editor," I said. "I can imagine you building a railway across a desert or tunnelling under a mountain, but I cannot see you presiding at a meeting of the council or writing an editorial on the need of better lighting on the streets."

"I did both of these things last week, with

the proper solemnity due to the occasion."
"Just the same, I think Miss Fiveash is making a mistake," I said.

Who is Toby? And what part will the mayor play in the lives of the three girls—Vicky, Theo and Joan? Another powerful installment of this distinctive modern novel next month.

To be Continued

So Women Really Are the Vainer Sex?

An unchivalrous attack by the husbands of some Chatelaine readers in response to the Editor's request for masculine opinions.

IT WAS an exceedingly difficult task to select the most interesting letters from the hundreds received in answer to Mr. Beverley Owen's article "The Vainer Sex." A great majority were eliminated, unfortunately, for forgetting entirely the stipulated length of five hundred words. However the husbands rallied stalwartly and, in no uncertain terms, proved to their own satisfaction that women were by far the vainer sex. Here are some of them.

It's Man's Fault

I STILL believe that the feminine is the vainer sex, but I willingly grant that it is man who has fostered the spirit of vanity in woman. We have always made it worth her while to court our approval, and so we cannot in reason blame her for her preoccupation with her appearance. A man will declare loudly and often that it is the old-fashioned girl, the sensibly dressed girl, she who is an expert with the skillet and a kind of younger edition of his own mother that he admires most. But does he seek out this type on whom to lavish attention? You and I both know the answer to that one. It is always the giddiest little girl in the ballroom who has the most dances.

Individual men have an overweening conceit, it is true, but as a class men are, I contend, rather too humble than otherwise. Man's alleged complacency is actually a sublime unselfconsciousness, or forgetfulness of himself. That he is undisturbed at the idea of his wife seeing him asleep with "mouth ajar" and in need of a shave, is merely that it has never occurred to him how unattractive he might look in the circumstances. Man goes to bed to sleep, not to pose for his photograph. And have you ever heard of a man running baby-ribbon through the top of his nightie? Men are up against too stiff odds in the business world to leave them any shreds of conceit they may have started out with, for all vanity is whipped out of them in the daily battle with competitors. Woman's mode of life has always ministered to her conceit, in that as queen of the undisputed kingdom of home she has ever been "it"—unless, of course, she lives with her mother-in-law. Until comparatively recently women did not know any harsh contacts with the world, but even the most aggressive business woman has her days, I am sure, when she feels utterly baffled, beaten, and "no account." However, I have heard that she has a sure antidote. All she needs is a new hat or frock and an outing where she may preen herself, perhaps indulge in a mild flirtation, and so regain her customary self-esteem. I cannot conceive of a man curing himself of the blues by going out and buying himself a new hat.

What male would undertake to live on a lettuce leaf and half a graham cracker in order to ensure himself a slim waistline? Where will you find one who will deny himself a second helping of the succulent mashed potato with plenty of rich gravy, or who will consent to mortify the flesh with rolling exercises, Swedish massage, mud-packs, skipping, knee kicks, back-bends, somersaults, and so forth, that at thirty-eight he may be mistaken for sweet sixteen and boast the figure of an anaemic stripling? —A. W. F., Regina.

WHEN the author of "The Vainer Sex" makes the statement that women are only agents to men's vanity, he, being a man, makes himself an object of male vanity that almost proves his point. But let him try suggesting to his own women acquaintances that they are only agents to men's vanity, and he will get a reaction that will make him need the stimulus of some of the male ego bracing he deems so beneficial.

Such a statement might have passed at a time when woman's place was definitely in the home, but now when woman's place is where she happens to be, it is sacrilege and sedition to suggest faintly anything that would appear to place her in an inferior position or to humble her pride.

On the other hand, women can, and often do, indulge their vanity by disparaging remarks about men. When a wife says that John is so helpless about shopping that he can never find anything, that he is forgetful, or that he looks ridiculous in a tail coat, she is not trying to make her husband out to be a stupid or a clumsy fellow, but to show what a capable, efficient, and lovely person she is by comparison.

The present order of things, far from being ordained to gratify men's vanity, is just the other way about. When a man meets a woman, he must raise his hat; he must rise when she enters the room; he must wait till she is served first, and so on; and from his earliest moments he is taught by his feminine relations to regard women as the sole custodians of all that is good, sweet, and holy.

Mr. Owen suggests that when a man buys a present for a woman, he buys the best to satisfy his own ego. Possibly, but much more probably because he knows full well that to offer anything second rate would offend the vanity of the recipient. Further, what if men do indulge some of their vain impulses by proxy? Do they sin alone? When a woman dresses her baby in hand-embroidered napkins, or hand-embroidered whatever else a baby wears, does she do it to bolster up his infant self-complacency or to satisfy her own pride? I am willing to give Mr. Owen three guesses. —A. Z. N., Toronto.

NOBODY, man, woman or child, is worth anything without some spice of vanity, for nobody has anything but at least a mild form of contempt for the continually self-effacing type. But the way the article plays up what little vanity a man may have, is little short of ridiculous.

Nine out of ten married women will tell you that, as far as personal appearance is concerned, vanity is a negative quantity with their husbands; and if it were not for perpetual nagging, their men would never look tidy and most decidedly would never get into a boiled shirt. I really cannot understand why this boiled shirt matter should have come into the question at all, for it is as much a badge of servitude for a man as the old-time brass collar; and the brass collar had this advantage: it could be padded around the inside to make it more comfortable. As for vanity about personal achievement, what is more natural and what personal achievement would there be worth anything, if vanity was suppressed,

¼ Cupful of water
1 Cupful of whipping cream

Peel and crush the peaches, sprinkle with the sugar and let stand in a cool place. Cut the marshmallows in small pieces, add the water and heat in a double boiler until the marshmallows are completely melted and the mixture smooth. Add the sweetened peaches and allow the mixture to cool. Chill and when slightly stiffened fold in the cream which has been whipped only until it will hold its shape.

Prune Sponge

2 Egg whites
4 Tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar
Pinch of salt
1 Cupful of prune pulp
2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice

Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar and salt and beat until combined. Fold in the prune pulp to which the lemon juice has been added. To obtain the pulp, press cooked prunes through a fine sieve. Place in individual cups or in the tray and freeze in an electric refrigerator

This Mother-in-Law Bogey

Continued from page 14

"For instance, grandpa used to do fearful things with a toothpick after each meal. I had become so used to it that I felt only a mild annoyance unless guests were present, but it almost drove daddy wild. Didn't you express a slight dissatisfaction the other morning, Marilyn, with my lifetime habit of breaking toast into my breakfast egg? It never disturbed you before. You didn't know it, but you were looking at me through the eyes of a worried wife trying to keep her mother from getting on her husband's nerves. Instinct.

"Then you know I am not naturally a neat and orderly person. How often you have said to me, 'Mother, I don't see how you can ever find anything in this drawer. Do you mind if I straighten it out?' I take that after grandma. She used to cut quilt patches and leave a trail of scraps and ravelings all over the house. Daddy was the soul of neatness and could never become used to disorder.

PLANNING the meals was another nightmare. During the last years of his life daddy was obliged to diet. Grandma and grandpa would not eat most of the things included in his menu, so I was obliged to cook two sets of meals. By the way, George, it made me positively ill to look at that rare beef you ordered at the restaurant the other evening. I like mine done to a crisp."

"Can't we compromise and have it medium?" asked George.

"There will be plenty of compromising to do just between you and Marilyn without introducing further complications. It requires great love and great tolerance to make people willing to compromise. There are hundreds of situations coming up all the time—hundreds of miserable, petty little pin-pricks. It seems to me my whole married life was made up of them. The old folks liked to keep the house at a temperature of eighty in winter; daddy and I liked it at seventy. One of them was always reading the evening paper when he came home. That ended in daddy's buying an extra on his way home every evening. Grandpa and grandma were both hard of hearing, so it was necessary to carry on all conversations in a slightly raised tone of voice. As a consequence, small talk languished. But why go on? You can't help seeing."

"Well, if we anticipate these things rationally, don't you think we can handle them as they come up?" enquired George. "We're still willing to risk it, aren't we, Marilyn?"

"But I'm not," I replied. "My hazard is as great as yours. I hadn't come to that yet. I am willing to grant you that old people are fussy and queer and set in their ways, but young people also are fussy and queer and set in their ways. The difference is that in the young this is merely a legitimate quirk of personality, while in the old it is childishness. The first time I caught you two lifting your eyebrows and looking resigned over some notion of mine I should certainly make a scene. By the way, I thought I caught you at it last night."

"Never mind, you may sit in the front seat with George whenever you want to, darling. I only winked at George. We didn't lift our eyebrows nor look resigned."

"You know very well I always get car sick in the back seat, Marilyn," I cried indignantly. "Well, I warn you that I intend to give you plenty to lift your eyebrows about even though we are under separate roofs. It's been years since I spent any money foolishly. There have always been the payments on the house to meet, the taxes, the insurance, the living expenses. Marilyn's education, my own summer school work. Now for a few years I intend to make whoopee in a sober, elderly way. I shall travel in the summers, buy a car, a few first editions, and perhaps a fur coat. You know perfectly well I wouldn't have the courage to do these things if I saw before me daily reminders that you children needed a new dining-room rug.

"Well, after sowing my autumnal crop of wild oats, I shall retire upon my school pension and my endowment policy and do all the things I have never had a chance to do—be idle with a clear conscience, sleep late in the mornings, read late at night, go and come as I please, entertain my queer, tiresome old friends—"

"Mrs. Pearson!" murmured my daughter. "Certainly, Abby Pearson for one. By the way, Abby is coming to dinner tonight."

"Good heavens, mother, I've asked George."

"Of course, George must stay, too."

"No thanks, Mrs. Douglas," said George hastily. "Marilyn and I will go down town to dinner and a show."

"Abby wants me to join her bridge club," I went on. "I tried to join once before, you remember, but I had to miss so many meetings I gave it up. That's another reason I can't live with you and George—you would always be wanting me to stay with the children on the evenings my club met."

"That's the second time you've mentioned children, mother. Please remember that the wedding doesn't take place for two months. But anyway, we'll hire a woman to take care of them on your club nights."

"Maybe you would, but you'd be saying to yourselves, 'Well, as much as we do for mother, I'd think she'd be willing to give up her silly old club this once.'"

"Mother!"

"Yes, you would. I've said it many a time myself."

"You are perhaps the most pessimistic woman in the world," said my future son-in-law, "but I like you anyway. Remember, the south room in our almost-completed love-nest is for you. We want you and don't forget it."

"And I want you to keep on wanting me," I replied, taking a hand of each. "I do not wish my daughter and son-in-law to be subconsciously anticipating a happier state of affairs when I have passed on to my reward. In fact, I have a childish desire for them to be very sorry when I die. You're sure you won't stay for dinner? There's plenty. All right then, what time shall I expect you back?"

I saw Marilyn's brows begin to draw together as they always do when I cluck over her. Then we all burst out laughing.

When they had gone, I hurried out to put the roast in, for Abby like myself wants her meat well done.

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Frozen Desserts

Continued from page 20

beaten egg white in addition to whipped cream and may be frozen in the same way, without stirring.

Ice creams made with a custard base and a small quantity of whipped cream freeze very satisfactorily in the mechanical refrigerator. Occasionally, cornstarch, tapioca, marshmallows or junket are included to thicken the mixture and to lend variety. The whipped cream may be added when the mixture is frozen to a mush, using cold utensils and working deftly. A second stirring after it again begins to freeze ensures a smooth velvety texture.

Ices and sherbets are the least rich. They should be stirred during the freezing process. To do this, it is not necessary to remove from the tray but stir well up from the bottom and from around the sides. If beaten egg white is to be added, turn the mixture into a well chilled bowl and whip lightly and quickly with a thoroughly cold beater, then fold in the egg white. Stirring should be repeated two or three times during the freezing, the first about half an hour after the mixture is put in the tray.

Sponges have a beaten egg white base, sweetened and flavored. They are inexpensive, easily made, and very suitable as a plain dessert for the children as well as the rest of the family. They need not be stirred and will be light and delicate.

The freezing compartment of your electric refrigerator offers you opportunity to serve all sorts of delightful frozen dainties, and the temperature control, properly used, speeds up their preparation and later holds them at the proper consistency until required. Put your trust in this faithful servant when you want a plain dessert for a simple meal or a very special one for a gala occasion—one which is sure to please any time.

Burnt Almond Parfait

- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of hot water
- 2 Egg whites
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shredded toasted almonds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of almond extract

Place the sugar in a heavy saucepan over low heat and stir constantly until melted. Add the hot water gradually and cook until the syrup spins a thread. Beat the egg whites until stiff and pour the hot mixture slowly over them, beating during the addition and continuing until the mixture is cool. Chill and fold into the cream which has been whipped only until it will hold its shape. Add the flavorings and fold in the prepared almonds. Place in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator and freeze. This makes approximately one quart.

Fresh Strawberry Mousse

- 2 Cupfuls of fresh strawberries
- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
- 2 Egg whites
- 2 Cupfuls of whipping cream

Wash and hull the berries and crush with a fork. Add the sugar and let stand or heat until dissolved. Add the salt, put through a colander or coarse sieve and chill. Add the lemon juice and fold in the beaten egg whites and the whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator tray or individual serving cups and freeze in a mechanical refrigerator. Makes ten to twelve servings, and is delicious garnished with whole fresh berries.

Orange Custard Ice Cream

- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of orange juice
- Grated rind of two small oranges

- 2 Egg yolks
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Boil the sugar and water together until the syrup spins a thread. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the orange juice and rind and the salt and pour a little of the hot syrup over the mixture. Return to the saucepan and cook for three to five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and cool. Chill and fold in the cream which has been whipped only enough to hold its shape. Turn into the electric refrigerator tray and freeze. Six servings.

Banana Milk Sherbet

- 3 Large bananas
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of evaporated milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of orange juice
- Pinch of salt

Peel the bananas and remove the fibre. Mash thoroughly with a fork or force through a coarse sieve. There should be one cupful of pulp. Add the sugar, milk, orange juice and salt and set in the refrigerator for twenty minutes. Stir occasionally to dissolve the sugar. Turn into the tray of an electric refrigerator and freeze.

Lime Ice

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of lime juice
- Green coloring
- 1 Egg white
- Pinch of salt

Boil the sugar and water slowly for ten minutes. Add to the lime juice and cool the mixture. Tint a delicate green with pure food coloring and freeze firm in the tray of an electric refrigerator. Remove from the tray to an ice-cold bowl and beat vigorously with a Dover beater which has also been chilled, until the mixture is very light. Fold in the egg white which has been beaten until stiff, and to which the salt has been added. Return to the refrigerator tray and finish freezing. Lemon juice may be used or part lime and part lemon. Increase the sugar if a less tart product is desired.

Frozen Coconut Tapioca

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca
- 2 Cupfuls of scalded milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of corn syrup
- 2 Egg whites
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of vanilla
- 1 Cupful of shredded coconut, toasted and crumbled

Add the tapioca to the scalded milk and cook over hot water, stirring frequently for fifteen minutes or until the tapioca is clear. Strain the hot mixture through a fine sieve, stirring but not rubbing to force it through. Add the salt, sugar and syrup to the hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Cool and chill. Beat the egg whites until stiff and add the two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Whip the cream until firm but not stiff, and fold both carefully into the chilled tapioca mixture. Add the vanilla and fold in the toasted coconut. Freeze in the tray of an electric refrigerator.

Fresh Peach Marshmallow Cream

- 1 Cupful of crushed fresh peaches
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar
- 20 Marshmallows

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The Domestic Workshop

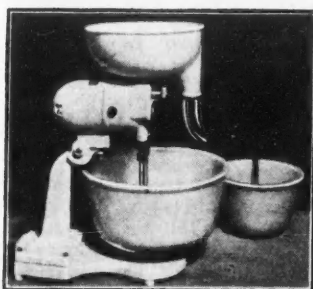
a regular department for the ferretting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.

A department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how much time you spend just mixing up batters, or mashing potatoes, or whipping cream? There's no way of hurrying the process when it is done by hand. If you leave your mixture a minute too soon, you'll have an inferior cake or lumpy potatoes or watery cream.



An electrical home mixer speeds up the business of preparing meals and ensures perfect results.

If you have never used a home mixer you have never known what freedom from the mixing bowl means. It leaves you free to set the table or to get on with the rest of the cooking, and—what is just as important—you know that the batter will be uniformly smooth, the dressing perfectly blended, the cream whipped to just the right stiffness, and the last drop of juice extracted from your oranges, lemons or grapefruit.

The type of mixer illustrated, the Sunbeam Electric Mixmaster, doesn't even require your attention. It does its work quickly without special adjustment or holding. The photograph shows it with the juice extractor in place. Do you notice the spout? It turns in any direction you please. The extractor is simply slipped on top when it is required. It is just as simply lifted off when you want to use the mixer part of the Mixmaster. Although, as a matter of fact, you can, if time presses, use both mixer and extractor at the same time. The motor is powerful enough for this.

The Mixmaster can be used at four speeds. There is a little lever at the base which regulates it to the speed your particular job requires. And one thing most of us appreciate: it is practically self-cleaning. When you have finished mixing your batter or whipping your cream, you can simply fill the bowl with clean water and revolve the beaters on it. If you prefer to wash the beaters apart from the machine, they are very easily snapped off and on again.

Besides mixing batters, mashing potatoes, whipping cream and extracting fruit juices, the Mixmaster can also be used for mixing drinks—such drinks, for instance, as malted milks and egg drinks. And, in addition, there is a unique attachment, a salad oil-dripper, which releases oil drop by drop into mayonnaise mixtures. If you like to make your own dressings—and most of us do—you'll realize that this automatic dripper has a tremendous advantage over slower methods. One simply pours a cupful of oil into the juicer bowl and sets the dripper attachment to release it drop by drop into the mayonnaise mixture in the mixing bowl below. The beaters continue to mix the salad dressing, and the oil drips down into the mixture at the rate you set it for, without any attention on your part.

YES, it's amazing the amount of work one can get through with the aid of efficient kitchen helps. There's the special glass-enclosed mincer, too, of which you may have heard. It consists of a heavy glass jar and a metal cover with a hole in the top. Through this hole is placed a rod with sharp stainless steel blades. A spring placed over the rod gives heavy pressure to the movement of the rod and blades. A wooden handle screws on top of the rod, and there is a removable wooden block that fits inside the jar. The beauty of the device is, of course, that the hands are kept entirely free from stains when chopping up fruits and vegetables, and, too, the fearful odor that is the inevitable accompaniment of chopped onion, is kept enclosed along with the onion itself, inside the glass jar.

The Tearless Mincer is perhaps doing its finest work when it is chopping up onions. If this were its only use it would be worth its price. But the mincer is used just as handily for other chopping chores, too. It will chop fruit, nuts or berries, cabbage for salads, lettuce, celery, peppers, parsley and greens of all kinds. It is useful, too, in preparing food for baby. And it has this great advantage, that it doesn't crush or press the valuable juices out of the food it minces.

THERE is just room for one more household help. Have you been introduced to Duco Plastic Wood yet? If not, it's high time you met it. The manufacturers claim that it is a repair kit in itself and it certainly does perform unrivalled work around the home. It mends the sort of things that are always cropping up—loose handles, for instance, loose banisters, baseboards that are shrinking away from the floor, cracks in furniture—a dozen little odd jobs. Plastic



Two convenient household helpers—Plastic Wood for repairing woodwork, and the Tearless Mincer for stainless and odorless chopping chores.

Wood is a wood compound of the consistency of thick paste, which hardens to wood on exposure to the air. It is very simply applied. You mold it into position with the hands or a suitable tool and it hardens as it is exposed to the air. When it has hardened, the mend is scarcely noticeable, for Plastic Wood has all the characteristics of wood except the grain. It can be sandpapered, planed, sawn or turned in a lathe, and painted, enameled or ducoed in any desired color. A practical sort of a mending kit to have in readiness for those repairs that are sure to be needed in the fall.

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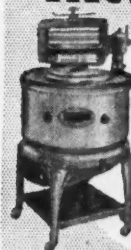
Your Sewing Machine

Is it newly oiled and ready to dig into that pile of sewing? It pays to have it regularly overhauled, just as you do your car. The Chatelaine Pattern Service has a specially selected showing of fall and early winter styles on

Pages 56, 57, 58 and 59

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.

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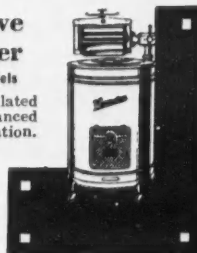
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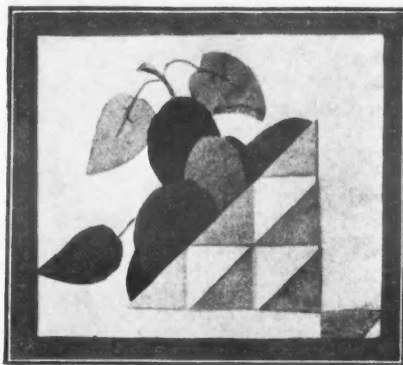
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COMING—The FRUIT BASKET QUILT

TO SEE it is to love it—this gay and enchanting quilt, with blocks that bring all the riot of color and variety of form found in Nature's abundant fruits. Illustrated is one block only—there are thirty-two fruits to complete the quilt.

Beginning in an early issue, groups of these blocks will be shown every month in

Chatelaine. They can be worked in a combination of appliqué and outline stitch—and as full directions will appear each month, any woman can start in to make this quilt, without experience.

The blocks will be in the exact pattern to be used; trace it through on carbon paper, and work the blocks as directed.

What Hope for the Conference?

Continued from page 15

other commodities, all of which we produce or can produce in great quantities.

And this condition works, or would seem to work, two ways. In other words, if Britain would appear to be buying from foreign sources much that she might buy from Canada and other parts of the Empire, it is equally true that Canada and the rest of the Empire would appear to be buying much from other sources that might be bought from Britain. In 1929, for example, over \$1,250,000,000 of manufactured goods entered the Dominions, India and the Colonies from foreign sources. They were manufactured goods of a type that Britain can supply.

THUS, on paper, the problem of Empire trade appears simple enough. The man in the street, or the woman in her household, misled by the rhetorical nonsense of the politicians, wonders why the question is not dealt with, why the necessary preferences aren't set up without so much discussion. Why, they ask, why not have Canada buy more British manufactured products, and have Britain buy more of Canadian foodstuffs and have done with it?

The problem, unfortunately, is not as simple as it seems. It is, in point of fact, extraordinarily difficult.

One of the difficulties—the chief difficulty—is that Canada is an industrial country. Dominions like Australia and New Zealand are different. Largely pastoral countries, they are concerned only with selling their pastoral products in the British market, are prepared to take British manufactured products in return. They can do this without injury to any domestic interest. Canada, on the other hand, manufactures practically everything that Britain has to sell.

Britain is anxious to sell Canada four or five lines. She wants a market over here for steel and steel products, for engineering supplies, for textiles, for leather products, for porcelain. Canada has industries producing all of those things. They are industries which have been built up through years of patient effort, which represent an investment of hundreds of millions of capital, which give work and wages to hundreds of thousands of Canadians, which help sustain Canadian business, and Canadian railways and ports.

The problem which therefore arises is this: How far can Canada go in giving Britain low preferential duties without injuring these Canadian industries? Or, to

put it in another way, how far should she go?

Canada is desperately in need of a market for her wheat. She is hard pressed for wider markets for her butter and eggs and livestock and hogs. But can she afford to injure her own industries which provide Canadian farmers, or many of them, with a home market, for the sake of a better British market for her wheat and other produce?

OUT on the prairies many women, if they read this, will give but one answer. They will say, as so many have been saying, that Canada cannot sell if she does not buy; that we cannot expect Britain to buy our wheat and our farm products if we refuse to buy her manufactured goods.

Perhaps the answer will be right. But, right or wrong, it doesn't help the representatives of Canada in this Conference to get over the objections of a powerful group of Canadian manufacturers. And the manufacturers, in this attitude, are not alone.

There is the offered solution of "complementary production." What the proposal means is that the industrial leaders of Britain and Canada get together, try to discover what each can manufacture cheapest and best, then divide the task of supplying the Dominion's needs. The proposition has the appearance of being reasonable, but while the British are all for it, and it has the support of the British Federation of Industries, Canadian industrialists have been cold toward it. They have been so cold that meetings with British manufacturers have been anything but harmonious.

This brings us to the attitude of the British. If, for reasons that may be good or otherwise, Canada cannot see her way clear to make greater concessions to British goods than those which now exist, what will the British do?

It is impossible, of course, to answer with authority. But if one may judge from the talk of British delegates here, then there can be little doubt about what will happen. What will happen is that the existing British tariff will be applied to Canadian goods.

These British delegates in Ottawa, hard-headed statesmen like Neville Chamberlain and Walter Runciman, did not come to Canada to talk patriotic platitudes. They came to talk business, to bargain. They have been suave and polite, but they have also been terribly frank. They have made it clear that their main task is to achieve

Continued on page 54

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PURITY SALT

A Directory of Food Products and Their Place on the Menu

LONG COOL DRINKS

by M. Frances Hucks

A FROSTY, refreshing drink increases the enjoyment of every summer occasion. From the family picnic with its carefree air of gay abandon to the luxurious formality of a society garden fête, the long, cool drinks of summer win highest favor.

What an excellent idea, then, to have a beverage shelf; a separate section in the pantry where bottles of sparkling, tangy, carbonated drinks are waiting to be popped into the refrigerator as soon as the chilled ones come out. Enthusiastic families and appreciative guests are the rewards for such preparedness.

A satisfying variety of flavors is offered by the manufacturers; no one better realizes the vagaries of human likes and dislikes, or more fully appreciates the desire of most of us for a beverage with "taste." High in the scale of popular choice is ginger. The tang and "bite" of this particular flavor make one of our most popular carbonated drinks—ginger ale. No beverage shelf is complete without a generous supply of this clear amber drink. It satisfies, just as it comes from the bottle. Its uses in combination with fruit juices and other beverage materials make it doubly valuable, while as an ingredient in desserts and jellied salads it is steadily increasing in popularity.

Other sparkling carbonated beverages with distinctive flavor and color may be added to the supply shelf according to personal fancies.

These effervescent liquids, besides being so good in themselves, supply the "pep" for many a fruit punch. With them, too, we can manufacture our own ice-cream sodas. There is nothing simpler than to put a generous spoonful of ice cream into a glass, half fill it with ginger ale or other carbonated drink, mix it thoroughly, then add more of the liquid to fill up the glass. More elaborate sodas might combine three or four ingredients, but are equally simple when the supply shelf is adequately stocked. Here's a home-made soda that uses a happy combination of flavors. Into each glass put:

- 2 Large tablespoonfuls of ice cream (chocolate or vanilla)
- 1 Teaspoonful of chocolate syrup
- 1 Tablespoonful of pineapple juice

Add a little ginger ale and stir well. Then fill up the glass with more ginger ale.

Chocolate syrup is a standby on the beverage shelf, and fruit juices may be purchased in tins or bottles or may be saved from fruits which have been used in salads or desserts. It is fun trying out new combinations for home-made sodas, and the results often rival those of the soda fountain.

Of course no beverage shelf would be complete without tea, coffee and cocoa or chocolate. Fruit juices and syrups, flavorings, canned milk products, and various sweeteners occupy important places, too. Tomato and sauerkraut juices are welcome variations in the beverage list and one

would do well to have them present with the others.

When the above staples are augmented by such perishables as milk, cream, eggs and fresh fruits, there is scarcely a beverage refreshing or nourishing that cannot be concocted in a minimum of time.

At family meals, picnics, for entertaining or for between-meal refreshment, there is a drink to suit the occasion. Its purpose may be to quench thirst and refresh; in such cases chilled carbonated beverages, iced fruit drinks, and clear, frosty iced tea or coffee are ideal. Or it may be to supply nourishment in a pleasant and easily digested form. Whatever be the purpose, these long cool drinks will increase the enjoyment of summer and lessen the strain of hot weather entertaining.

Directions for Making Iced Tea

- 6 Heaping teaspoonfuls of black tea
- 1 Pint of freshly boiled water
- 1½ Cupfuls of granulated sugar
- Juice of two lemons
- Cold water

Pour the boiling water over the tea and let it brew for six minutes. Strain and pour the liquid into a two quart container. While hot, add the sugar and the lemon juice. Shake or stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add cold water to fill the container and serve in tall glasses with chipped ice or ice cubes. A slice of lemon may be added if desired. This makes about two quarts or seven tall glasses of iced tea.

N.B. Do not allow the tea to cool before adding the cold water; otherwise the liquid will become cloudy.

Instant Punch

- 1 Cupful of pineapple juice
- 1 Cupful of grape juice
- 4 Bottles of ginger ale

Combine the fruit juices and just before serving add the ginger ale. Serve with ice and a garnish of fresh mint.

Chocolate Orange Milk Shake

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chocolate syrup
- ¼ Cupful of evaporated milk
- ½ Cupful of orange carbonated beverage

Combine the ingredients, and shake with cracked ice until foamy.

Chocolate Ginger Iceberg

- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of chocolate syrup
- ½ Cupful of milk
- ¼ Cupful of ice cream
- Ginger ale

Put the chocolate syrup, the milk and the ice cream in a tall glass and fill the glass with chilled dry ginger ale. Stir and serve at once.

For free recipe book . . . write Box 73, Montreal, Dept. J

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How proud you are of him! How carefully you safeguard his food, his rest, his play—for you want him to grow up the healthiest boy in the land. Of course, you worry when he doesn't want to eat. And that's why we are reminding you of a cereal so tempting children can't resist it.

It's Tastie

Give him a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Breakfast, lunch or supper—watch him eat! Rice Krispies fascinate children. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream. One of the best cereals for young folks.

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Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green package with the sealed WAXTITE inside bag. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



FOR THE CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR. Songs and stories children love.

The stitch used is open enough to let the heat come through.



Just a few scraps of wool, and there's an egg cosy for each member of the family.



For Summer Evenings

Gay little egg cozies and a hot water bottle cover that knows how to behave itself.

by MARY E. SIEBURTH

THESE adorable little egg cozies add just the right touch of gaiety to the breakfast table. They can be made from odd scraps of wool left over from some larger article, and they take only a moment or two to knit. The good-morning egg seems twice as delectable when it is so saucily—and warmly—covered.

The chicks require 2 No. 11 bone needles (British) 9 inches long, or 2 No. 11 steel needles (American) 9 inches long. 1 ounce of 4-ply yellow fingering or silk and wool mixture—makes four.

Work in a firm, even stitch.

Cast on 5 stitches. Knit 1 row increasing in last stitch by knitting into the front and back of stitch.

2nd row—Increase as directed in previous row in first and last stitches. Repeat this row two times making 12 stitches in all. Knit 2 rows even.

7th row—Knit to last stitch, increase and cast on 3 stitches. This is for beak.

8th row—Cast off 1 stitch, knit to end of row. Knit 1 row even. Repeat the 8th row, slipping the first stitch to make a firmer edge. Knit 1 row even.

12th row—Slipping the first stitch, cast off 2 stitches. Knit to end of row.

13th row—Increase in first stitch. Knit to last stitch. Increase and cast on 3 stitches for lower beak.

14th row—Cast off 1 stitch, knit to last stitch, increase and cast on 3 stitches making 20 stitches.

15th row—Increase in first stitch. Knit to end of row.

16th row—Slipping first stitch, cast off 1 stitch. Knit to last stitch. Increase.

17th row—Same as 15th row.

18th row—Slipping the first stitch cast off 2 stitches. Knit to last stitch, increase, making 21 stitches in all.

19th row—Increase in first stitch. Knit to end of row.

20th row—Knit even, repeat 2 last rows. Knit 4 rows even.

27th row—Knit to last 3 stitches. Knit 2 tog., knit 1. This is at chest and leaves 22 stitches on needle. Knit 13 rows even, making 20 ridges from commencement. Rib in k 1, p 1, for 4 rows. Cast off loosely. Knit another piece of fabric in the same manner. Oversew edges together on wrong side leaving the inside edges of beak. Turn to right side, take a red yarn and oversew the edges of beak together, leaving about 3/8 inch stitch at widest part of mouth and narrowing to a point at ends of beak. Embroider the eye in black.

HERE is a hot water bottle cover that knows how to behave itself—so many of them don't. But this one is knitted with a firm, open stitch, in order to let the heat come through. The two sides are knitted separately and joined together, leaving a "placket hole" on one side which fastens with press studs, and an opening at top and bottom for the projections on the bottle. The cover is designed for a medium-sized bottle, but it is elastic enough to fit a larger size if need be.

The cover requires 1 1/2 ounces of 4-ply fingering yarn or silk and wool mixture, 2 No. 8 bone needles 9 inches long, or 2 No. 4 bone needles (American Standard).

Beginning at the bottom cast on 18 stitches.

1st row—Knit through the back of the stitches to make a firm edge. Cast on 1 stitch at end of row.

2nd row—Increase in first stitch by knitting into the front and back of stitch. Knit to the last stitch, increase as in first stitch. Continue thus, increasing in the first and last stitches in every row. Knitting in garter stitch until there are 39 stitches on needle.

12th row—Knit 13, * wool under and over knit 2 tog, repeat from * to last 12 stitches, knit 12. Knit 3 rows even (garter stitch).

16th row—Knit 11 repeat from * to last 10 stitches knit 10, knit 3 rows even.

20th row—Knit 9, repeat from * to last 8 stitches, knit 8. Knit 3 rows even.

24th row—Knit 7 repeat from * to last 6 stitches, knit 6. Knit 3 rows even, repeat the last 4 rows 12 times. This makes 16 rows of open stitches in all.

76th row—Knit 9, repeat from * to last 8 stitches, knit 8. Knit 3 rows even.

80th row—Knit 11, repeat from * to last 10 stitches. Knit 10. Knit 3 rows even.

84th row—Knit 13 repeat from * to last 12 stitches. Knit 12.

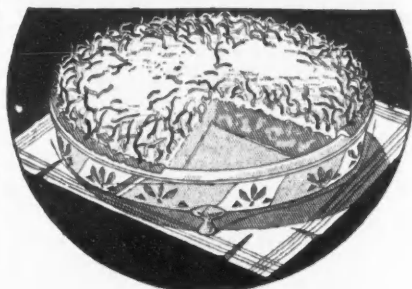
85th row—Knit 2 stitches tog. Knit to last 2 stitches. Knit 2 tog. Repeat this row until there are 18 stitches left. Knit 10 rows even. Cast off on wrong side of fabric. Place on ironing board wrong side up. Pin to measure 11 inches long at longest part and 7 inches across, place damp cloth on top and press with warm iron.

Pick up 21 stitches down one side—between the 5th and 15th open rows—and knit 2 rows, knitting through the back of the stitches in first row. Cast off loosely. This is for the opening of cover upon which the fasteners are sewn. Knit another piece of fabric in the same manner.

To make up cover, pin edges of fabric together wrong side outside and oversew, being careful to maintain the elasticity of the fabric, leaving an opening at top and bottom for the projections on bottle.

Press seam on wrong side and sew on six small fasteners.

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COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 cups milk, scalded
- 1 cup Baker's Coconut, Premium Shred

Line a deep 9-inch pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes, then decrease heat to slow (300°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

(All measurements are level.)

• • •

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

A4-32M

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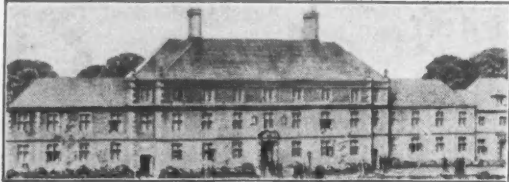
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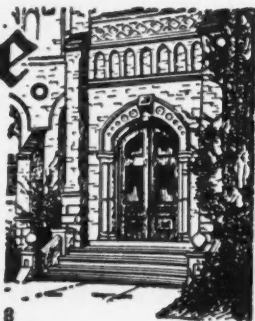
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What Hope for the Conference?

Continued from page 50

something for their people at home and that if Canada or any other Dominion is not prepared to do business with them, then they are not going to do anything that may hurt their chances of doing business elsewhere.

And Britain, it must be remembered, has some other very good customers; people she cannot afford to offend. There is, for example, Argentina. British capital invested in Argentina is over \$2,500,000,000, a sum vastly greater than British investments in Canada. Britain, in fact, has a greater amount of capital invested in Argentina than in Canada and the United States combined. And she has an investment in Brazil of \$1,500,000,000. People in Canada know and hear very little about all this. To most of us South America is only part of the map and we hear of the countries down there very seldom, or when toy revolutions occur and are over almost as soon as they are started and without harm.

There are almost as many miles of British-owned railways in Argentina as there are in Britain. No less than \$1,250,000,000 of British money is invested in these roads and nearly half the shipping of the River Plate is British. The ownership of the tramway system of Buenos Aires is seventy-four per cent British, and British investment in the cattle and meat industry of Argentina is so great that most of the profits of the industry go to Britain.

THIS being the position, Canada can hardly expect Britain to throw over Argentina and Brazil unless she is prepared to give to Britain a great deal in return. It is easy to argue, of course—and some here in Ottawa are arguing that way—that Canada gives a preference to Britain now, that she has given Britain a preference for more than thirty years. The answer to that—or the answer of the British—is that whatever may have been the value of the preference in the past, the existing duties (Canadian) against British goods are so high as to make the preference worthless. What good does it do us to know, they ask, that while you are keeping out our goods with a sixty per cent tariff, you are keeping out foreign goods with a 100 per cent tariff? What we want are duties that will permit us to sell.

Such, stated briefly, are the facts, the realities. And it is as well to have them known. One of the dangers of this Conference is that with so much patriotic nonsense and clap-trap being talked about it, people all over the Empire are being led to expect too much from it. They have had so much of loose nonsense dinned into their ears, have been brought to such a pitch of hope and expectation, there is danger that even with a moderate measure of achievement to its credit the Conference will prove a deep disappointment.

There is much that can be done, much that can be done about bettering communications and transportation, much that can be done in the consideration of Empire resources, much that can be done about other things. But to expect and hope that in a month or six weeks this Conference can change the whole fiscal and economic structures of all the nations which make up the British Empire—that is manifestly absurd. As absurd as to believe—as some are believing—that it will revolutionize the Empire's currency system. Rome wasn't built in a day, and an economic Utopia cannot be secured for the British Commonwealth within a month. If the Conference can make a beginning, if it can even lay down a set of principles which can be extended and improved and built upon in the years ahead, it will have a large measure of success. It may, of course, achieve greater things, conquer over great obstacles; but the sensible attitude toward it is not to expect the unreasonable.

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Don't let the Sun Dry Up YOUR BEAUTY!

Keep your skin smooth and supple with this marvelous Olive Oil Face Powder

A hot summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your skin! The scorching rays bake out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless. Soon, wrinkles appear. Parched tissues shrink and shrivel. Your skin, deprived of its essential moisture, grows brown, taut and "leathery."

Here's the safe way to protect your complexion. Every day, before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its luxurious Olive Oil base (found in no other powder) acts as a "softener" of sun-dried-skin... soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness. OUTDOOR GIRL clings for hours, yet it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

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Regular size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and \$1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 15c. each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the Olive Oil and Lightex face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

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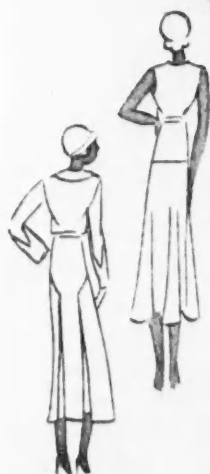
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New Frocks for Vacation Days Four Chatelaine Suggestions



No. 8311—This trim looking frock will tide you over the cooler days of late summer. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39-inch material.

No. 8367—Deep tightly fitting cuffs and seamed skirt make an unusually smart frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material.

Price 15 Cents

No. 8242—Polka dots and buttons! There's nothing smarter this summer. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material.

No. 8400—Chiffon, lace or one of the new favorite cottons lend themselves to this charming summer evening frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 36 requires 6 yards of 39-inch material.





No. 8235—Clever designing gives a bolero effect to this smartly buttoned frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 1023—Two-tone frocks and three-quarter length sleeves still hold fashion's floor. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

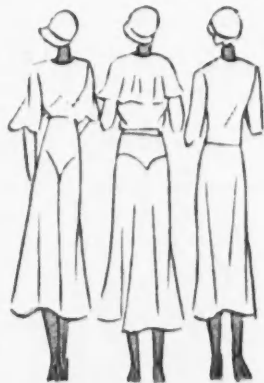


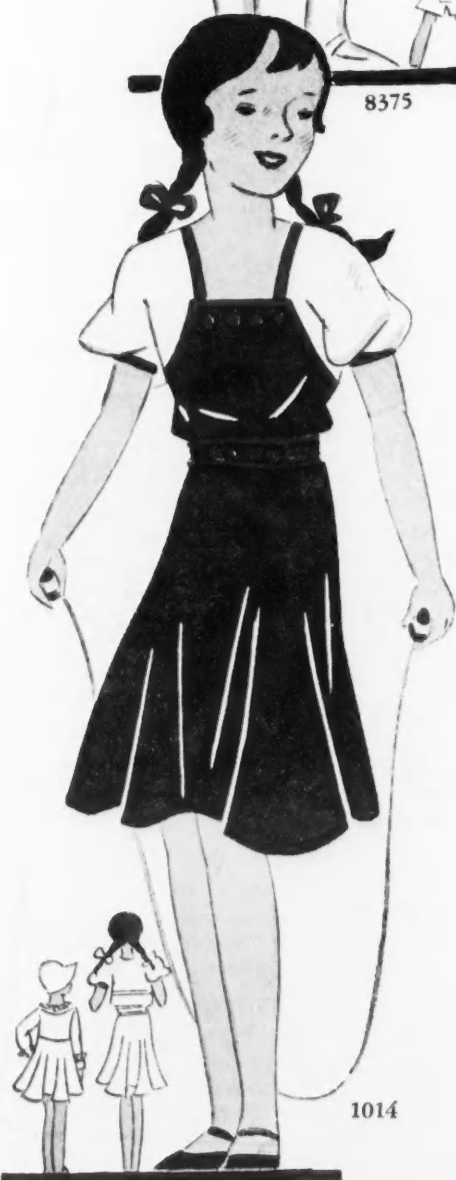
Mid-Season Frocks to Replenish Your Summer Wardrobe

Price 15 Cents

No. 1022—Particularly slenderizing are the lines of this frock of printed silk. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 38 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 8398—A sports ensemble that lends itself to countless occasions. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 39-inch and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.





Chatelaine Patterns for the Younger Set are easily made into Smart Little Frocks

No. 8375—Little girls look adorable when their frocks wear pleated frills. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch material.

No. 1024—These rompers lead a double life. Take off the frills and they look thoroughly masculine. Sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch and $\frac{3}{8}$ of 27-inch material.

No. 1012—A little frock that hangs full from the shoulders and yet wears a tailored air. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch material.

No. 1014—There's something very appealing about this demure frock, and it's practical too. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch material.

No. 8368—There's quite a sophisticated air about this two-tone frock for an older girl. She'll like its new lines. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards and 1 yard of 39-inch material.

PRICE 15 CENTS



These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



No. 1013—A practical little suit that will appeal to the small masculine heart. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material.

1013

No. 8336—Smartly practical for cool summer days or early fall. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

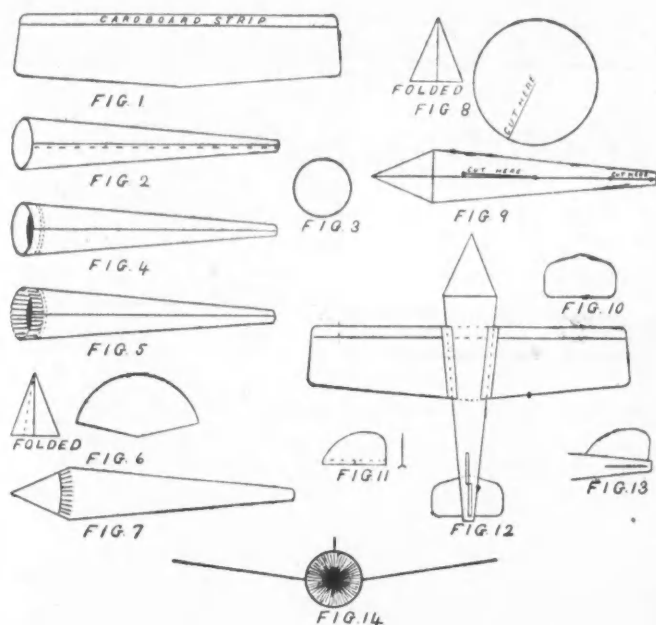
No. 1017—For sleeping or for lounging—these pyjamas are simply made. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 8237—The sort of frock that is charming for any occasion. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

No. 8357—This carefully fitted slip has a brassière top and opens at the side. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material and $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 6-inch lace.

What Does Your Wardrobe Lack?





Follow this diagram carefully when building the airplane shown on opposite page.

line. Slide the wing through the cuts in the forward end of the body, as shown in Fig. 12. Be sure that the wing is in the centre, or the plane will be badly balanced. Now cut four strips of paper $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by three-eighths of an inch wide. Bend in half lengthwise and glue between wing and body on both sides of the body, as shown in Fig. 12. Do the same on the underside. This is to keep the wing firmly in place. Be careful to keep the wing in the centre of the body as you glue it. Slide the stabilizer, Fig. 10, through the two cuts in rear of body. (See Fig. 12.) Glue along the slit on the upper and under sides of the stabilizer in order to keep it in place. Keep the stabilizer exactly in the centre while doing this.

Cut in the centre of the straight edge of the rudder, Fig. 11, where indicated, and

bend the edge along the dotted line. One side of the cut should be bent one way, and the other the opposite way. Glue in place on body, as shown in Fig. 13, keeping the rudder in line with point of nose.

Now that you have completed everything, bend wing upward from body slightly, as shown in Fig. 14, and allow to dry. You can, if you like, glue on the top of the body, just where the wing comes, the head of a pilot cut from paper. Cut a strip of paper two inches long and half an inch wide at one end but only a quarter of an inch wide at the other. Bend the straight edge as you did the edge of the rudder, snipping an eighth of an inch up the centre and bending each side opposite ways. Then paint on the widest end, which forms the front of the cockpit, the head of the pilot. To give the plane a really lovely finish, color it with a thin coat of aluminum paint.

The September Chatelaine Is Doing Very Well, Thank You!

Our programme for your interest next month includes, among many features:—

WHAT IS CHIC?

For the first time Vionnet, the famous Parisian designer gives her ideas for attaining chic. What constitutes it? How can a woman attain it? With Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, international fashion authority, Vionnet presents some absorbing ideas.

NELLIE McCLUNG IN HOLLYWOOD

Mrs. McClung takes you with her to Hollywood—shows you the movie stars and their homes, and all the mad, gay life of Hollywood. She visits Aimee Semple McPherson's Temple, and makes it all vividly real, as only Nellie McClung could do.

IS YOUR HUSBAND PEEVISH?

A tonic of laughter, plus some straight-from-the-shoulder advice for handling the difficult male.

IF NOT MIDWIFERY—THEN WHAT?

A Canadian nurse of wide experience, who believes that trained midwives would help to solve our maternal mortality problems, writes a very human and telling article on this important matter.

AND NOTABLE CANADIAN FICTION

including such noted writers as Mary Shannon of Vancouver; Will R. Bird of Amherst, N.S.; Leslie Gordon Barnard of Montreal; and another generous installment of the much-discussed new novel "Thunder of New Wings" by Mazo de la Roche.

'Only ATHLETE'S FOOT'
she had said...but she spent
her vacation in bed



IT STARTED with only a slight itching between the toes. And although she admitted then that it was "Athlete's Foot," she dismissed it as not being serious.

But soon the skin between her toes turned red, raw; turned white, cracked open—resulting in soreness so painful as to make her limp.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And if neglect continues, graver perils may follow, as in this young lady's case. With her blood stream exposed by open skin-cracks, another infection called erysipelas attacked, and sent her to bed for a month.

Don't let "Athlete's Foot" make you pay the piper for neglect

With this highly infectious *tinea trichophyton* germ, which causes "Athlete's Foot," bringing serious trouble to numberless people every year, can you afford to disregard even the slightest symptom*?

And the fact is, it may attack you any time, anywhere, for the startling reason that it *lurks almost everywhere*. It lurks by the billions on shower bath, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

But do not stop applying Absorbine Jr. when the infection clears up. *Keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is persistent and keeps coming back after exposures of bare feet to damp, infected surfaces.

Don't YOU take chances; go to your druggist at once for a bottle of Absorbine Jr., \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.

*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

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Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

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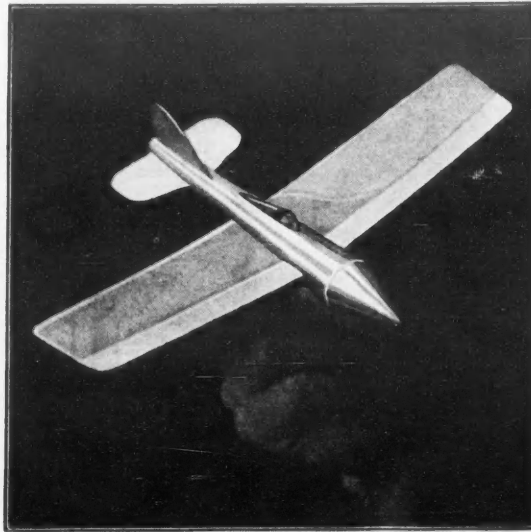
HOW TO BUILD "THE SILVER BIRD"

A Toy Airplane designed by Fred A. Norcross

THIS little airplane resembles the fast racing planes. It is graceful, swift and really airworthy. Because it is so light and small, it can be used either indoors or out. It can loop the loop and can be made to fly a really long distance. "The Silver Bird" illustrated in the photograph has often flown an extraordinary distance, when it has been thrown from a mound and the air was quiet.

It is composed of only eight parts in all—six paper blanks, a cardboard strip and a round cardboard disk. All that one needs to make this toy airplane are a pair of scissors, a ruler, a pencil, some glue, writing tablet paper or foolscap, and cardboard. Follow the instructions very carefully and measure everything exactly as explained, for the airplane's flying ability depends on the care with which it is made. Below are shown six patterns. Cut these out with a pair of scissors, and trace around the patterns on foolscap or on fairly stiff writing paper. Cut out the parts you have traced, and keep your patterns to use for future planes.

Cut a strip of cardboard, nine inches long by half an inch wide, and glue it on to the leading or straight edge of the wing. Don't let it project beyond the edge of the wing, and cut it to fit the corners exactly. You can see how the wing now appears by looking at Fig. 1 in the diagram shown on the opposite page. Follow this diagram to check up on every step in the making of your airplane. Now take the piece which is to form the body, glue along the edge and



When you fly "The Silver Bird," take hold of the body directly behind the wing, point the nose down slightly, and throw forward. If it flies to one side, bend the wing-tip up or down slightly until it flies straight. Keep the rudder in line with the point of the nose. If the plane dives, bend the rear edge of the stabilizer up a little. If you want it to loop the loop out of doors or where the ceiling is high, throw it very quickly. The proper starting speed will be found after a little practice, and because of its strong nose, no harm will come to the plane if it crashes or strikes any object.

fold into a long cone, allowing it to lap one eighth of an inch along the seam, as shown in Fig. 2. Turn the body over so that the seam is at the bottom.

Cut a cardboard disc, like that shown in Fig. 3, and slip it over the large end of the body. The disc should be large enough to fit tightly a quarter of an inch in from the large end. (See Fig. 4). Glue in place. Cut the end of the body into strips as far up as the disc, as shown in Fig. 5. Fold and glue inner nose cone, Fig 6, and fit into the body, as shown in Fig. 7, glueing the cut ends down on the cone. Coat one side of outer nose cone with glue, and fold as shown in Fig. 8. Place it over inner nose cone, as shown in Fig. 9.

Now take your ruler and draw a line halfway through the body on each side from point of nose to rear, as shown in Fig. 9. With a pencil mark a point two inches from point of nose and one-sixteenth of an inch above the line. Mark another point $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from point of nose on the line. Do the same on the opposite side of the body and draw a line between the two points, as shown in Fig. 9. Mark a point one-eighth of an inch from rear of body, and another $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from rear of body on the line, as in Fig. 9. Do the same on the opposite side. These lines indicate where you are to cut to insert the wing and stabilizer.

With a sharp knife cut the body through on both sides between the four points along the [Continued on next page]

STABILIZER
PATTERN

INNER
NOSE CONE
PATTERN

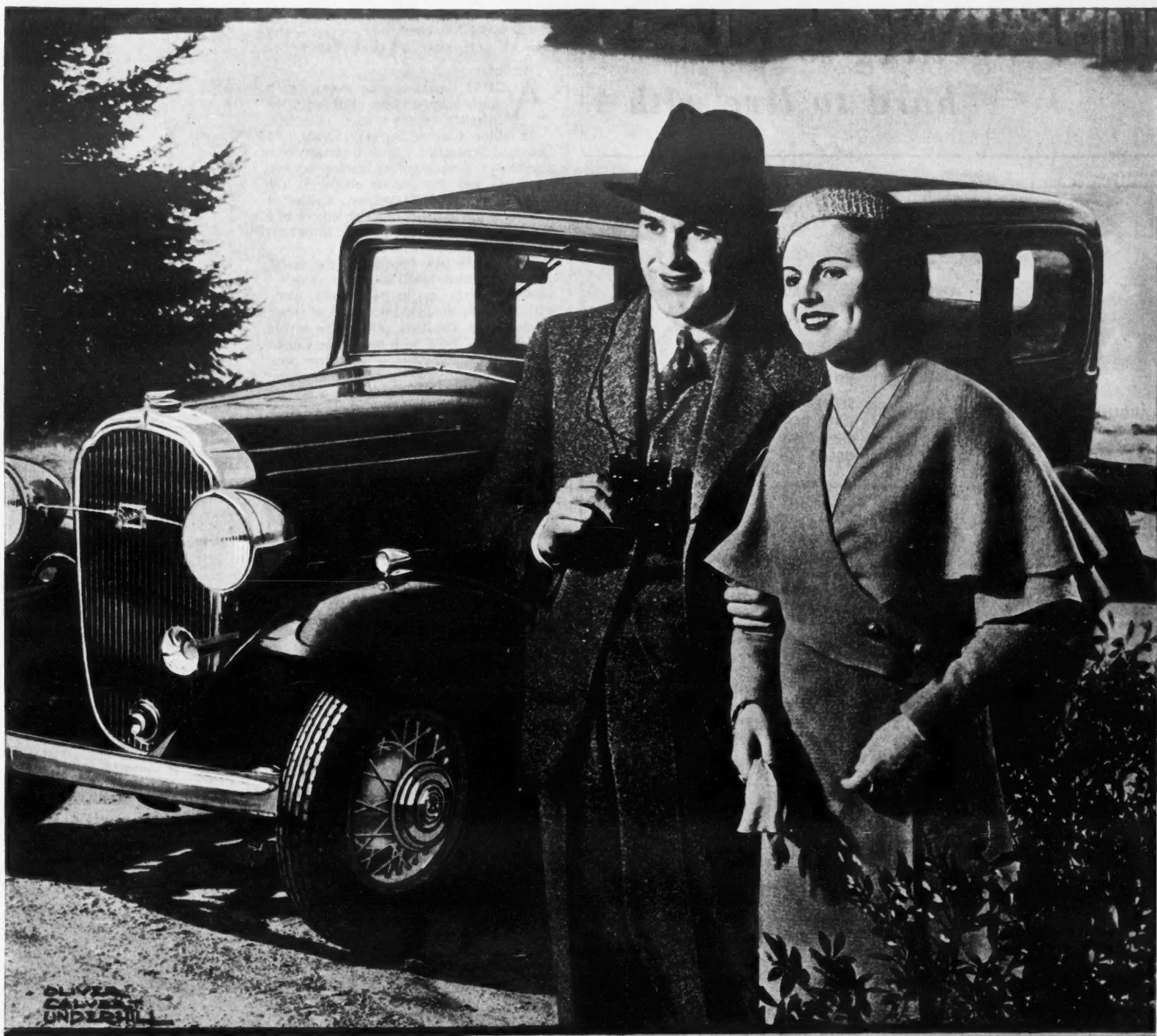
OUTER
NOSE CONE
PATTERN

CUT HERE

BODY PATTERN

RUDDER
PATTERN

WING PATTERN



\$1,405 FOR A McLAUGHLIN-BUICK — ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE VALUE!

You have only to examine this big, luxurious Straight Eight sedan, (\$1,405 at factory, taxes extra), to know why thousands of people who formerly owned smaller cars now are turning to McLaughlin-Buick. It's a McLAUGHLIN-BUICK through and through—built to give extra-fine, extra-dependable performance. It has a truly

luxurious Body by Fisher. It combines McLaughlin-Buick's new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine, Torque Tube Drive and Wizard Control—including Automatic Clutch, Controlled Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh. It provides that extra quality which has won for McLaughlin-Buick 2-to-1 sales leadership

among all eights in its price range. Don't miss the opportunity to drive this splendid car. You'll find it well worth while to study the 31 McLaughlin-Buick models—listing from \$1,325 to \$2,915, at factory, taxes extra—all available on a liberal payment plan.



Produced in Canada



Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for August

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute Staff.

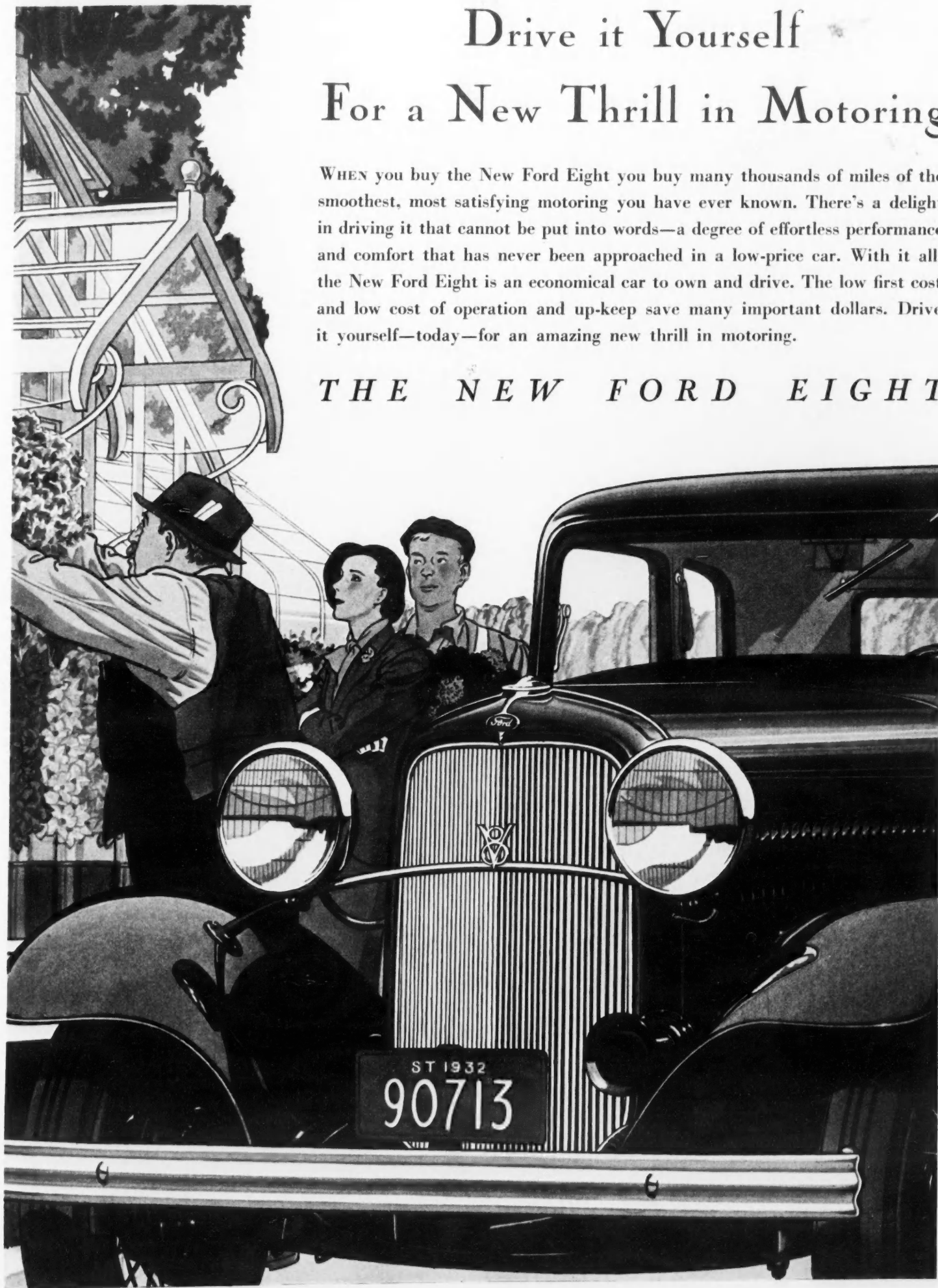
1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	17	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Grapefruit All-Brân Toast Coffee	Sardine Salad with Tomatoes and Cucumbers Brown Bread and Butter Ice Cream Hot Caramel Sauce Tea	(Served on the lawn) Cream of Celery Soup Cold Meat Loaf Parsley Potatoes New Peas Peach Shortcake Iced Coffee or Tea		Blackberries Milk Toast Toasted Biscuits Coffee	Bean Soup Salted Wafers Stuffed Prune Salad Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Orange Cream Coffee
2	Blueberries and Cream Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Cabbage and Celery Salad Cheese Sandwiches Grape Tapioca Tea	Lamb Chops New Potatoes Cream Sauce String Beans Fresh Raspberry Tarts Coffee	18	Stewed Prunes Puffed Rice Bacon Marmalade Coffee	Cheese Fondue Head Lettuce with Mayonnaise Ice Cream Tea	Cold Sliced Pot Roast Scalloped Potatoes Blueberry Pie Peas Coffee
3	Tomato Juice Shredded Wheat Hot Biscuits Coffee	Sliced Canned Tongue Fried Potatoes Fruit Salad Tea	Mock-Turtle Soup (Vegetable Plate) Cauliflower au Gratin Diced Beets Mashed Potatoes Spinach Baked Chocolate Custard Coffee	19	Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Brown Toast Coffee	Canned Tuna Fish and Peas on Toast Fruit Cup Chelsea Buns Iced Tea	Celery Soup with Grated Cheese (Vegetable Plate) Parsley Potatoes, Brussels Sprouts, Slivered Carrots, Wax Beans Peach Betty Coffee
4	Chilled Prunes Bacon Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Combination Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Iced Tea	Broiled Liver Lyonnaise Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Fresh Fruit Cup Coffee	20	Watermelon 3 Minute Oats Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Ham Cucumber Salad Fruit Tart with Whipped Cream Tea	Shepherd's Pie Baked Potatoes Green Apple Sauce Hot Gingerbread Coffee
5	Cantaloupe Cream of Wheat Toasted Rolls Coffee	Canned Spaghetti Lettuce and Green Onions Stewed Fresh Cherries Left-over Cake Tea	Boiled Salmon Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Beet Greens Jellied Prunes with Whipped Cream Coffee	21	Orange Juice Broiled Ham Toast Coffee	Devised Egg Salad Olives Frosted Cup Cakes Chocolate Milk Shake	Tomato Cocktail Broiled Chicken Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee
6	Oranges Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Chilled Salmon Salad (left-over) Sliced Cucumbers Caramel Junket Ice Box Cookies Tea	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Blackberry Roly-Poly Tea	22	Grapefruit Corn Flakes Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Stuffed Green Pepper Salad Apple Compote Tea	Oven-Cooked Steak Boiled Potatoes Iced Watermelon Plain Cake Coffee
7	Sliced Peaches Waffles and Maple Syrup Coffee	Cheese and Olive Sandwiches Egg and Onion Sandwiches Radishes Sliced Bananas Sponge Cake Fruit Punch	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Roast Beef Horseradish Mashed Potatoes Squash Ice Cream, Fresh Cherry Sauce Coffee	23	Fresh Pears Bacon Toast Coffee	Jellied Cucumber Salad Cheese Straws Trifle Tea	Veal Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Sliced Tomatoes Baked Blueberry Pudding Coffee
8	Orange Juice Bran Flakes Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast Head Lettuce Lemon Jelly Whip Cake Tea	Vaal Steaks Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Individual Blackberry Shortcake Coffee	24	Stewed Green Apples Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Croutons Fresh Peach and Coconut Salad Tea	Mixed Grill (Lamb Chop-Bacon-Kidney) Potato Balls Creamy Rice Spinach Coffee
9	Watermelon Roman Meal Toast Coffee	Chicken Soup with Rice Bean and Tomato Salad Gingerbread Iced Tea	Baked Ham Creamed Potatoes Peach Tapioca Spinach Tea	25	Melon Bran Flakes Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Corn-on-the-Cob Watercress and French Dressing Hot Biscuits Tea	Julienne Soup Jellied Meat Creamed Potatoes Baked Cucumbers Chocolate Soufflé Coffee
10	Grapefruit Puffy Omelet Toast Coffee	Canned Salmon Lyonnaise Potatoes Sliced Onions and Cucumbers Canned Fruit Nut Bread Tea	Asparagus Soup Cold Sliced Ham Duchess Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Deep Fruit Pie Coffee	26	Tomato Juice Wheatena Toasted Biscuits Coffee	Cauliflower au Gratin Tomato, Onion Salad Jellied Fruits Tea	Baked Whitefish Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Deep Apple Pie Coffee
11	Corn Flakes with Blackberries Bran Muffins Marmalade Coffee	Stuffed Peppers with Rice and Ham Tomato Catsup Sliced Peaches Filled Cookies Chocolate Milk Drink	Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Blanc Mange Molds with Fruit Sauce Coffee	27	Sliced Oranges Rice Krispies Creamed Fish (left over) on Toast Coffee	Cream of Asparagus Soup Apple, Raisin and Celery Salad Bran Muffins Tea	Baked Ham Slices Lyonnaise Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Banana Custard Coffee
12	Sliced Bananas French Toast Syrup Coffee	Spinach and Poached Egg Celery Fresh Raspberries Tea	Pan-broiled Trout with Lemon Boiled Potatoes New Peas Pineapple Ice Box Cake Coffee	28	Blueberries Shredded Wheat Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee	Cucumber Sandwiches Cream Cheese, Green Pepper Sandwiches Chopped Date and Nut Sandwiches Angel Cake Chocolate Sauce Fruit Drink	Oxtail Soup Cold Sliced Ham Creamed Potatoes Fresh Peach Ice Cream Nut Wafers Coffee
13	Blueberries and Cream Post Toasties Toast Coffee	Pea Soup Fruit Salad with Cheese Balls Caramel Cake Tea	Meat Cakes Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Baked Rice Custard Coffee	29	Sliced Bananas Bacon Toast Coffee	Macaroni with Tomato Sauce Chilled Cantaloupe Cookies Tea	Meat Loaf Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Lemon Snow with Custard Sauce Coffee
14	Melon Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee	Tomatoes Stuffed with Cabbage Salad Rolls Lemon Tarts Tea	Dressed Mock Duck Potato Puff Swiss Chard Fruit Jellied in Ginger Ale with Whipped Cream Cake Iced Coffee or Tea	30	Grapes Muffets Quick Coffee Cake Cherry Jelly Coffee	Cold Meat Loaf Pan Fried Potatoes Radishes Green Onions Canned Fruit Tea	Bouillon (Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Potatoes Diced Beets Summer Squash Creamed Oyster Plant Plum Pie Coffee
15	Tomato Juice Grape-Nuts Toast Coffee	Baked Rice and Cheese Radishes Preserved Fruit Cookies Tea	Braised Breast of Lamb with Vegetables (Onions, Carrots and Potatoes) Floating Island Coffee	31	Prunes Puffed Wheat Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Canned Chicken Salad Hot Biscuits Fresh Pears Hot Chocolate	Dressed Spare Ribs Mashed Potatoes Colé Slaw Caramel Pudding Coffee
16	Sliced Oranges All-Brân Muffins Coffee	Bacon and Egg Sandwiches Dill Pickles Baked Pears Tea	Consommé Broiled Mackerel Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Cottage Pudding Coffee				

Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks,
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

Drive it Yourself For a New Thrill in Motoring

WHEN you buy the New Ford Eight you buy many thousands of miles of the smoothest, most satisfying motoring you have ever known. There's a delight in driving it that cannot be put into words—a degree of effortless performance and comfort that has never been approached in a low-price car. With it all, the New Ford Eight is an economical car to own and drive. The low first cost and low cost of operation and up-keep save many important dollars. Drive it yourself—today—for an amazing new thrill in motoring.

THE NEW FORD EIGHT



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Dot is getting so hard to live with



ARGUMENTS STARTING THE MINUTE HE GETS HOME . . . BITTER, BITING WORDS . . . AND FOR NO REASON.

SOMETHING STRANGE HAD COME OVER DOT. FOR MONTHS SHE HAD BEEN THIS WAY. WHY? HE WONDERED.



WHAT HAD SPOILED HER DISPOSITION? . . . WHAT UNKNOWN THING WAS BREAKING UP THEIR MARRIAGE?

The Answer

Though she doesn't even suspect it . . . poisons are circulating through her body . . . ruining her nerves . . . spoiling her disposition. Medical authorities call them fatigue poisons. If she only knew that stimulants interfere with the rest which the body needs . . . that they encourage the development of fatigue poisons . . . if she only knew that thousands of men and women have avoided stimulating mealtime beverages containing the drug-whips tannin and caffeine and turned to Postum.

FATIGUE Poisons accumulate in your body when it is constantly tired and overworked. Nervousness, irritability and sometimes even complete breakdown are caused by these poisons.

Normally, Nature can throw them off—but only with the aid of sound sleep, proper diet and exercise. If you drive tired nerves into action with stimulating mealtime beverages containing tannin and caffeine, if you go beyond the safe limit of your endurance, you draw on your precious store of reserve strength. Then the poisons of fatigue get in their dangerous work.

Let Postum help you fight Fatigue Poisons. Postum will help you because it contains no trace of either drug-stimulant, tannin or caffeine. It does not drive you on after Nature has warned you to stop. And Postum is so good you'll never miss drinks containing tannin or caffeine at meal-



time. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. Or there's Postum Cereal, made by boiling or percolating 20 minutes. Sold by your grocer.

Splendid for Children

Many children do not like the taste of milk. They like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." Make Instant Postum for them using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately.

Splendid Free Offer—Test Postum for 30 days. Discover how much better you'll sleep and feel. We'll start you on your test by giving you your first week's supply free.

Write Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

Postum

P3-32M

This Month With our Advertisers

AUGUST crowds us this month into a single column again. But heigh-ho! there's no space even to complain. As editor, I sorely begrudge Calay their beautiful illustration. What a picture for a love story—the enchanting heroine, her two admirers, and the jealous couple in the background! But, I suppose, whether it illustrates the romance of a fair lady or of a fair skin, the important thing is to have it in the magazine.

See how the new Pontiac, as the saying goes, "kills two birds with one stone"—by showing the car in its entirety, along with a vividly detailed impression of riding comfort with the two girls in the screen behind . . . Stop with me at the Chipso page with its sunny heroine—another Sunshine Susie in feeling—and its arrangement of clever testimonials which give a personality that runs through the whole series of Chipso pages . . . Note, too, this month, how Campbell's soup features its famous tin, and uses the soft-colored painting of a plate of soup to enhance its appeal.

Particular plaudits, this month, for the very original Kraft-Phenix page of cooking for men only; the husband, elated and confident over his cooking, is delightfully human. So is the crying baby in the new series of Chatelaine ads, the Z. B. T. Powder for little ones. You can hear that child, can't you? See how the powerful use of a silhouetted woman's head in the Lux ad, grabs attention.

An uncommon use of modernistic type stresses the modernism of the new ovenized Swift's Premium hams and bacon. The Ford page uses an original placing of the new Ford Eight that suggests a sense of power and style, while allowing room for the "human interest" in the background.

Jergens' ad. is skilfully handled. Do you realize how the interest is focused in the photograph on the salient point of Jergens' message? With the tennis racket, the hands, the bottle of Jergens, and the picture of the actual application of the lotion, the whole story is told at a single glance . . . Lysol is another attention-getter with its dramatic photograph of a woman doctor, offset in the clear white space above by the skilful placing of the heading.

The Glazo artist is a master at suggesting a delicate exquisiteness. See how his fine-lined illustration gives this impression to the mind . . . Ponds, another page that has a distinctive personality, emphasizes its story with a charming young chatelaine in summery mood to show you the way . . . Absorbine Jr. shocks us into attention with its warning of a dismal holiday in bed; a nicely posed photograph.

Cutex has a smart trick with its duplication of the two chic young figures at the theatre. This repetition of line with its irresistible rhythm is a popular theme this year, it seems to me . . . Quaker Puffed Rice uses the combination method of photography in showing the nice little boy with his nice bowl of puffed rice enlarged behind his head to bring its "appetite appeal" clearly to the fore.

A timely holiday atmosphere is used in the McLaughlin-Buick page, and I'll wager that every woman will make a mental note of the cut of the girl's coat . . . Postum with its little cartoons brings a story to every home, with a clearly drawn moral.

Which brings us to the bottom of the column and the moral of this little tale. There's absorbing interest in the advertising columns. Month by month, besides the leading writers and artists of Canada, Chatelaine brings you the leading advertisements of the country—a combination we hope you'll like.

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By Mrs. Hops Sanders.

No words were spoken... no Prizes given yet this girl Won a Beauty Contest



"For her, the summer has been a gay one... winning daily Beauty Contests at every social event of the season. Today again! For her skin is exquisitely soft and lovely! It attracts everyone she meets."

★

Have you ever wished you could veil your skin from the critical eyes of men and other women? Does your complexion help or does it detract when people look at you and judge your beauty?

"Make-up"...no matter how skillfully applied...is a poor "cover-up" for a skin that needs the delicate care of gentle Calay. Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can keep your skin beautifully, deeply clean, and give to your cheek and to your hands that lovely, natural fresh look people admire.

Then your other beauty aids will have more power to charm.

Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft and mild that it should be the *only* soap you use in the daily care of your precious skin. Don't trust your complexion to soaps less pure! Calay is free from the harsh "chalky" quality that dries the skin. And Calay is free from coloring matter, too... your further assurance that it is *safe* for even the most delicate skins. Do start using gentle Calay today!

Every day of a girl's life means a new Beauty Contest. You can't enter a room, go to a party, without having people judge you. They look first at your face, and if your skin is fresh and immaculate, you are almost sure to win. Let Calay... the Soap of Beautiful Women... help you!



★ Tonight, make a creamy rich lather with Calay, a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse well with cold water. A simple treatment and a wonderful aid to beauty!



★ This is gentle, creamy-white Calay. Now daintily wrapped in green and yellow, and sealed in Cellophane to protect its freshness and delicate scent!

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CALAY

Made in Canada

THE SOAP OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN